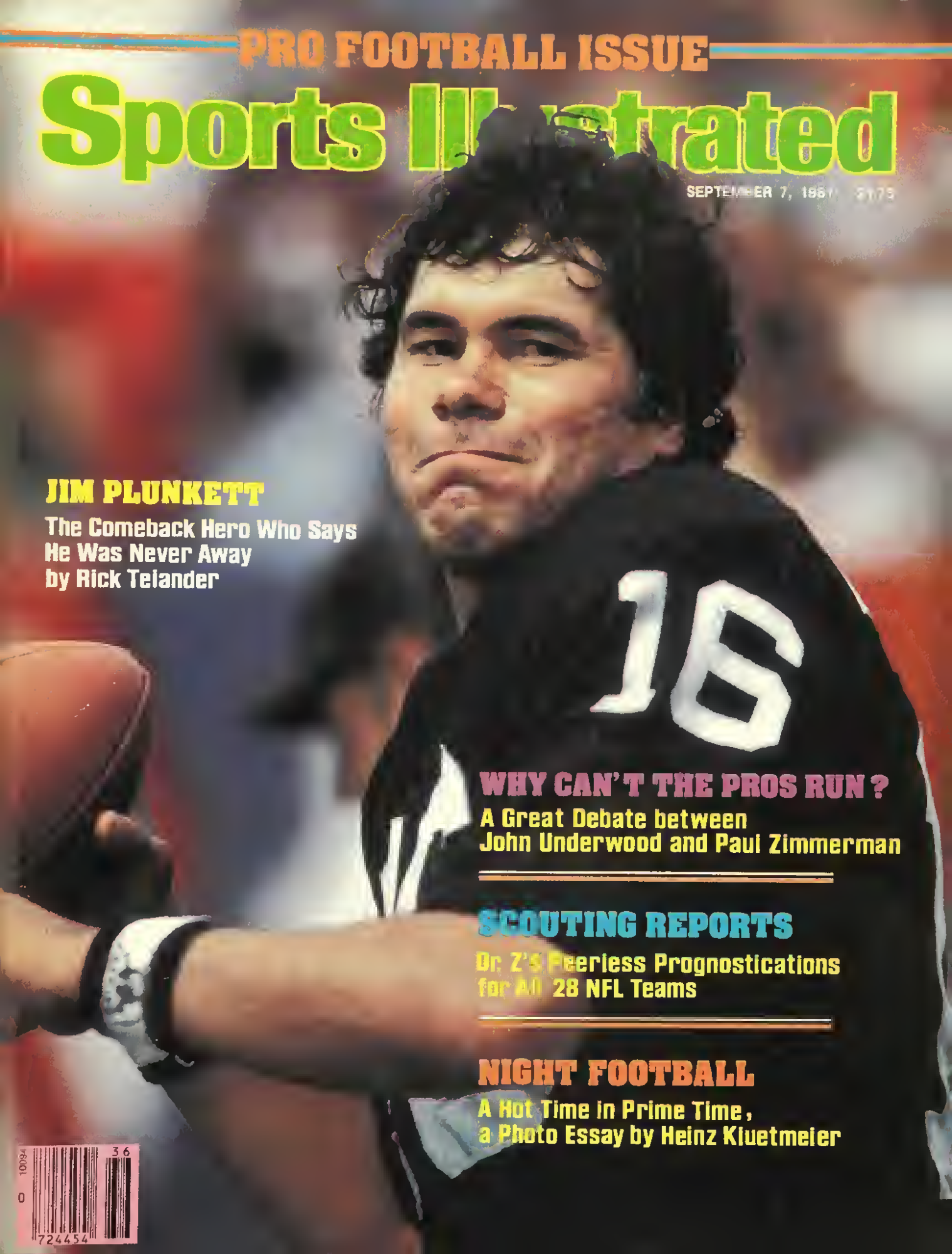
PRO FOOTBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 7, 1981 $1.75



JIM PLUNKETT

The Comeback Hero Who Says He Was Never Away
by Rick Telander

WHY CAN'T THE PROS RUN?

A Great Debate between John Underwood and Paul Zimmerman

SCOUTING REPORTS

Dr. Z's Peerless Prognostications for All 28 NFL Teams

NIGHT FOOTBALL

A Hot Time in Prime Time, a Photo Essay by Heinz Kluetmeier

36
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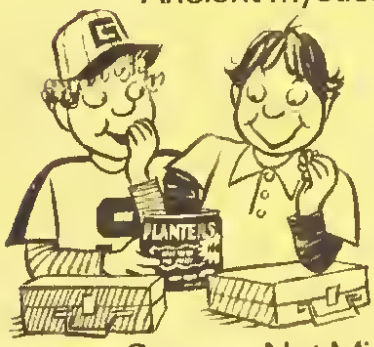
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memo

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FROM DONALD J. BARR
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75

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How is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED doing?

The LNA figures for the first half of 1981 are now available, and they show that once again *Sports Illustrated* is the *fourth*-largest magazine in America in advertising revenues, with only TV Guide, *Time* and Newsweek ahead of us.

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The Newsweeklies

The newsweeklies did well; *Sports Illustrated* did great. In this important category, *Sports Illustrated* led the other newsweeklies in advertising revenue increase.

PERCENT GAIN (JAN.-JUNE 1981)

Sports Illustrated	**14.9%**
Newsweek	11.3
Time	9.1
U.S. News & World Report	4.1

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(continued on back flap of this insert)

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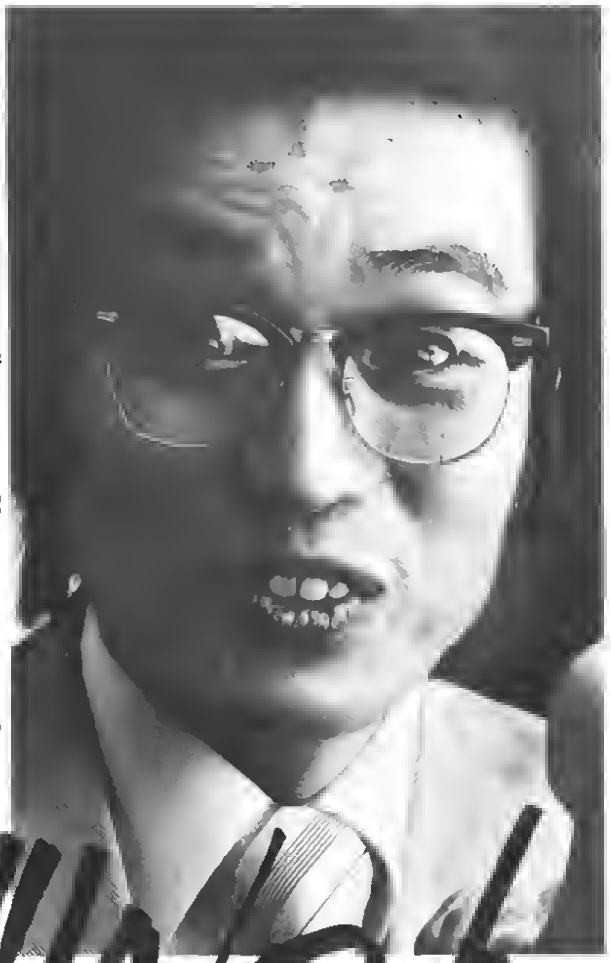
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Sports Illustrated

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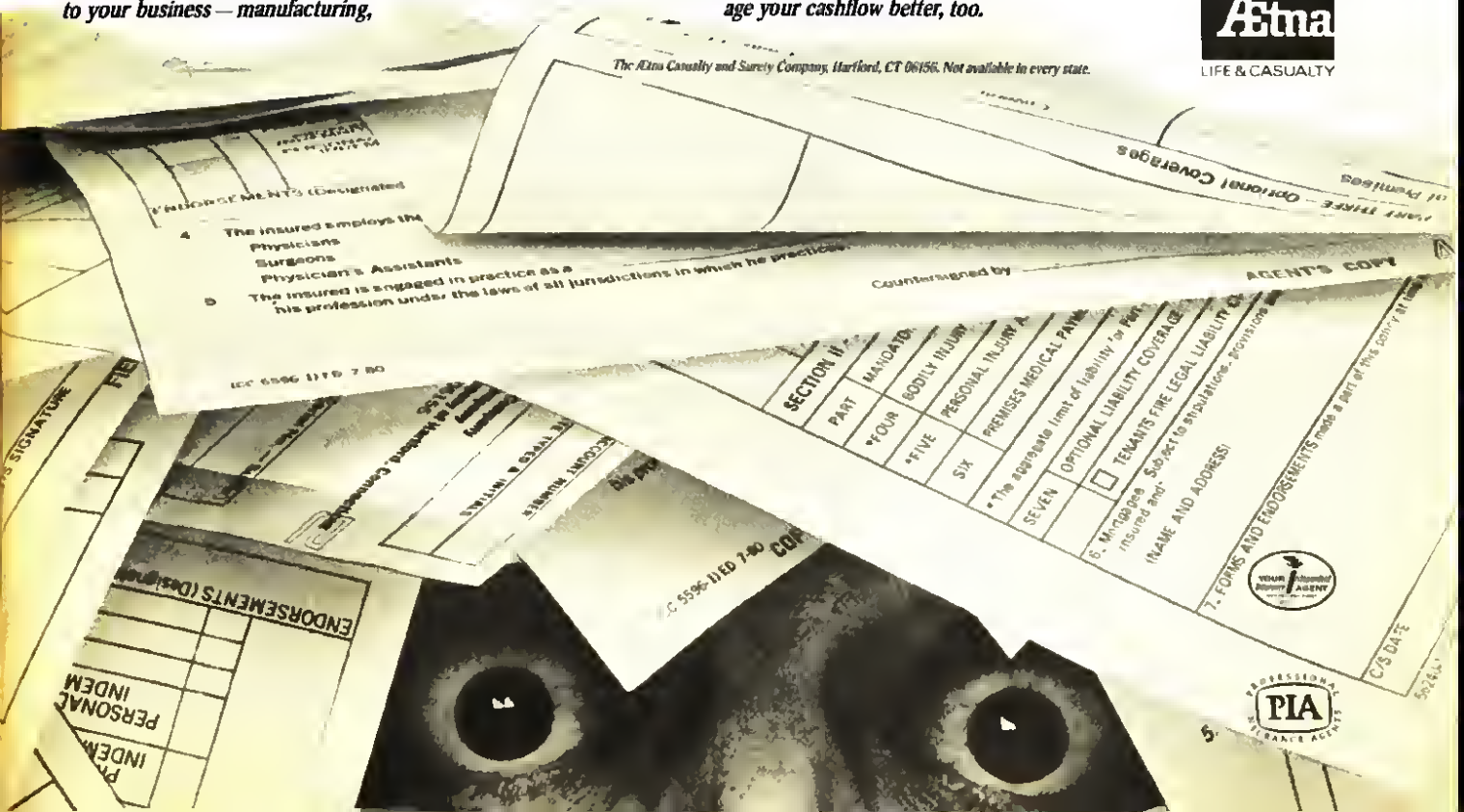
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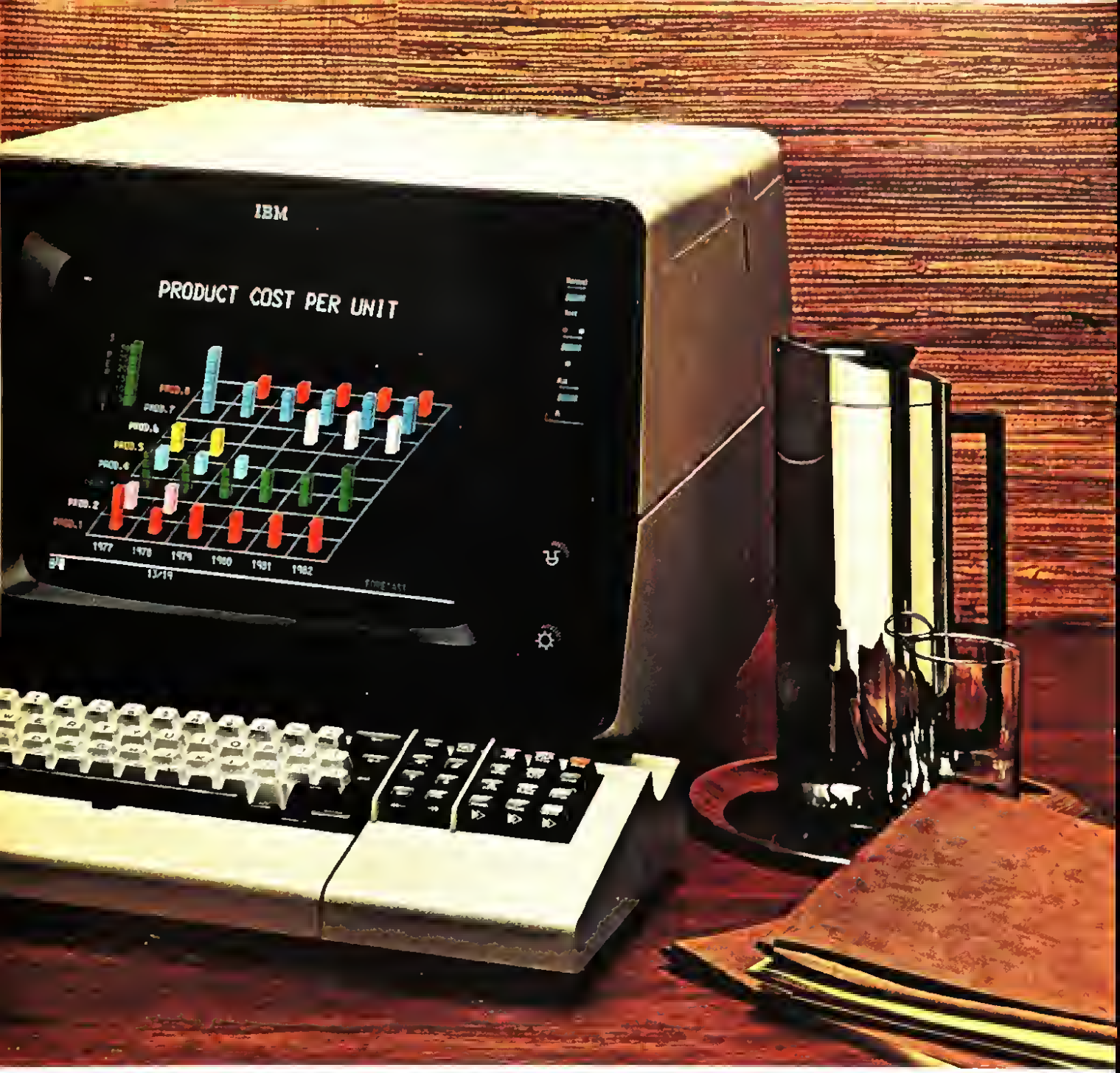
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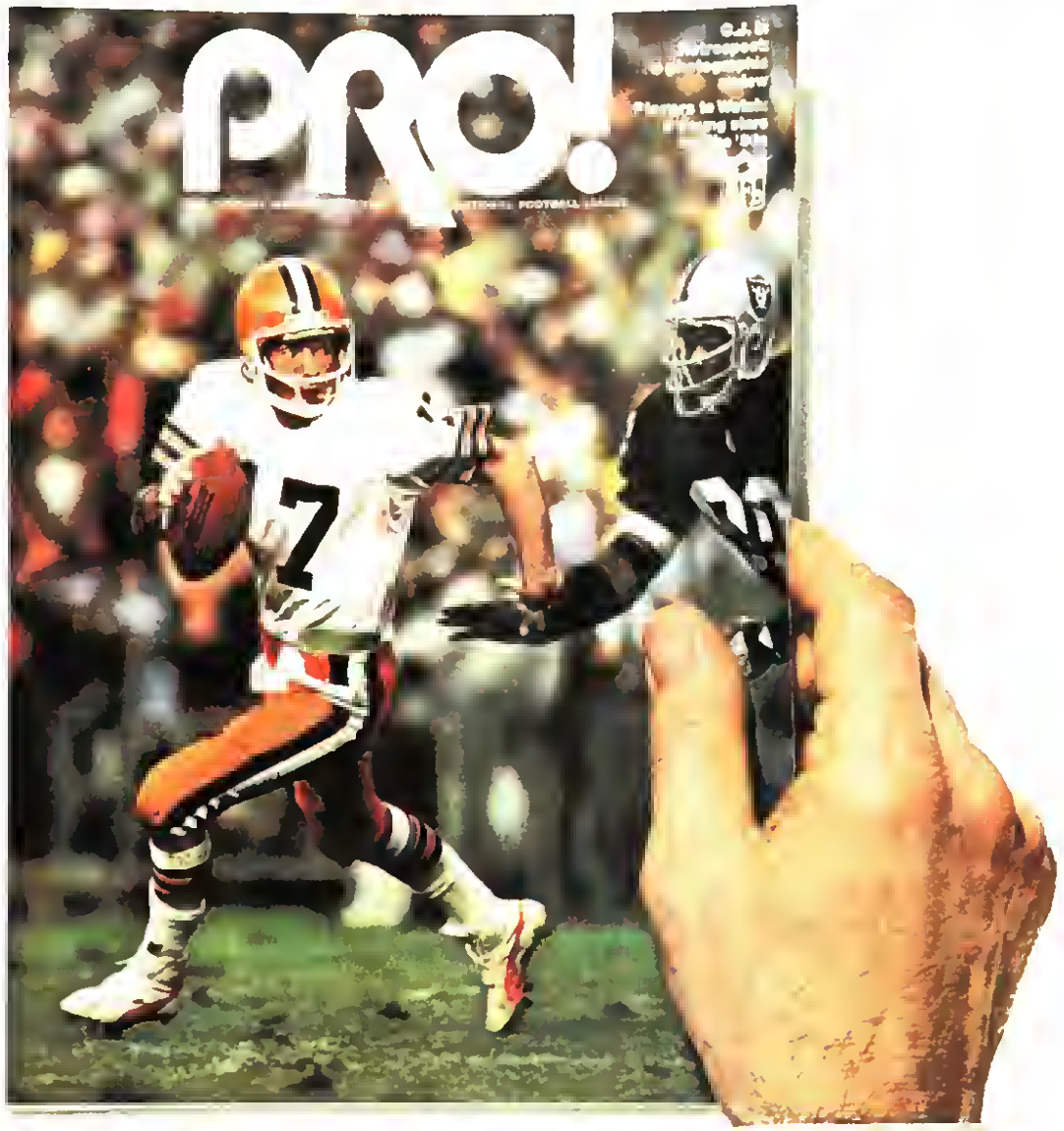
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Sideline

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

ON THE RADIO, LES IS BEST WHEN THE HAWAII ISLANDERS PLAY OUT OF TOWN

It's 5:53 p.m. in Honolulu as Les Keiter pops a Parke Davis throat disc into his mouth and fidgets in his chair in the KSSK Radio newsroom. He eyes his engineer through a plate-glass window. Several yellow sheets are piled on the card table in front of him, face down, next to a drumstick and a hollow wood block stuffed with pink Kleenex. Keiter, with lineups duly entered in his Scoremaster scorebook, is about to broadcast a Pacific Coast League baseball game being played in Vancouver. From Honolulu.

Can it be done?

"Yoooou b*etcha*," says Keiter, not to that question particularly, but to almost everything. Keiter, 62, is an optimist, and only an optimist could hope to pull off sportscasting's most ancient art—the "re-creation" of the pitches, hits, catches, roars and inviolate rhythms of a ball game—in 1981. No one else is even trying to do it anymore.

There's a cue from engineer Leo Pascua. "Les Keiter Nat Bailey Stadium," Keiter says, devilishly omitting the preposition, "where the Vancouver Canadians are hosting the Islanders in the second of a five-game series." Already, Pascua has begun to pipe the buzz of a continuous crowd-noise tape over the air; later, on Keiter's cue, he'll augment it with a four-second *ooooh*; vendors' calls; your average booing; your nastier-than-average booing; staccato applause; a cadenza of cowbells, organ and crowd; 10 seconds of mild clapping; or unfettered rejoicing at a home team's home run.

As Keiter describes the weather and idiosyncracies of Nat Bailey Stadium, Jere Dougherty, a 31-year-old ex-serviceman Keiter has hired to provide him with the skeletal information from which he re-creates, adds a few more yellow sheets to the pile. Dougherty has already called the press box in Vancouver to get the setting, lineups and results of the first few innings. He'll call twice more, typing up the information, batter by batter, one half-inning per sheet, and feeding it to Keiter.

A Des Moines-based re-creationist named Ronald Reagan, who refashioned

continued



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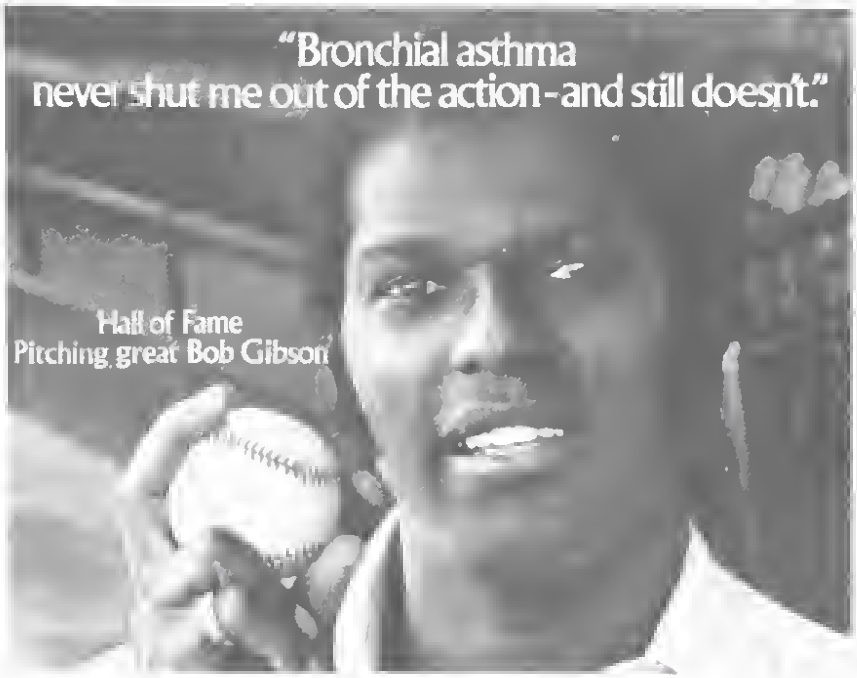
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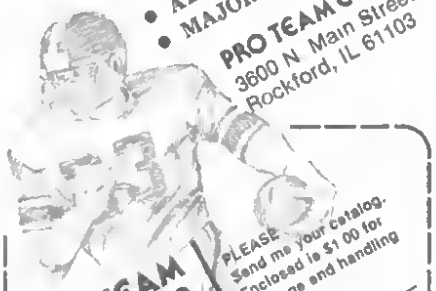
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SIDELINE *continued*

Chicago Cub games in the 1930s, used a less fail-safe method to get information from the ball park to his studio. He broadcast from pitch-by-pitch wire reports and, like his contemporaries, concocted endless streams of foul balls when the line went dead. Keiter's hairiest experience came when he began re-creating in 1949 on Honolulu's now-defunct KPOA. The rookie motorcyclist who was responsible for shuttling wire reports to the studio from Western Union's downtown office got lost, so Keiter and his engineer had to use thunder-and-lightning sound effects to fake a rain delay.

Now, in Honolulu, Keiter has fabricated another delay—though the weather in Vancouver is fine. "The game is delayed slightly because The Chicken is here putting on a show," he says. "He's bowing at home plate now, meeting with the umpires." Cowbells clang, then die out. Keiter goes through the lineups. "Now [Vancouver Pitcher Chuck] Porter has called his catcher out—they're having a quick confab." He turns to the first sheet, headed TOP 1.

"Wiggins 5–3 1 out" is all the yellow sheet tells Keiter of how Islander Leftfielder Alan Wiggins did against Porter in his first at bat. By striking that wood block with the drumstick, Keiter has Wiggins foul off a pitch. (The Kleenex is in the wood block to deaden its sound and make it more authentic.) Wiggins runs the count to two and two, according to Keiter, anyway, before grounding out third-to-first. Keiter describes each pitch as if he were the catcher giving signals from behind the plate—the Canadians had played 11 times in Honolulu, and he knows them well. He also knows The Chicken, which visited Aloha Stadium in June.

Keiter works about three frames behind the real McCoy and, after he has recreated 1½ scoreless innings, he gets the next four sheets from Dougherty. Keiter doesn't know what they have in store and prefers to keep it that way. "I learned a long time ago that if I already know what happened, I might not say something I would have said if I were doing it live," he explains.

And so it goes. Congenital first-ball hitters swing at first pitches, pitchers landscape the mound, batters step out to wipe gnats from their eyes. "I wish you could have *seen* Ramirez take Rodriguez out with that rolling slide."

Keiter has been re-creating for more

continued

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than 40 years and still finds it tougher to do than a live game. "You have to know the players as well as your baseball, and dovetail your imagination with hard knowledge. I never make up anything," he insists. "I embellish. After all, there's a box score in the paper the next morning. A retired nurse in her 70s has kept score of every inning I've ever done in Honolulu. My totals had better be right."

So, who's he fooling? Not the people who saw him do the 5:20 p.m. sportscast on Honolulu's KHON-TV. Not those who will see him do the TV sports at 9:20. And not those who possess a little common sense. Aside from a bone to the FCC—a theme tape played at the outset of every simulated broadcast announces it as an "Islanders' Re-create"—the station provides no other clue. "But you could have a disclaimer every inning and people wouldn't pay attention anyway, because they don't want to," says Keiter. "I'll bet nine out of 10 people don't even know what 're-create' means. To this day, people are befuddled. They'll ask, 'How can you be here when you were just there?' "

Actually Keiter, who spun his first ball game as a 9-year-old around a YMCA campfire, has made something of a career of never really being there. When he left Hawaii in 1950 for San Francisco, he ended up re-creating New York Yankee games; in New York, eight years later, he did the same for San Francisco Giants games.

Now, back in Honolulu, he's a perfect curator for the hoary technique, and re-creation makes sense for his station. Islander roadtrips are unusually costly and exhausting, and a live broadcast from the mainland would begin at 4:30 p.m. Honolulu time, a grave of a time slot. Besides, Keiter is the last of a species worth protecting. Though he'll go no further than the drumstick and wood block and the canned crowd to achieve verisimilitude, some of his precursors replicated both the game's sounds and the aural eccentricities of every park the hometown team would visit.

The late Marv Bates, who used to re-create games of the Triple A Evansville Triplets, dedicated much of his life to finding the perfect *pop* of a pitch in a catcher's glove. "He had a long pencil with a little rubber ball taped to the end," says his widow, Edie. "He'd hit the desk, the telephone, the car—everything, trying to find the right sound. His desk calendar finally produced it—when the pages got to September." NBC's Charlie Jones, while re-creating games of the Dallas-Fort Worth Spurs, had an engineer who found there was a Catholic mission close to Tingley Field in Albuquerque. "When we had games there, he'd play a tape of chimes on the hour," says Jones, "always ringing them once fewer than they rang in Dallas, because of the time difference."

There's a classic re-creationist's voice, too, which lends its own persuasive touch. "None of these silky, urbane, modern-day guys could get away with it," says Joe Croghan, a former practitioner who once covered a Yankee-Red Sox series for a Baltimore radio station. "It took a sort of gut-bucket sound, so rough-sounding that you were forced to believe it—or he'd come over and punch you out." Keiter has that sound, and a throwback's vocabulary. Hitters can be "pestiferous," and good ones "stir up the nasturtiums." If "the bases are bulging" as a slugger "brings the shillelagh up to the plate," a pitcher's "big, jug-handled book" had better be breaking just so. Only when the Islanders go up 5–0 does Keiter's gravelly radio voice growl out a concession to TV, the medium that has helped make re-creation all but extinct. "Well, what do you know, it's *Hawaii Five-O*!" In fact, Keiter appeared on that TV show several times, in hit roles ranging from a naval officer to a crooked businessman.

Histrionics serve him well. In the bottom of the first of the getaway game in that Hawaii-Vancouver series, Islander Pitcher Steve Fireovid fired a called third strike past Vancouver clean-up hitter Lawrence Rush for the third out. Keiter, who got word from Dougherty that Rush and Manager Lee Sigman had a "minor disagreement" with the umpire on the call, announced, "Strike three call! And Rush whirls around to argue with the umpire, and here comes Lee Sigman down from third! They're beefing with Craig Brittain! Brittain takes his mask off and they're nose-to-nose at the plate!"

Alan Elconin's live broadcast over Vancouver's CFVR Radio doesn't mention any rhubarb. He simply says, "It's a fastball right down the heart of the plate," and cuts to a commercial.

It was the optimist in Keiter acting up—lively arguments make for good ball games. The folks in Vancouver don't know what they missed. **END**


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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

ARTHUR ASHE STEPS OFF THE COURT TO REVEAL THE MAN BEHIND THE PLAYER

It's not merely because he is the only black male thus far to achieve superstardom in professional tennis that Arthur Ashe stands out from the crowd; it's also because he is one of the few genuinely multidimensional individuals ever to achieve superstardom in any sport.

Though Ashe regards tennis as the central experience of his existence and sees the game as "a metaphor for life," he has scarcely limited himself to the small world within the lines of the court. He has been an active participant in political and civil rights causes; he has traveled frequently to South Africa to bear witness against its *apartheid* laws; he seeks out the company of men and women who are pathfinders in political and cultural life; he reads widely and writes a newspaper column that emphasizes the deeper issues of the sporting life.

He also writes books, though he has yet to write one on his own. Apart from an instruction manual or two, his most recent and most serious book, *Arthur Ashe: Portrait in Motion*, was published six years ago. Done in collaboration with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Frank Deford, it is an unusually candid, humorous and illuminating account of life in the glittering caravan of international tennis.

Now, with the assistance of Neil Amdur of *The New York Times*, Ashe has told his life story. Entitled *Off the Court* (NAL Books, $13.95), the book is exactly what its title promises: an examination of the other dimensions of Ashe's varied life, from his boyhood in segregated Richmond to his college years in Cal-



ifornia to his growing involvement in causes and ideas having little or nothing to do with his impressive ability to smash an overhead winner.

Candor, in this book, as in the previous one, is Ashe's stock in trade. But his isn't the kind of candor usually associated with "inside" sports books; gossip and innuendo aren't up his alley. Instead, he is candid about himself, in a clear effort to understand himself. To wit: "I like to experience as much of life as possible. I've always felt I can sleep and rest when I'm dead; while I'm here, let's get it on and live life to the fullest. A lot of this thinking goes back to my childhood and the unmistakable impression left in black schoolchildren that there is not much they can do beyond being garbage men or mailmen. You might be a policeman, but never a bank president, mayor or chief of police ... you grow up with this mentality. I wanted to establish myself in the tennis world, and I knew I'd have to pay a price for anything that I did well. That's one of the reasons I resolved not to get married before I was 30. I just wasn't going to do it. I wanted to make my mark first."

The story of Ashe's early years in tennis is a familiar one to followers of the sport. In 1947, when he was four years old, his father was put in charge of a public playground in Richmond. "Suddenly, a swimming pool, baseball fields and four tennis courts were outside my door," Ashe says. Soon enough he revealed a particular talent for tennis, a game often associated in the 1950s with white country club members.

So he was sent to Lynchburg, Va. to study the game under the tutelage of Robert Walter Johnson, a black physician whose "obsession" was "the development of good black junior tennis players." Ashe learned strokes, tactics and strategies. He also learned some of the facts of life. "There were ... maxims

continued



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meant only for little black Southern boys: when in doubt, call your opponent's shot good; if you're serving the game before the change of ends, pick up the balls on your side and hand them to your opponent during the crossover. Dr. Johnson knew we were going into territory that was often hostile, and he wanted our behavior to be beyond reproach. It would be years before I understood the emotional toll of repressing anger and natural frustration."

Yet however damaging such repression may be, it is a mark of his character that he was able to keep his emotions in check during his march to the top. From college tennis at UCLA to the amateur circuit of the early 1960s to the coming of open tennis later in the decade, he was a black man in a white world; only by exercising extraordinary self-control was he able to suppress his anger, thereby freeing himself to get on with the business at hand.

At the same time, Ashe came under heavy pressure from civil rights organizations and individual blacks to become a spokesman for black causes. From time to time he did so, but always with an underlying skepticism. "What do black athletes, most of whom are not politically inclined, have to offer? What makes Sammy Davis, Jr. an expert on race relations? Why must black entertainers bring up race during their performances? Speak out if you've got something to say, I reasoned, otherwise say nothing."

It must be pointed out, though, that "saying nothing" isn't really Ashe's natural bent. As his own stature rose in the late '60s and early '70s, and as discrimination against blacks decreased, he became ever more free to speak his mind. He does exactly that in his book. Not merely does he talk about everything from South Africa to sex, but he also discusses his own quirks and foibles—an "obsession with understanding death," for example, and a "fascination" with the sociology of human skin color.

The Arthur Ashe who emerges from the pages of *Off the Court* is the same fellow we often read about and watch on television: witty, earnest, generous, forthcoming yet slightly distant. He knows just how to be candid without letting down his defenses; he has had plenty of practice. But *Off the Court* is clearly part of a process by which he is lowering his guard. It is an exceptionally appealing book. **END**



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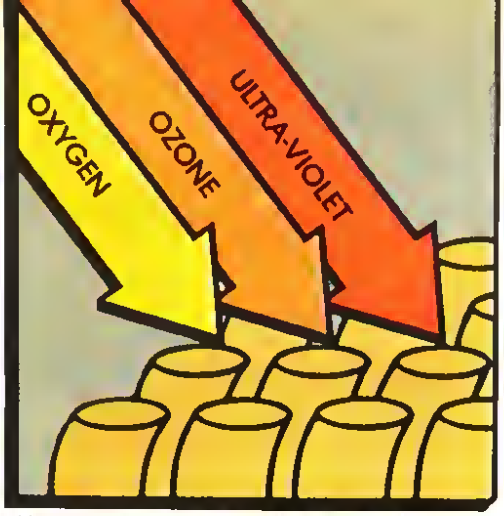
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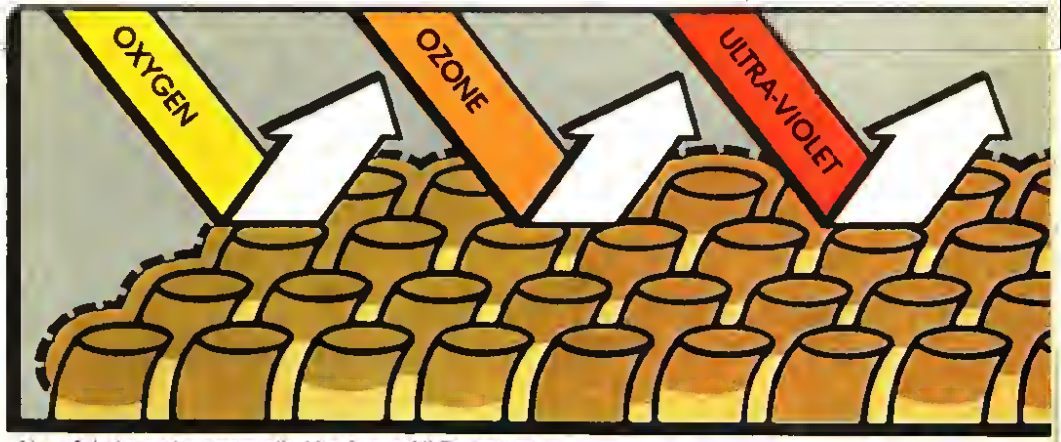




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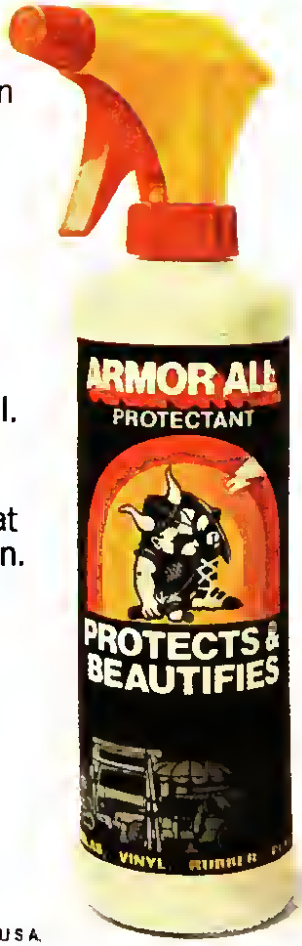
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

REPRIEVE

When the nation's largest mining company, American Metal Climax (AMAX), announced in 1977 that it planned to mine the rich molybdenum reserve in Colorado's Mount Emmons, the expected howl was heard from environmental groups (SI, Feb. 19, 1979). The mayor of Crested Butte, Colo., the colorful W. Mitchell (that's his whole name), predicted doom for the "Red Lady," as Mount Emmons is called by the locals, and spoke of "impending disaster for this community." Others took up the cry, arguing that the ineffable charm of their ski resort town (pop. 1,000) would be shattered, and that an economic boom-and-bust scenario would leave Crested Butte as flat financially as Mount Emmons would be physically.

And so, when AMAX announced this summer that its $1 billion mining project was being shelved—until at least 1984—an exultant shout was heard from the environmental corner. Claiming a major victory, Chuck Malick of the High Country Citizens' Alliance said, "All the people who worked to make AMAX accountable here have saved Gunnison County from a catastrophic bust."

Stuff and nonsense, replies Mike Rock, an AMAX representative. He says the protesters had "no effect whatsoever" on the company's decision, and disagrees with Malick's assertion that AMAX has "pulled out" of Crested Butte. The decision to hold off, Rock says, was caused solely by the depressed market for molybdenum, the price of which has dropped more than 15% since 1978.

Whether the mining delay is a result of market conditions or pressure from environmentalists is really academic. The fact is, AMAX has already invested more than $100 million on mine-oriented work at the site, and the company, Rock insists, isn't walking away from that investment. "We're looking at an ore body that is one of the richest in the world," he says. "There's no question that it'll be developed eventually."

Even the temporarily triumphant Malick admits the battle may just have been joined. "Our job isn't over yet," he says. "If AMAX comes back in five years, 10 years, we'll be here."

INFORMATION GAP

It may be time to take a closer look at the latest annual media information guide issued by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's staff for the benefit of sportswriters and sportscasters covering major league baseball. The guide lists all sorts of useful addresses and phone numbers, including those for the commissioner's office, the American and National League offices, Major League Baseball Promotion Corporation, Major League Baseball Productions, National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, Major League Scouting Bureau, Player Relations Office, Major League Baseball Umpire Development Program, Association of Professional Baseball Players of America, even the Baseball Chapel. But Kuhn's people haven't yet found it in their hearts to include a listing for the Major League Baseball Players Association. In view of the newsworthy events of this summer, that strikes us as an oversight.

WHERE'S MEMPHIS AND ST. JOE?

Among the rookies in the Tampa Bay Buccaneers camp this summer was a lineman named Denver Johnson, who has a brother named Dallas, another brother named Houston and a sister named Philadelphia. The Johnson family lives in Bowlegs, Okla. Do you suppose those first names are a form of wishful thinking?

GOAL-ORIENTED

The era of the "collapsible" basketball rim is officially here. Designed to prevent both rim-banging, a dangerous and equipment damaging practice popular among showboating college and high school players, and the sort of backboard-shattering, Chocolate Thunder slam dunks perfected by the NBA's Darryl Dawkins, the new rims feature spring devices that allow them to trip forward when subjected to more than a given amount of pressure. In a trice—faster than the fan's eye can discern—the goal then snaps back to its ready-to-play position, parallel to the floor. The NBA experimented with types of various "collapsible" rims in the 1980 preseason, and the Continental Basketball Association, a minor league, gave a couple of them a season-long tryout during 1980-81. Impressed by the results of these experiments, the NBA has decided to introduce the Snap Back goal manufactured by Kansas-based Toss Back, Inc. in the 1981-82 season. The colleges are also get-



ting into the act in a big way. The Pac-10 and the Western Athletic Conference both used a collapsible rim last season manufactured by Seattle's Slam-Dunk, Inc., and the innovation proved so successful that half a dozen other conferences, including the Big Ten, ACC and SEC, will use the Slam-Dunk goal during the upcoming season.

Besides preventing costly and game-delaying damage to rims and backboards, the devices are credited by some enthusiasts with improving play. Possibly because it contains more metal than a standard goal, and thus is less likely to vibrate ("If you want a better hamburger, you put more meat in it," says one of the inventors, Ken Mahoney), the Toss Back goal may contribute to more accurate shooting, or so Mauro Panaggio, coach of the CBA-champion Rochester Zeniths, believes. "It seemed that more of the missed shots that hit the rim ended up falling, because the rebound didn't come off as abruptly," he says.

continued

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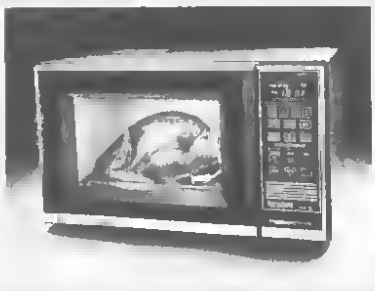


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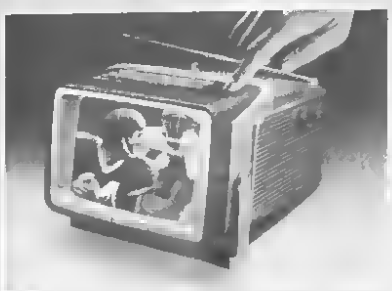
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Panaggio also likes the fact that the Snap Back goal has done away with the two braces found on either side of a conventional rim. "Their elimination allows for extra concentration," he says. "Some of my players felt the [Snap-Back] rim stood out more and was easier to shoot at." As for the Slam-Dunk goal, it stays an unusually bright orange, thanks to a newfangled technique by which a flake-resistant paint is electrically applied and sealed by heat. The durable, bright hue supposedly provides a more riveting target for shooters, which may or may not explain why six of the Pac-10 teams improved their field-goal percentage last season over the year before.

In any case, Joe Axelson, the NBA's director of operations, is hoping that the term "collapsible" soon will be passé. Perhaps because the word sounds slightly ominous, Axelson prefers this mouthful: "Pressure-release safety rim."

IF THE SHOE FITS

Everyone complains about the high cost of running a football program, but Baylor Coach Grant Teaff has done something about it. Teaff has two promising freshman kickers on his squad, Marty Jimmerson from Houston and Ben Perry from Texas City. Both kick barefooted, Jimmerson from the right side, Perry from the left. Both wear the same size 10 football shoe.

"I think this shows prudent planning and foresight in our recruiting," says Teaff, tongue firmly planted in cheek. "Finances are critical these days in college athletics. Football shoes, for instance, cost $45 a pair. But here we have two kickers, and we can get by with one pair of shoes for both."

OFF YOUR MARKS

Hold it, *hold it*! Put your running shoes back in the closet and forget about the trip to Allentown, Pa.—Jack Large has had second thoughts. If you remember, Jack was planning to raffle off his $65,000 house in a complex 13.1-mile half-marathon he was going to stage in Allentown on Oct. 4 (SCORECARD, Aug. 3). He anticipated maybe 9,000 entries at $25 apiece for a gross of $225,000, from which he'd take the purchase price of the house, with the rest of the bread going for lesser prizes and the expense of promoting the affair.

Well, it's all off. The "Run for Home" has been canceled. There were simply too many problems, not just with Pennsylvania law governing lotteries, but with the intricacies of handicapping the race. The downcast promoter declined to say how much money he'd have to return to eager early entrants or how much the project had cost him already. "I don't want to think about that," he said sadly. "It's just such a disappointment that we have to do this."

BOMB THROWERS FROM THE BAYOU

Here's something for pro football fans to mull over. Eight of the NFL's current crop of 28 first-string quarterbacks are California products: Brian Sipe, Cleveland; Jim Plunkett, Oakland; Steve Bartkowski, Atlanta, Craig Morton, Denver; Dan Fouts, San Diego; Jim Zorn, Seattle; Pat Haden, Los Angeles; and (because starter Steve Fuller has been sidelined by a preseason injury) Bill Kenney of Kansas City. All right, here's something else to ponder. The second most fruitful state in turning out NFL quarterbacks is *not* Texas, not Pennsylvania and not Ohio, a fact that may surprise Texans, Pennsylvanians and Ohioans. As George Harris III of Lafayette, La. points out, it's his state, which ranks just 20th in population, with barely four million inhabitants, yet has five native sons currently starting at quarterback in the NFL: Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburgh; Joe Ferguson, Buffalo; Bert Jones, Baltimore; Doug Williams, Tampa Bay; and David Woodley, Miami.

That only two states account for nearly half of the NFL's starting quarterbacks makes one wonder what's wrong with the other 48. California is the most populous state and, as everybody knows, a hotbed of athletic hotshots. But Louisiana? For a comparatively small state to produce such a large number of NFL quarterbacks is amazing and a source of considerable pride to its residents. And Loozianyans aren't even mentioning their top throwers in other sports, like baseball's Vida Blue (an ex-high school quarterback sensation), J.R. Richard and Ron Guidry.

TOPPSY-TURVY

The leading purveyor of baseball cards, Topps Chewing Gum, is now the sole purveyor of baseball gum cards, thanks to a Federal Court of Appeals ruling that sent its two competitors back to the bush leagues. The unanimous decision reversed a July 1980 lower court finding that Topps had violated federal antitrust laws by cornering the major league market. The earlier ruling had allowed Fleer, the challenger in the case, and Donruss, a subsidiary of General Mills, to issue their own card-and-gum sets and compete with Topps, which had held a virtual monopoly in baseball cards since 1956.

Though Fleer plans to appeal the latest ruling to the Supreme Court, Topps, at least for the time being, once again will become the only card-and-gum packet on candy store shelves. Fleer and Donruss could conceivably sign minor league players to contracts in the hope that they will someday reach the majors, but such a ploy might take years to pay off. Or the two companies could sell their cards with some other product besides gum and candy, although such ventures have usually proved unsuccessful. In 1960 Leaf Gum tried to sidestep Topps by selling a combination of cards and marbles, but kids seemed to want something a little more chewable. Around the same time, Fleer sold a set of card-and-cookie packs, but the cookies weren't much more chewable than the marbles and the kids didn't bite. "1981 will be remembered as the year of the double asterisk," gloats Topps President Joel Shorin. "The year of the baseball strike, and the year that Topps won back its exclusive rights."

PSSST, BUDDY

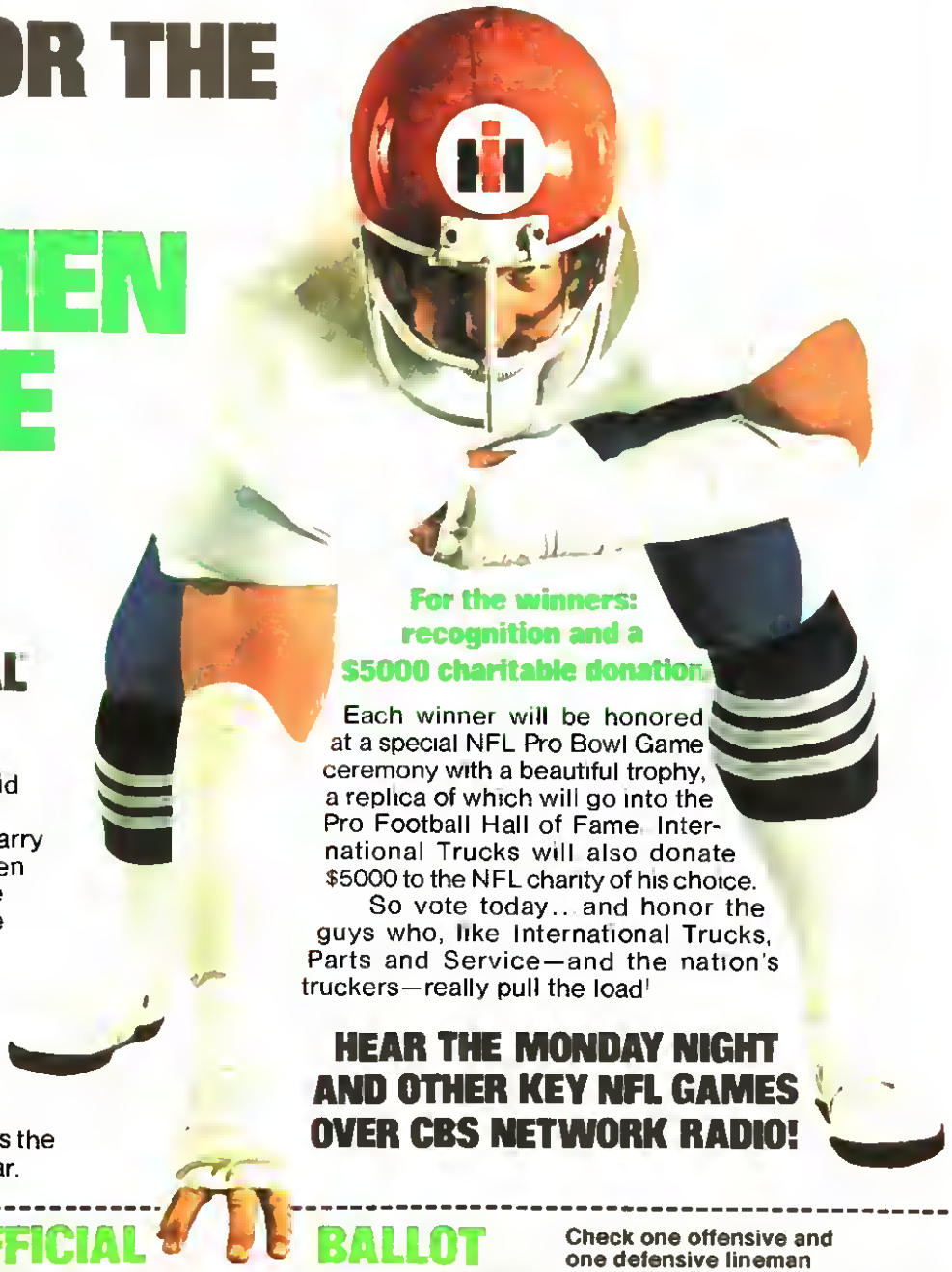
At Orono High School in Minnesota, thieves descended on the softball field and swiped the entire outfield fence, a pretty neat trick in itself. But it gives rise to a question: Where do you go to fence an outfield fence?

THEY SAID IT

- Don Hasselbeck, New England Patriot tight end who's replacing the retired Russ Francis: "It shouldn't be hard to fill his shoes. He wears 12½ and I take 14."
- Billy Martin, Oakland A's manager, mocking the furor over the controversial split-season format by giving opposing manager Earl Weaver of the Baltimore Orioles an incomplete lineup before an A's-Orioles game: "I can't send the real lineup over yet. I don't know whether I want to throw these games or the ones against the Yankees."
- Lee Corso, Indiana football coach, discussing walk-on Center Mike Ocasek, a native of Honolulu: "That's a tough walk from here."

END

VOTE FOR THE NFL LINEMEN OF THE YEAR



Sponsored by INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

It's about time somebody paid tribute to the hard work and dedication of the guys who carry the load: the offensive linemen who open the holes—and the defensive linemen who close them. Now you and International Trucks have that opportunity. Just place a checkmark next to the names of the offensive lineman and defensive lineman you think should be recognized as the 1981 NFL Linemen of the Year.

For the winners: recognition and a $5000 charitable donation.

Each winner will be honored at a special NFL Pro Bowl Game ceremony with a beautiful trophy, a replica of which will go into the Pro Football Hall of Fame. International Trucks will also donate $5000 to the NFL charity of his choice.

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HEAR THE MONDAY NIGHT AND OTHER KEY NFL GAMES OVER CBS NETWORK RADIO!

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Check one offensive and one defensive lineman

ATLANTA FALCONS
- (off.) MIKE KENN T ☐ 1
- JEFF VAN NOTE C ☐ 2
- (def.) JEFF MERROW DE ☐ 3
- DON SMITH NT ☐ 4

BALTIMORE COLTS
- (off.) WADE GRIFFIN T ☐ 5
- ROBERT PRATT G ☐ 6
- (def.) MIKE BARNES DT ☐ 7
- MIKE OZDOWSKI DE ☐ 8

BUFFALO BILLS
- (off.) KEN JONES T ☐ 9
- REGGIE MCKENZIE G ☐ 10
- (def.) FRED SMERLAS NT ☐ 11
- BEN WILLIAMS DE ☐ 12

CHICAGO BEARS
- (off.) NOAH JACKSON G ☐ 13
- DENNIS LICK T ☐ 14
- (def.) DAN HAMPTON DE ☐ 15
- ALAN PAGE DT ☐ 16

CINCINNATI BENGALS
- (off.) ANTHONY MUÑOZ T ☐ 17
- MIKE WILSON T ☐ 18
- (def.) GARY BURLEY DE ☐ 19
- EDDIE EDWARDS DE ☐ 20

CLEVELAND BROWNS
- (off.) JOE DELAMIELLEURE G ☐ 21
- TOM DELEONE C ☐ 22
- DOUG DIEKEN T ☐ 23
- (def.) LYLE ALZADO DE ☐ 24
- HENRY BRADLEY NT ☐ 25

DALLAS COWBOYS
- (off.) PAT DONOVAN T ☐ 26
- HERBERT SCOTT G ☐ 27
- (def.) HARVEY MARTIN DE ☐ 28
- RANDY WHITE DT ☐ 29

DENVER BRONCOS
- (off.) TOM GLASSIC G ☐ 30
- CLAUDIE MINOR T ☐ 31
- (def.) RUBIN CARTER NT ☐ 32
- RULON JONES DE ☐ 33

DETROIT LIONS
- (off.) KEITH DORNEY T ☐ 34
- AMOS FOWLER G ☐ 35
- (def.) AL BAKER DE ☐ 36
- DOUG ENGLISH DT ☐ 37

GREEN BAY PACKERS
- (off.) LEOTIS HARRIS G ☐ 38
- LARRY MCCARREN C ☐ 39
- (def.) MIKE BUTLER DE ☐ 40
- EZRA JOHNSON DE ☐ 41

HOUSTON OILERS
- (off.) LEON GRAY T ☐ 42
- BOB YOUNG G ☐ 43
- (def.) JESSE BAKER DE ☐ 44
- ELVIN BETHEA DE ☐ 45

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS
- (off.) TOM CONDON G ☐ 46
- JACK RUDNAY C ☐ 47
- (def.) MIKE BELL DE ☐ 48
- ART STILL DE ☐ 49

LOS ANGELES RAMS
- (off.) DENNIS HARRAH G ☐ 50
- KENT HILL G ☐ 51
- RICH SAUL C ☐ 52
- (def.) LARRY BROOKS DT ☐ 53
- JACK YOUNGBLOOD DE ☐ 54

MIAMI DOLPHINS
- (off.) BOB KUECHENBERG G ☐ 55
- ED NEWMAN G ☐ 56
- (def.) BOB BAUMHOWER NT ☐ 57
- DOUG BETTERS DE ☐ 58

MINNESOTA VIKINGS
- (off.) WES HAMILTON G ☐ 59
- DENNIS SWILLEY C ☐ 60
- (def.) DOUG MARTIN DT ☐ 61
- JAMES WHITE DT ☐ 62

NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS
- (off.) JOHN HANNAH G ☐ 63
- SHELBY JORDAN T ☐ 64
- (def.) JULIUS ADAMS DE ☐ 65
- TONY MCGEE DE ☐ 66

NEW ORLEANS SAINTS
- (off.) STAN BROCK T ☐ 67
- JOHN HILL C ☐ 68
- (def.) ELOS GROOMS DE ☐ 69
- DERLAND MOORE DT ☐ 70

NEW YORK GIANTS
- (off.) ROY SIMMONS G ☐ 71
- J.T. TURNER G ☐ 72
- (def.) GARY JETER DE ☐ 73
- GEORGE MARTIN DE ☐ 74

NEW YORK JETS
- (off.) JOE FIELDS C ☐ 75
- MARVIN POWELL T ☐ 76
- (def.) MARK GASTINEAU DE ☐ 77
- JOE KLECKO DE ☐ 78

OAKLAND RAIDERS
- (off.) ART SHELL T ☐ 79
- GENE UPSHAW G ☐ 80
- (def.) DAVE BROWNING DE ☐ 81
- JOHN MATUSZAK DE ☐ 82

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES
- (off.) JERRY SISEMORE T ☐ 83
- STAN WALTERS T ☐ 84
- (def.) CARL HAIRSTON DE ☐ 85
- CHARLIE JOHNSON NT ☐ 86

PITTSBURGH STEELERS
- (off.) LARRY BROWN T ☐ 87
- MIKE WEBSTER C ☐ 88
- (def.) JOE GREENE DT ☐ 89
- L.C. GREENWOOD DE ☐ 90

ST LOUIS CARDINALS
- (off.) DAN DIERDORF T ☐ 91
- TERRY STIEVE G ☐ 92
- (def.) RUSH BROWN DT ☐ 93
- DOB POLLARD DE ☐ 94

SAN DIEGO CHARGERS
- (off.) ED WHITE G ☐ 95
- DOUG WILKERSON G ☐ 96
- (def.) FRED DEAN DE ☐ 97
- GARY JOHNSON DT ☐ 98
- LOUIE KELCHER DT ☐ 99

SAN FRANCISCO 49ers
- (off.) RANDY CROSS G ☐ 100
- FRED QUILLAN C ☐ 101
- (def.) ARCHIE REESE NT ☐ 102
- JIM STUCKEY DE ☐ 103

SEATTLE SEAHAWKS
- (off.) BOB NEWTON G ☐ 104
- JOHN YARNO C ☐ 105
- (def.) JACOB GREEN DE ☐ 106
- MANU TUIASOSOPO DT ☐ 107

TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS
- (off.) DAVE REAVIS T ☐ 108
- GREG ROBERTS G ☐ 109
- (def.) LEE ROY SELMON DE ☐ 110

WASHINGTON REDSKINS
- (off.) BOB KUZIEL C ☐ 111
- GEORGE STARKE T ☐ 112
- (def.) DAVE BUTZ DT ☐ 113
- KARL LORCH DE ☐ 114

WRITE-INS
- ☐ 115
- (off.) Name Position Team
- ☐ 116
- (def.) Name Position Team

As a help in making your selection, the preceding list is a nominating committee consensus of the most likely candidates during the 1981 season. However, if you have other favorites, feel free to use the write-in section at the bottom.

Place a check mark next to the one Offensive Lineman and the one Defensive Lineman you are voting for and mail your ballot to be postmarked on or before December 1, 1981 to:

NFL Linemen of the Year
P.O. Box 6266
Chicago, IL 60677

Vote only on an official ballot. Only one Offensive and one Defensive vote per ballot.

TRUCKS



Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 7, 1981

COE ON THE GO

His latest mile world record having lasted but a week, Sebastian Coe came racing back to regain it in Brussels

by KENNY MOORE

As the gun sounded to begin the Golden Mile in Brussels' Heizel Stadium last Friday night, Tom Byers was caught off balance. He was in the inside lane, determined to set a world-record pace. But now several runners had sprinted ahead of him and were about to crowd across and trap him against the rail. "I thought, 'Oh, God, I've blown it again,' " Byers would say later. But the fastest runner off the mark, Sebastian Coe, didn't cut for the pole. Instead, he stayed wide, shoving out Sydney Maree and Steve Scott so Byers could have a clear path to the front. "Just a delicate use of the whip," Coe thought as he settled into second behind the now-steaming Byers.



Coe's golden moment with Boit (second) and Scott (third).

After 200 meters, Kenya's Mike Boit was a close third, and a gap was already widening to the trailing pack, led by Eamonn Coghlan of Ireland. Coe ran close to the curb, content with the pace, feeling an easy confidence that was far different from his sensations nine days before when he set a world record of 3:48.53 in Zurich. "That race had been planned as a record attempt for months," Coe said later. "Television executives were calling and all but saying, 'You'd better not let us down.' But the more you plan. . . . I was tight in that race, mentally scattered. But now I was flowing."

Coe's ease was all the more remarkable considering that that record had lasted only a week, until the end of a chaotic day in Koblenz, West Germany, when Coe's countryman, Steve Ovett, took it back with a 3:48.40.

A measure of confusion seems to accompany Ovett constantly. The Koblenz race, run just two days before the Brussels mile, was originally scheduled for 1,500 meters, Koblenz being the site of Ovett's 3:31.36 world record at that distance in 1980. But after Coe's Zurich mile record, Ovett wanted a shot at the English distance. The Koblenz meet director quickly agreed to make the change. But not all the entrants were pleased. West Germany's Dr. Thomas Wessinghage said, "I want a 1,500. It's a more important distance to a German. At home I get asked, 'So you ran 3:50 for a mile. What's that for 1,500?' " So there would be two races in Koblenz, a 1,500 and a mile, and all afternoon on the day of the meet the milers went through a dance of decision. "It was a confusing day," said Scott. "I wanted to run the mile and to be in a world-record try, but this was my last chance this year at a fast 1,500 and Jim Ryun's American record [3:33.1, set in 1967]. I figured I could try the mile in Brussels, so I went to the 1,500." So did Boit, who wanted to break Ben Jipcho's Kenyan record of 3:33.16.

Only Scott was successful. In what he called "the one race a year when everything clicks," Scott kicked past Wessinghage in the last 300 meters to win in 3:31.96, taking Ryun's last American mark and threatening Ovett's world record. Boit was shoved into the infield at the start and had to run through part of the

Coe kicked with 200 meters left and came home in 3:47.33, shaving more than a second from Ovett's two-day-old record.

continued

long-jump pit. He was the last of 19 by the time he got back. He finished third, in a fine 3:33.92, but was galled by what he felt was the waste of a good race and vowed to do better in Brussels.

Then came Ovett's mile, the first ever contested at Koblenz, and the runners had to wait while officials measured the starting point of the 1,609.344-meter race and chalked it on the track. Ovett's close friend, Bob Benn, was the rabbit for the first two laps, which he covered in 55.63 and 1:53.59, with U.S. 800-meter champion James Robinson second and Ovett third. Robinson was in there for the third lap, which was a chance to redeem himself as a pacemaker. Earlier in the season, in Stockholm, he had roared through the 800 meters of Coe's 1,500-meter record try in a berserk 1:47.5. Coe was pulled to 1:49.2, and showed amazing stamina to finish in 3:31.95. "I was so upset I wanted to go home," Robinson said. "I caused him to miss the world record." In Koblenz, Robinson was instructed not to lead until Benn dropped back. He took the pace at the half and smoothly escorted Ovett for another 360 meters.

Ovett had the lead at 1,200 in 2:50.62, and the 22,000 who had wedged into Koblenz' stadium, built for 10,000, screamed him on. "I felt so good I knew I had the record," Ovett said later. He sustained his muscular, rolling stride to the finish in 3:48.40, whereupon he was engulfed by waves of kids who had to be driven back by the *Polizei*. "The atmosphere was tremendous," he said. "I've got my zest back for racing." Yet he said he wouldn't run the Golden Mile in Brussels, having promised to race for England in a meet with Norway and Yugoslavia. He will run the 1,500 in this weekend's World Cup meet in Rome (where Coe will be in the 800), then be married to Rachel Waller of Maidstone and honeymoon in the U.S., where he will run an extravaganza mile down Fifth Avenue in New York on Sept. 26.

The impromptu nature of the Koblenz mile imperiled Ovett's chances of securing a world record because the IAAF has an obscure rule requiring events to be listed in the meet program. The mile wasn't.

"Hey, he did it," said Scott, who, like all the milers, at once accepted the mark. "I watched."

Not long afterward, Coe got a call from his sister Miranda, a dancer at the MGM Grand in Reno. "Oh, why did he do it in Koblenz?" she cried.

"I had to laugh," Coe said. "She seemed most affronted by his choice of venue." Coe calmed his sister: "Look, the record is on a carousel right now. I'll have a turn tomorrow in Brussels."

These successive records had no precedent except the wartime seasons from 1942 to 1945 when Gunder Hägg and Arne Andersson of Sweden broke or tied the mile and 1,500 records 10 times and reduced the mile mark from 4:06.4 to 4:01.4. Now, a record per week focused attention on the real question: Why on earth don't Coe and Ovett race each other? They have met only three times in their adult careers—in the European Championships 800 in 1978, when both were beaten by East Germany's Olaf Beyer, and in the 1980 Olympic 800, won by Ovett, and 1,500, won by Coe.

Certainly, Coe would welcome a race. On July 11, after Coe had set a 1,000-meter world record of 2:12.18 and Ovett had won a 3:49.25 mile easing off, Coe went to Ovett's friend and manager, Andy Norman, and said, "I've had enough. As of now I'm entered in the Golden Mile in Brussels." Ovett had already entered, and said that night, "If Seb's there, there will be a race." Yet a few weeks later he withdrew, saying he felt the clash, when it came, ought to be on British soil.

These were the public remarks. But in the cloudy, quasi-professional world of top amateur runners, there are other, necessarily private elements. One is appearance money, which is none too surreptitiously given to attract and reward good fields. Ovett was ready to race Coe in Brussels until West German newspapers reported that Coe had struck a deal for $15,000 for the race. Whether that was true or not, English observers reasoned, if Ovett couldn't match that figure, he would naturally withdraw. Money can plausibly be seen as a motive for Ovett's overall racing pattern, because if he doesn't risk losing to Coe, he doesn't risk devaluing his asking price.

Several milers agree. "If they go head to head, there's definitely a No. 1," said Byers. "But if they trade world records back and forth, nobody knows. That's fine by Ovett."

Scott, the leader of the Run Hard and Let the Chips Fall Where They May school, said, "It's ego. It's not life and death for us to win. It is for Ovett."

Coe said, "I never speculate on Steve's behavior in choosing races. Perhaps he's



Byers led Coe through the first 1,000, finished in 4:21.46, and then turned in his rabbit's feet.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE POWELL



Turning for home, Coe pulls away from Boit, who, though 33 years old, has never run better.

not going to race until he feels ready, which I respect. Maybe he feels a psychological advantage in hopping around and keeping everyone guessing."

Coe guessed Ovett might turn up in Brussels anyway, a suspicion that gained credence when British Amateur Athletic Board official David Shaw called the meet director with clearance for Ovett to run should he show.

On the afternoon of the race, as the rumors swirled, Coe seemed to be in a serene mood, taking a walk beside a pear orchard and through playing fields near his hotel. He lay on the grass and played on some swings, chatting about physiology with a friend, Dr. David Martin of Atlanta. A youngster kicked a soccer ball at him, and Coe kept it off the ground with his feet for half a minute.

"Are you a soccer player?" the Belgian boy asked.

"No. A runner," Coe said simply, sending the ball over the boy's head.

In the evening, the runner entered a stadium filled with 45,000 Belgians and an atmosphere of near-misses. Renaldo Nehemiah, trying to break his world record of 12.93 in the 110-meter hurdles, false-started twice, got away with it, but ran 13.07. Evelyn Ashford, showing splendid form, "took a deep breath" in the middle of the 200 meters and thereby missed her American record by .01 with a 21.84. Only Pam Spencer fulfilled her hopes, high-jumping to an American record of 6′ 5½″. Both Nehemiah and Ashford were fascinated by the mile. "I wish I could have a rabbit," they said, almost in unison.

Coe had the best rabbit going. Byers led Coe past 400 meters in 54.92. "I felt the wind in the backstretch," said Boit, who was third. "I thought, 'Oh, the time isn't going to be good.' " After 600 meters the pack was 20 yards behind. "Everybody was pushing and stepping on each other," Scott said. "I cut my stride 10 times."

Byers hit 800 meters in 1:52.67, and as he came out of the first turn on the third lap, Coe closed. "He was antsy at 900," Byers said. "That's where I slowed in Zurich and he was anticipating." Coe stumbled, horrifying the crowd, but he recovered easily. Byers picked up the pace, but tired after another 100 meters. He moved wide as the curve began and Coe drove through into the lead. This was precisely the spot Coe's father and coach, Peter, had chosen to watch the race. "I'd decided that was where the climax had to come," he said.

Coe passed 1,200 meters in 2:51.00 with Boit only three yards behind. Both men looked strong, their arms lightly carried rather than pumped. Now it wasn't a calculated record attempt at all. There was one clear intent: Win the race. Down the last backstretch Boit let Coe gain only one more yard. "I knew he was there," Coe said. "The added spur was tremendous. It was the first time in all my record races where someone was with me almost to the end. There was no way I was going to subconsciously relax."

With 200 to go, Coe surged. "I felt great. 'Kick, I can kick,' I said to myself on the bend." He sprinted home powerfully, crossed the line and nearly disappeared into a bedlam of photographers and officials. His time was 3:47.33, more than a full second torn from Ovett's record. It was the third mile Coe has run in the last three years, and in each he has set a world record.

Boit faded, finishing 15 yards back in 3:49.45, nearly three-tenths faster than his 3:49.74 of Zurich. "It is good to break 3:50 twice," he said. "It gives you some confidence that it wasn't by chance."

Scott was third in 3:51.48, Maree fourth in 3:51.81, Wessinghage fifth in 3:52.60, and John Walker sixth in 3:52.97. "I was sluggish," said Scott, who hadn't recovered from his superb 1,500 in Koblenz two nights prior. "My season's over. I'm going home."

Byers trotted in last in 4:21.46, so no one could say the pacemaker didn't finish. Within an hour he received half a dozen requests to rabbit upcoming races. "It's great Seb got the record," he said. "But my rabbit days are over. It makes you feel three inches tall. From now on, if I lead, it's to help my own chances."

Coe was awarded a golden trophy, and then he pushed Boit to the top of the victory stand. "His being there made it for me," Coe said. "We put him up for not growing old. He's 10 years older than I am. [Approximately. Boit is unsure of his birth date, but guesses he is 33. Coe is 24.] His was the run of the evening."

Coe bubbled over: "It's like the 800 in Oslo in 1979 [when he ran 1:42.4], my first record." He concluded an interview with NBC commentator Frank Shorter with, "Thanks, Marty," and later said, "I lost a tenner on the race. I bet someone that a certain someone would turn up. I think it could have gone faster if Steve had run. There is more time to come off the mile yet, but it won't be done by finishing faster. It will be by going the three-quarters in 2:48."

Having polished off a 2 a.m. buffet, Coe gave his view of the turning carousel of records. "They were attacked and traded so often because they were so obviously achievable. Now they'll improve, but not as quickly. The 1,500 will go below 3:30 soon, perhaps, the mile below 3:47; but then it's going to get harder. I haven't thought about it until this moment," he said, his voice wistful and light, "but it's finished." END



After Templeton was thrown out of a game for making obscene gestures to the Ladies Day crowd at

THE BOUNCE, THE BENCH AND THE BOO-BIRDS

Each in his own way, Garry Templeton, Reggie Jackson and Dave Parker faced a slew of troubles on and off the field

by STEVE WULF

The cab, with its famous passenger, stopped at a red light on a dark Chicago street. Suddenly, and rather ominously, a long, silver-gray Cadillac pulled alongside. The window on the driver's side of the Caddie slid down. The silence was shattered by a machine-gun-like yell.

"Reggiecomeoutthatslump!"

"I *am* out of it," Jackson replied. And then he said to himself, "God, this game is fun."

Fun? One night early last week, while mired in the worst slump of his career, the Yankees' Reggie Jackson was replaced by a pinch hitter for the first time in his memory. The next day Jackson was benched and handed a humiliating letter ordering him to take a complete physical the next day. On that day, Jackson visited three doctors, got a 40-minute pep talk over the phone from team owner George Steinbrenner and read his obituary in the *New York Post*. Which brings us to last Friday, when the barking dogs of the media woke him at 5:30 a.m. in a hotel room in Chicago, where he'd gone to rejoin the Yankees, and relentlessly pursued him all day. Some fun.

Jackson wasn't the only star in trouble last week. Garry Templeton, the Cardinals' extraordinary shortstop, went nearly berserk on Ladies Day in St. Louis, outraging spectators and tangling with his manager, Whitey Herzog, who fined him $5,000 and suspended him indefinitely, or at least until he publicly apologized to the fans and his teammates.

And in Pittsburgh, Dave Parker, who only three summers ago was considered the best player in baseball, was struggling at bat and being beset by a howling mob of venomous fans. Last week Parker was hitting an anemic .249, seventh best among the eight Pirate regulars. Compounding his problems were an overweight body, a jammed thumb, a surgical knee and his team's lackluster play.

While many of Jackson's troubles in the past have been of his own making, this year he appears to be the victim of Steinbrenner's mind games. Jackson can be a free agent at the end of the season, and he wants a long-term contract from the Yankees, who reportedly prefer not



Busch Stadium, an incensed Herzog hauled him into the dugout and then suspended and fined him.

to sign their 35-year-old hero to more than a two-year agreement. Steinbrenner seems intent on breaking Jackson, and at least for a time he succeeded.

The first of the week's embarrassments came in New York against the Twins when Aurelio Rodriguez, .238 lifetime, pinch-hit for Jackson, who was at .212 and without a homer in his last 26 games. Aurelio singled. The next day, after receiving word from Yankee Vice-President Cedric Tallis to get a checkup, Jackson asked for a meeting with the front office, represented by Tallis, Manager Gene Michael, Yankee counsel Ed Broderick and Lou Saban, who has the title of Yankee president. Jackson came away contrite, and he watched that night's game from the bench.

After seeing Dr. Albert Goodgold, a neurologist, Jackson reported, "We had a wonderful talk. He talked to me about a similar struggle he once had with another person of power, and he told me not to waste my energy thinking about negatives." Then it was on to Dr. Ronald Carr, an ophthalmologist. "He said my eyesight was better than perfect, 20/15 to be exact," said Jackson, "and that I didn't even need glasses." Next, Dr. Michael Ruoff gave him a general physical. Said Jackson, "He told me he hadn't seen a patient as healthy as me in three years." Jackson also was supposed to see a dentist, but like the rest of us he skipped that appointment.

In the meantime the *New York Post* was screaming, REGGIE'S OUT on its front page. The hysterical headline was based on a purely speculative story. That afternoon was when Jackson spoke on the phone with Steinbrenner, or "Knute Rockne," as he later referred to the owner. That night the Yankees played in Chicago without Jackson, losing 3–1. On Friday, after eluding the press, he went to check out a 1961 Chevy—Jackson is a car buff—50 miles outside the city.

A simple little act turned the week around for Jackson. In the seventh inning Friday night he singled up the middle. Then, on a deep fly by Graig Nettles, Jackson hurried back to first, tagged up and ran to second. It wasn't three home runs in a World Series game, but Jackson's hustle paid off when he scored from second on a Bucky Dent single.

The most extraordinary thing happened when Jackson went out to rightfield in the bottom of the inning. The White Sox fans, appreciative of his head's-up play, started throwing money at him, and Jackson, who makes $600,000 a year, eagerly began picking it up. He singled once more and by the end of the Yankees' 6–1 victory, he had collected $31.27 in bills (two fives, four singles) and silver, one phone number and several blades of grass.

Later, during the cab ride back to the hotel, Jackson couldn't get over the fans' largess. "Wasn't that something?" he said. "I had such fun tonight. It was wonderful. They said, 'He's down, but he's busting his ass.' People know I'm getting

continued

jacked around. Things like that—they're better than beer. It was a real show of love, or at least a show of like."

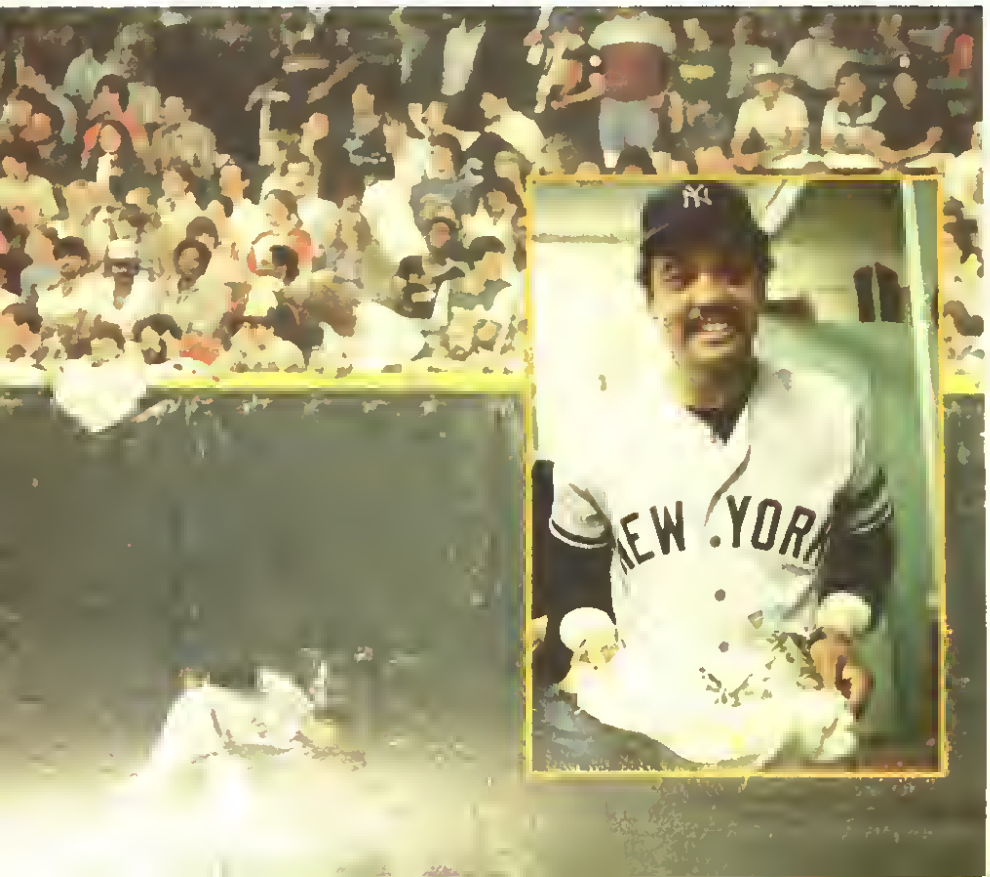
So for the time being he was content. "That's just part of the roller-coaster ride that's Reggie Jackson," he said. "Wherever you go in the world—Denmark, China, Australia—they may not have heard of the Golden Gate Bridge or Mardi Gras, but they've heard of the New York Yankees. It's a privilege to wear the uniform." In other words, you win, George.

On Saturday, Jackson crushed a pitch against the facing in the upper deck in rightfield of Comiskey Park for his first homer in 94 at bats. It was the first volley in a game New York won 12–2. When it was over, Jackson spent a few minutes sifting through the grass in rightfield. He didn't have such a good night: only a few dollar bills and maybe $5 in silver.

On Sunday, Jackson's RBI single in the first inning sent the Yankees on their way to a 5–1 victory. Apparently Steinbrenner's psych was working. Reggie also made a diving catch. "Not bad for an old guy on the slide," said Jackson. However, bis outfield takings amounted to a mere $1.26 this time.

It wasn't money the St. Louis fans threw at Templeton. While Jackson escaped his nightmare by hustling, a lack of hustle started Templeton's. In the first inning of a game with San Francisco, instead of running to first after Giants Catcher Milt May let a third strike get by him, Templeton trotted a third of the way down the line and then headed for the dugout. The crowd of 7,766 booed him, and he claims some fans near the Cardinal dugout hurled ice cubes and racial slurs at him. As he returned to the dugout, Templeton made an X-rated gesture. Umpire Bruce Froemming warned Templeton to "knock it off." The catcalls continued in the second inning and reached a crescendo as Templeton knelt in the on-deck circle in the third. Templeton went to Froemming and told bim he had a right to retaliate against the fans for razzing him. He then made another obscene gesture, and Froemming ejected him from the game. On his way to the dugout, Templeton made still another gesture, one of conspicuous vulgarity, at which point Herzog grabbed him by tbe shirtfront and dragged him down the dugout steps. They scuffled before players and coaches separated them, with Herzog yelling, "Get out of here. I don't want you on the road trip. I don't want you around my players. I don't want to see you. You make $690,000 and you go and make an ass of yourself. I don't need that and my boys don't need that."

Back from a benching, Jackson fielded bills and coins from White Sox fans at Comiskey Park.



At a postgame news conference, a calmer Herzog said, "I'd like for him to come back and play to tbe best of bis ability. In all my years in baseball, I've never seen a player with so much talent." Many of Templeton's teammates, however, weren't eager to see him return. Catcher Gene Tenace was tbe most adamant. "We're better off witbout him," said Tenace. "I don't think he's got the guts to show up here. Whatever he does, I don't have any respect for him."

Other teammates were more understanding. The shortstop for now, Mike Ramsey, said, "I'd like to get into his bead and find out wbat he's thinking." Said outfielder Sixto Lezcano, "We all make mistakes. I bope be joins us and everything is like it was before."

Like it was before. Templeton's nickname is Jump Steady, but in his six years with the Cardinals be's been more jump than steady, though in 1979 he became the first switch hitter to get 100 hits from both sides in a single season, and the last two years he has hit better than .300. In 1978 he threatened to quit over a pay cut and drive a beer truck. In 1979 he thought his salary increase was too small and said, "If they want me to go in the hole, they'll have to pay me more money." He also said the Cardinals and their fans could take the shortstop job and shove it between the Gateway Arch. Miffed over not starting, he refused an invitation to the 1979 All-Star Game and asked Pirate Manager Chuck Tanner not to name him to the 1980 All-Star squad. Sprinkled in between were requests to be traded to a West Coast team.

This May, after a poor start, Templeton, 25, became disenchanted when he was dropped from the leadoff spot in the lineup. He was unhappy when his friend Tony Scott was benched and later traded. Just before the strike, Templeton said he was too tired to play day games after night games, but when play resumed, he gave his all for a week. Then he started complaining of knee and ankle injuries, and he slept through a doctor's appointment. Tenace, wbo was ready to throttle Templeton before the strike, was impressed when he came back. Says Te-

nance, "He played unbelievably. We said, 'Hey, look at Tempy.' Then all of a sudden, he just went south."

In the past, when Templeton went thataway, his agent, Richie Bry, usually issued a written apology. Herzog would have none of that this time. "I want the boy to talk from his heart and tell the people he's going to come back here and bust his butt every day," said Herzog. There is one hopeful sign: Team physician Stan London said Templeton had been "very receptive, almost anxious" to receive psychiatric care. His first evaluation was last Friday, and he was scheduled to be hospitalized on Monday.

In the meantime, many in St. Louis were saying good riddance. A columnist called Templeton a spoiled child, and one headline read CARDS WOULD BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT TEMPLETON. But he does have friends. Ivan McKinney, a high school principal in Santa Ana, Calif. who's known Templeton for many years, said, "I'm not all that surprised, but I'm very disappointed. I'm sick to my stomach about this. Something has got to be wrong. This isn't the young man I knew." McKinney thinks the fact that Templeton's father, Spiavia, who played in the Negro Leagues, is ill, might have something to do with the pressures Templeton is evidently feeling. Jerry Mumphrey, once Templeton's teammate on the Cardinals and now Jackson's teammate on the Yankees, said, "Tempy reacts without thinking of the consequences. Some of the things he's done have been out of frustration. He needs a vote of confidence from everybody."

Things were only a little better last week at Three Rivers Stadium, where Pirate patriarch Willie Stargell hollered to Parker, "We ought to fill this stadium up and then let you go through the stands and whip everybody's ass."

"Yeah," snarled Parker, "and I'd feel a lot better." Indeed, Parker, who led the National League in hitting in 1977 and 1978, could be no deeper in the pits. For a guy who boasts he was the first million-dollar-a-year man (he is in the third year of his $6.7 million, five-year contract), he's not playing up to his bank account, according to the fans, and they are booing him unmercifully.

Says teammate Bill Madlock, "So he makes $1 million. Other guys on the team are making $700,000, $800,000, and they don't get treated like he does." True. Ever since Parker signed his contract, before the start of the 1979 season, he has been the target not only of verbal abuse but also of all manner of objects thrown at him from the stands—not in appreciation but in anger—including a small battery, a bat, a bag of bolts and bullets.



Parker took a bumptious bow following batting practice last week, but the boos boomed on.

In a recent KDKA radio poll of fans, 43 wanted the Pirates to keep him, 42 said trade him. If he's traded—and club Executive Vice-President Pete Peterson says he guesses that "it's getting closer to the point where he wants to be traded"—the fans can take a large measure of the credit, or blame.

Last week in a game against the Dodgers, one in which Parker dropped a fly ball after making a good, strong run for it, he was at bat in the bottom of the ninth. The Pirates were down by three, with two outs, two on and two strikes on Parker. Playing with an aching and swollen right thumb, he hit a homer to tie the game. The scoreboard flashed TERRIFIC. But the Dodgers went ahead again, and in the bottom of the 11th, with two out and nobody on, Parker came up again. He grounded out to second to end the game—and was booed.

The problem is that Parker talks too much, and too acerbically. He spouts off and tries to intimidate everyone, yet Stargell maintains, "If you could look inside his chest, you'd see a big ol' valentine. But if you look inside his mouth, you see a case of TNT." Parker's demeanor generally comes across as surly. Once, last year, he refused even to tip his cap to fans applauding him for hitting two homers in a game.

Worse, the 6′ 5″ Parker, who, because of the injured thumb, missed five games last week, is fat. He says he isn't, but to those who sit and stare, he looks it. He insists he's only 240, but he won't get on a scale. Whether he is overweight or not, Peterson has talked to him about it. The fans think his weight might be one reason that he's not playing up to their expectations.

Second Baseman Phil Garner says that because of the fans, "Dave Parker is going through hard times. There is something missing in his life and he knows it. I think he has found that fame is fleeting if it's anything." Parker agrees. In the tranquillity of his suburban home, he told SI's Doug Looney, "Maybe what I'm finding out is that the price for success is to be a lonely man."

There's a little saying that Jackson is fond of, and it applies to Templeton and Parker as well. Whenever someone comes up to Jackson in public and says, "I know you," he replies, "You know who I am, but you don't know me." END

PRO FOOTBALL 81



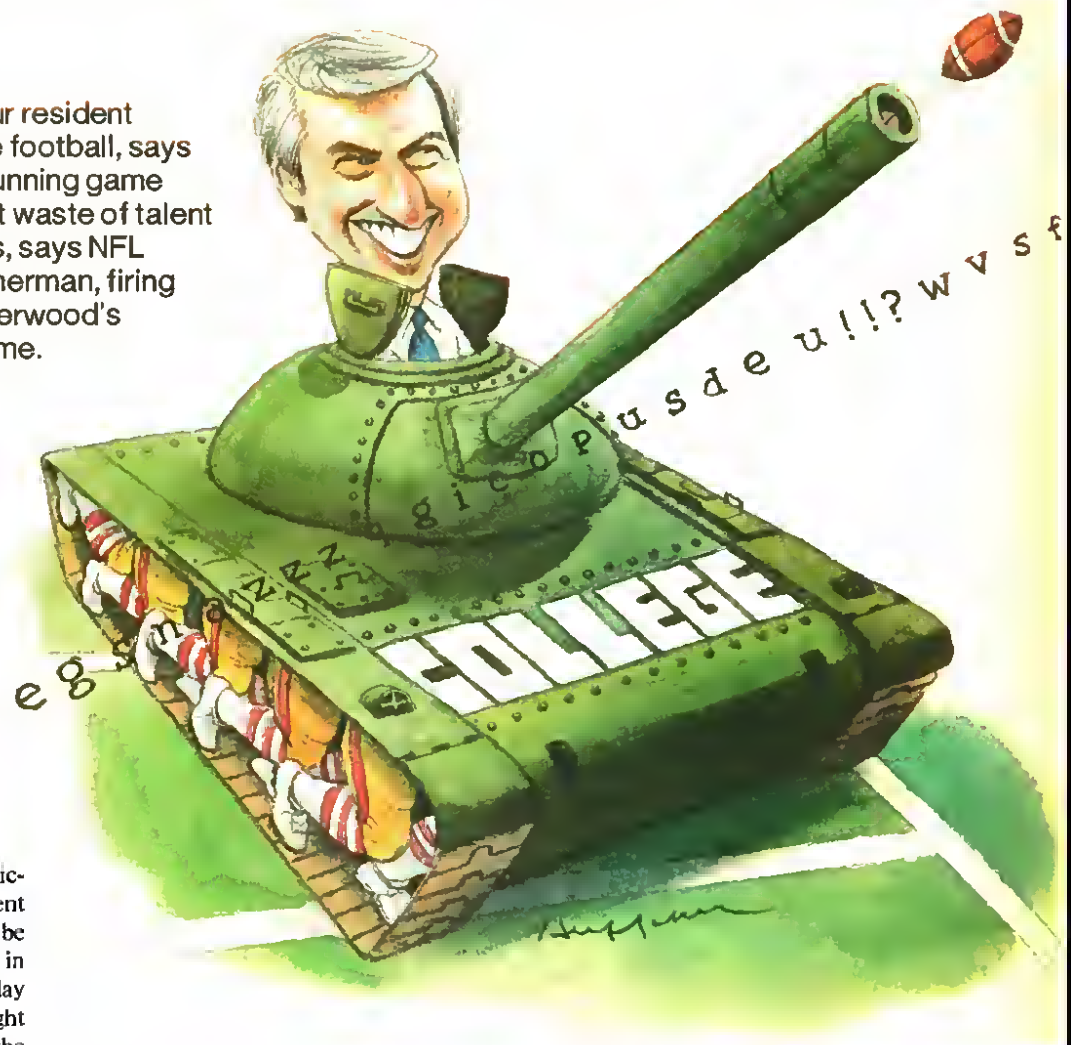
And so it begins again—the hard, prideful struggle to pillage the other guy's turf, and defend one's own that, to many, makes an NFL season the most spectacular in sport. O.K., so Al Davis refuses to worship the one true god, and some stars flew the coop for bigger bucks in Canada, but for now Pete Rozelle's in his heaven and Oakland's in Oakland.



CONTINUED

A Running Debate

John Underwood, our resident champion of college football, says the pros' low-yield running game represents the worst waste of talent in sport. Bullfeathers, says NFL advocate Paul Zimmerman, firing verbal blasts at Underwood's hallowed ground game.



UNDERWOOD

The most conspicuous waste of talent in sport can be seen, live (but barely) and in blushing color, every Sunday afternoon and Monday night on the playing fields of the National Football League. The waste occurs in what is called "running the football." That is—or was, or should be—the most exciting single thing commercial football has to offer a paying customer. Many college teams run the football quite well. Some do it spectacularly, with breathtaking flair and yardage. The pros do it poorly. Some do it with such numbing ineffectiveness that if the impact on fans were measured on an EKG, it wouldn't make a ripple. On the whole, the pros move the football on the ground as if it were a piano, and why they haven't been called on it before now is a mystery only a long-suffering $15-a-seat season-ticket holder could answer.

Evidence of this inertia—noticeable for years, chronic lately—is as near as your sports page the day after. *Any* day after. Most coaches (college coaches, certainly) agree that on a "good day" of rushing, a team should produce a minimum of 200 yards. Top colleges such as Nebraska, Oklahoma and Alabama consider 200 short rations because, year in and out, they average almost twice that.

But for argument's sake, call 200 a positive contribution and measure it against the rushing totals of the 28 NFL teams in games of Oct. 19-20 last season. How many would you guess gained the minimum 200 yards? Half that number? A



ILLUSTRATIONS BY SANDY HUFFAKER

dozen? *Half* a dozen? Brace yourself. The answer is one. One team out of 28 rushed for more than 200 yards. The Houston Oilers got 245, with Earl Campbell accounting for 203 of those. Campbell single-handedly outrushed 27 NFL teams that day. In fact, 13 NFL teams didn't rush for as many yards in 1980 as Campbell did.

Like a frog under a streetlamp, the pros' passivity in this most important phase of offensive play is a subject that looks worse the closer you get. Only four of the remaining 27 pro teams on the weekend in question rushed for even 150 yards. *Thirteen* didn't even gain 100 yards. Dallas got 46, New Orleans 36, Minnesota 55, Buffalo 68, etc. For the week, the 28 NFL teams averaged a laughable 113.3 yards rushing. In college games that weekend, Nebraska rushed for 405, Ohio State 382, Mississippi State 339 and Georgia's Herschel Walker got 283 of his team's 331, single-handedly outgaining every NFL team.

The Sunday-Monday games before and after Black October 19-20 were only slightly less embarrassing. Four NFL teams on each of these dates rushed for 200 yards. On Oct. 26-27, 10 were under 100. On Oct. 12-13, eight were under 100.

It could be argued, of course, that Walker's impressive yardage was run up on a team (Vanderbilt) whose defense gave a marvelous impression of an open door all year long. But the colleges' best backs don't always need patsies for opponents to get ahead in life. Walker gained 238 yards against Florida and 219 against South Carolina. The latter's George Rogers got 168 yards that day and 142 against Michigan. Notre Dame's Jim Stone rushed for 224 against Miami, USC's Marcus Allen 216 against Washington, and Nebraska's Jarvis Redwine 189 against Penn State. The so-called "victims" all finished the season with winning records and all went to bowl games.

In any statistical comparison with the college game, pro offenses invariably suffer, so it's probably redundant to point out that on Walker's and Rogers' big days, college running attacks were making heads and turnstiles spin all over the country. On Oct. 4 Iowa State rushed for 449 yards, Notre Dame 405, Arkansas 475, Minnesota 466. On Oct. 11 Ohio State got 418, South Carolina 425, etc. On Oct. 18 Mississippi State rushed for 339, Oklahoma 469, Missouri 348, etc. On Oct. 25 FSU got 365, Michigan 376, Temple 357, Nebraska 403, etc. On Nov. 1 Oklahoma got 495, Houston 507, etc. On Nov. 8 Miami got 454, etc. In all, major college teams rushed for 400 yards or better 37 times last fall. No NFL team even came close to 400. Only two, Detroit and St. Louis, got as many as 300.

One could argue correctly that a good number of these figures were totted up at the expense of inferior opposition, and that not every college team runs the ball that well. But enough do to make the blank cartridges fired regularly by the NFL that much more ludicrous. Not one NFL team averaged 200 yards a game rushing the football last year. Actually, none came close. The Rams led the NFL with an average of 174 yards a game, a figure that would have put them somewhere below 70th place on the college list. Houston was next at 164.7, then Detroit at 162.4. South Carolina's Rogers (at 161.9) and USC's Allen (156.3) by themselves outrushed the rest of the NFL. Seven pro teams went the entire season without a single 200-yard game: Baltimore, Buffalo, Kansas City, Pittsburgh, San Diego, San Francisco, the Giants. As for the argument that only the weakest teams give up big rushing totals to college giants, on Nov. 22 Nebraska rushed for 314 yards and Oklahoma 249—against each other.

The overwhelming majority of pro teams—23 out of 28—produced fewer

continued

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COLLEGE OR PRO?

Which brand of football do YOU find more exciting—the college game John Underwood favors or the pro version Paul Zimmerman prefers? Call us between 6 p.m. and 10 p.m., Thursday, Sept. 3 through Sunday, Sept. 6, and cast your vote. The results will be published in next week's SCORECARD section. To vote for *College*, dial 1-900-720-3303. To vote *Pro*, call 1-900-720-4303. Your local telephone company will charge you 50¢, plus tax, for the call.



Underwood says that the NFL not only wastes its talent, but that the talent also wastes its time.

than 150 yards a game. Fifteen—more than half—averaged fewer than 125. One pro team—New Orleans—was a rushing disaster. It averaged under 100 yards.

By cootrast, you have to go down 48 places among the NCAA leaders in rushing statistics to find a Division I college team that didn't roll up 200 yards a game on the ground. Nebraska, Oklahoma and Alabama averaged more than 300. Since the early 1970s the NCAA rushing average per game, both teams, *all* teams, has been close to 400 yards every single year.

One might further argue that the reason for this huge disparity is that colleges sacrifice total offense for the safer aspects of the running game and that the pros, with their greater emphasis on the forward pass, offer a livelier blend of entertainment, but one would be dealing in nonsense. On either count. The college running attacks are not only more productive, but they are also more imaginative, as we will see, and stimulate a greater yield in total offense. Not one NFL team came within 100 yards of the collegiate total offense leaders, BYU's 535 yards and Nebraska's 506.9 yards a game. Since the late 1960s, college rushing leaders have averaged more than 450 yards a game (Oklahoma's 566 in 1971 is tops). The first 15 college teams in total offense last year averaged more than 400 yards a game. Only one NFL team could make that statement—San Diego, quietly, at 400.6 per game. That would have been 16th on the NCAA list. Four NFL teams didn't even get 300 a game, despite the league's well-ballyhooed increase in "passing efficiency."

The indictment carries an added charge on that particular point. Increased passing in a game ordinarily means more plays because incompletions stop the clock. Yet pass all they might, NFL teams still manage, somehow, to give their fans about 10% *less* offense (*i.e.*, fewer plays) than the colleges. Year after year, games involving Division I college teams average more than 140 plays. The pros average about 130. That conclusion is obvious if you can remember what makes you fall asleep before the second half every Monday night. The NFL *always* leads the colleges in dragging out of and back into the huddle and in standing around doing nothing while waiting for "commercial" breaks and two-minute warnings (same thing).

But the subject here is the waste of talent, not its existence. The NFL is, of course, loaded with talented running backs. Their names are familiar to any college fan who sees them being developed and delivered on a platter to the pros: Campbell, Sims and Payton. Anderson, Dorsett and Cribbs. Pruitt, Harris and White. And now Rogers and McNeil. The pros get them all. The pros have *great* running backs, no doubt about it. What they do not have is great running attacks.

In the hands of the NFL, the talent that seems to squirt from a thousand holes at the undergraduate level takes on a sameness of application (where and how they run the ball) and a poverty of fulfillment (the yards they make) that is often painful to see. Ironically, deception and finesse are the earmarks of NFL passing attacks. College coaches marvel at the sophistication of the pro passing game. They laugh up their sleeves at pro running attacks.

Option running, crisply blocked counters and misdirection plays, effective double-team blocking, successful bootlegs—the elements of a versatile running attack—are virtually alien to the pro game. Hand-offs are simple and to the point, easily followed from the last row of the upper deck. If you lose track of the ball in a pro game, you're either blind or have had a peanut vendor pass in front of you. When a pro team runs a reverse, it looks like cows on ice.

The most thrilling play in football has

continued

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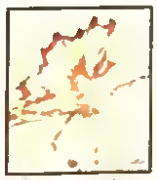
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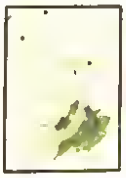


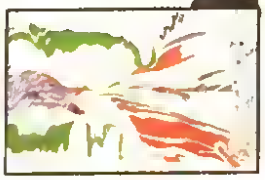
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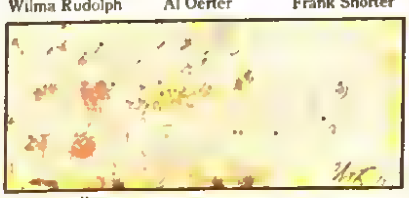
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always been the breakaway run—the long broken-field run that leaves tacklers strewn in the wake of a skilled ball-carrier and his blockers. When a long run occurs in the pros, it's usually an accident. About the only time you see one is when the opposition is in a short-yardage defense, everybody commits, a mistake is made, the back pops through and is gone. That, or when a Payton, Sims or Campbell, through the exercise of a prodigious ability, makes a lot more out of something than he should.

Through the first nine games last year, some of the finest backs the game could muster—Tony Dorsett of Dallas, Don Calhoun of New England, Delvin Williams of Miami, Lynn Cain of Atlanta, Joe Washington, then with Baltimore, and Joe Cribbs of Buffalo—hadn't made a run of more than 20 yards. Cain was the sixth-leading rusher in the National Conference, and his longest run was a 14-yarder. At season's end, only one NFL back, the irresistible Campbell, averaged 100 yards a game. Some of the best—Cain, Chuck Muncie, Vagas Ferguson, Ricky Bell, Elvis Peacock, Dexter Bussey, Franco Harris—were all *under* 60. That's not bad, it's pitiful.

No amount of NFL propaganda or rules and statistics-keeping modification has been able to bury the body. Some years ago, the league even changed its accounting procedures so that yards lost on quarterback sacks would be charged, justifiably, against passing totals instead of rushing. The fact that the colleges still count sacks against their *rushing* totals only makes their rushing preeminence that much more discernible. For example, in a game against Nebraska, Florida State wound up with a net of 12 yards rushing—but sacks totaling 88 yards were charged against its rushing production. The NFL would have called that a 100-yard rushing day.

So why can't NFL teams run the football better than they do?

Any quorum of college coaches put together to answer that question would give you three quick reasons:

1) Outdated offenses. Football is a dynamic game, invigorated by continuing change. Most college coaches phased out the so-called "pro set" and its one- and two-back running capabilities years ago in favor of the more versatile wishbone, veer, power (and option) I, etc.—and combinations thereof. The better college offenses today are three- and four-back offenses. (A "back" in this case means one who runs the ball; a quarterback used exclusively as a passer is therefore not included, nor is a "flankerback" used only as a wide receiver.)

2) Coaches fearful of change and/or of getting valuable quarterbacks hurt. Tactically, pro coaches are scared to death of option offenses. The fear's tranmuted into dogma: Option offenses imperil the quarterback. Lay off. Traditionally, pro coaches are offensive conservatives. Having much to lose (their high-paying jobs mainly), they tend to coach along duplicate lines and resist change. They draft talent and try to make it fit style, instead of vice versa. Innovations in offensive play invariably begin with the colleges, and usually to accommodate a player (or players) with unique talents. In other words, college coaches adapt better.

3) Offensive linemen who aren't schooled—or, rather, have been systematically *un*schooled—in effective run-blocking. An offensive lineman who spends the great majority of his time pass-blocking soon has his ability to block for the run dulled. The techniques are as different as the acts of driving and putting a golf ball. Pass blocking is basically a defensive posture, a flat-footed "shielding" technique; rush blocking is essentially an act of aggression, requiring an explosive charge (what coaches call "firing out").

When Bud Wilkinson temporarily took leave of the television booth and his various business interests (and some say his senses) to return to coaching in a stab at revving up the moribund St. Louis Cardinals in 1978, he found what he had suspected of NFL running attacks to be true. That they were hamstrung by their own ways and means. Wilkinson's University of Oklahoma teams won national championships and went on long winning streaks; he was known for the



Underwood argues that pro teams are out of tune with the times, moving the football on the ground as if it were a piano

continued

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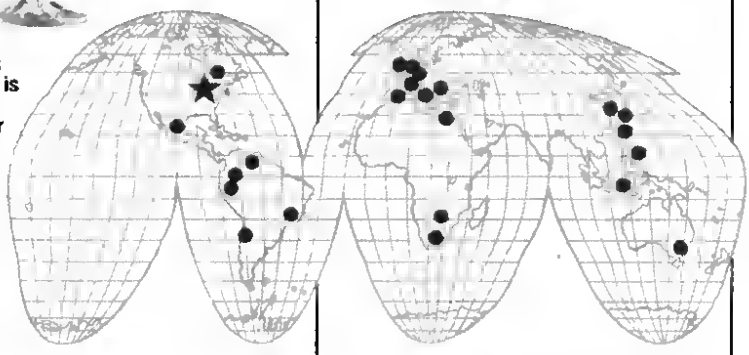
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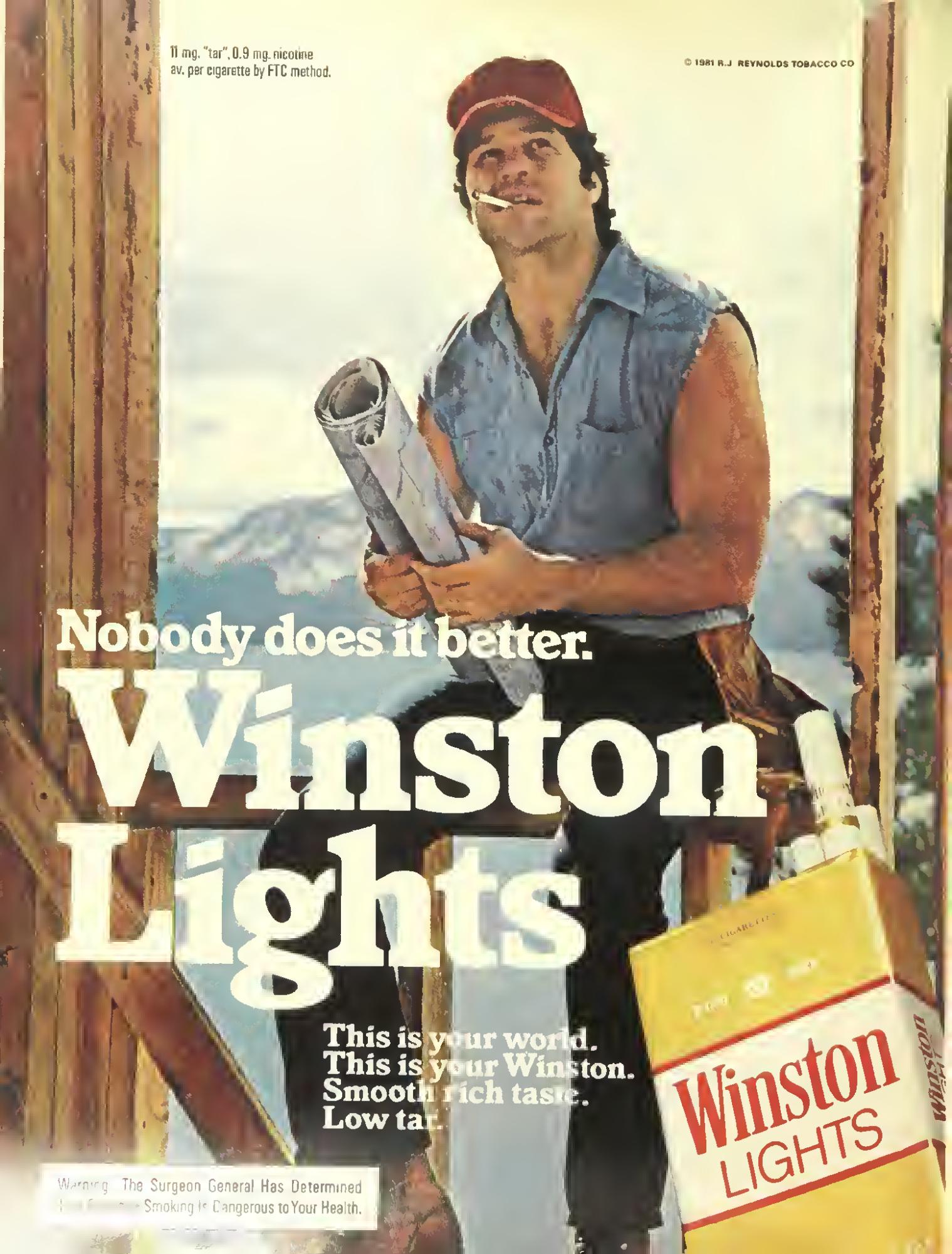
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thunderbolt strikes of his running attacks, much as Bear Bryant, Barry Switzer, Tom Osborne and Emory Bellard are known for theirs today.

Wilkinson is unconstrained to say what a lot of his fellow coaches hesitate to say (for fear of ruffling the brotherhood): that a two-back offense is a limited rushing tool unless you're blessed with overwhelming physical advantages, especially at the line of scrimmage. Without at least a three-back offense, says Wilkinson, "you have a terrible time getting any meaningful misdirection." Misdirection plays—the counters, the inside and outside reverses, the bootlegs that bring a play back away from the flow of the blocking and into the soft underbelly of the pursuit—are the bane of heavy linemen committed to a directional charge. The most deceptive of running plays, they create advantages in blocking angles and are designed to spring backs for long gains.

The real crux of the problem, however, is pro coaches' prejudice against any running play that involves (as the "third back") the quarterback—the bootlegs and, most especially, the options. The very best coaches of recent times—coaches like Wilkinson, Bryant, Darrell Royal and John McKay—agree that the toughest play to defense in football is the option play. A good option offense, from the split T of the 1950s to its modern descendants, the triple-option wishbone and veer (and Bellard's "wingbone" at Mississippi State), inspires the imagination of offensive coordinators. They love it when defenders have to tackle two or three backs on every play to make sure they get the right one.

Bear Bryant found something that ought to interest the pros about the triple-option wishbone—that the defense had to commit so many people to defend the first two options, it *always* left the quarterback with one-on-one coverage of his pass receivers. "It was automatic—we got it every time," Bryant says. Getting one-on-one coverage for *their* receivers is something pro coaches scheme and slave over from the first day of practice to the last.

Pro coaches are united in their conviction that an injured quarterback is the price you inevitably must pay for an option offense. Is it a valid fear? Probably.



Zimmerman dismisses breakaway runs in college as mismatches: a playground recreation major being chased by poli sci students

And presumably. And maybe. But maybe not. Even the more successful college coaches who defected to the pros (McKay is the best example) certainly have been slow to risk challenging the dogma. Wilkinson himself didn't do it, but says he was toying with the idea of incorporating option plays into his St. Louis offense when his stay there was "aborted" in 1979. He would do it today, he says, but admits it might be foolish to try without two good running quarterbacks. By the same token, more college teams than ever use option offenses, and good, tough (and sometimes very large) running quarterbacks are much more plentiful.

Nor is Wilkinson convinced that option plays are as dangerous as some of his colleagues think. "I never saw a quarterback get hurt [badly] running an option," he says. "I've seen a bunch of 'em get hurt dropping back to pass." He means that when a quarterback strings a play out to the sidelines, as he will do on option plays, the chances of his getting hit much more than a glancing blow are not nearly as great, say, as when he is at the vortex of a disintegrating pocket, taking direct hits from three or four 260-pound linemen.

Actually, the list of quarterbacks who recorded incidents of deliberate running in college, and are strong enough and fast enough and elusive enough to handle an option offense, has grown fairly long in the pros. It includes Baltimore's Bert Jones, New Orleans' Archie Manning, Seattle's Jim Zorn, Tampa Bay's Doug Williams, Miami's David Woodley, New England's Steve Grogan and Chicago's Vince Evans.

Even without options, Wilkinson points out, the pro quarterback who can run well and dares to exercise that ability is an asset (and an example) that may go far beyond what even the most devout pro watchers realize. For one thing, the better scramblers of recent NFL history, Fran Tarkenton and Roger Staubach, had an amazing longevity—18 and 11 years in the game (and Staubach spent four years in the Navy). More important, says Wilkinson, their maverick behavior gave a dimension to their teams' offenses that was directly related to the success of the offenses.

continued

A good running quarterback actually makes busted plays "part" of an offense. "If you cut from the Dallas films the times Staubach [effectively] passed or ran off a scramble, Dallas doesn't win," says Wilkinson. Add one commercial consideration: Scrambling quarterbacks are fun to watch.

One factor not openly examined but obviously damaging to NFL running attacks is the negative effects on offensive linemen of the increasing reliance on the forward pass. Wilkinson found that linemen who come to the NFL, no matter how good they are, soon adopt a blocking stance "where they get used to taking the first step back [in order to pass-block]. By stepping back so much, they're not ready to explode off the ball the way you have to for an effective running game."

Bear Bryant brought the equation home to Wilkinson a few winters ago. Bryant's Alabama team had just come off another good season—with a lot of passing yardage—but it had also given up a lot of points. Bryant complained to Wilkinson that overindulging the passing game had led to a defensive weakness against the opponent's *running* game. How? By spending so much time pass-blocking in practice, his offensive linemen hadn't given his defensive linemen a proper indoctrination in the running game. "I'm going back to running," Bryant told Wilkinson. And, of course, he did, with well-documented results.

As for the argument that defensive players are just too big and too fast to run against, it's too dumb to get into. Offensive players are *also* bigger and faster than ever, and as Vince Lombardi pointed out years ago, a good 250-pound offensive lineman ought to be able to move a good 270-pound defensive lineman at least some of the time.

Of course, as the waste goes on, you would have a hard time proving it these days.

ZIMMERMAN

Pro football and college football are two different games. Each can generate tremendous excitement, each can put you to sleep at times, each has left its indelible memories of magic moments. But on a tactical level they operate differently. College teams get their big yardage by running the ball, the pros do it by passing. If you want to laugh at the pros because they can't run as effectively as the colleges do, then you must also chuckle at what some of the NCAA passers look like. But to equate the quality of a game with rushing yardage? Hey, get yourself a surveyor's tape and stop cluttering up our press box.

"I can prove anything by statistics except the truth," said British statesman George Canning 155 years ago. So, before we go any further, let's examine some of those showpiece college-rushing numbers John Underwood points to.

Iowa State's 449 yards rushing was in a 69–0 rout of Colorado State. Arkansas ran up its 475 yards while humiliating TCU 44–7. Ohio State's 418 came in a 63–0 shellacking of Northwestern; Missouri's 348 in a 45–7 defeat of Colorado; Nebraska's 403 came in another 45–7 win over—you guessed it—Colorado. Seems that the Buffs had a little trouble stopping runners last year. Nebraska's 405 came in a 48–7 win over Oklahoma State. Georgia's 331—283 by Herschel Walker—was in a 41–0 rout of Vanderbilt. And in Underwood's mileage of Nov. 1, the two games he mentions were laughers—Oklahoma 41–7 over North Carolina, and Houston 37–5 over TCU.

At one point, Underwood mentions 16 games that occurred between Oct. 4 and Nov. 8 last year. Seven of them resulted in margins of 37 points or more. In that same six-week period, do you know how many of the 84 NFL games ended up with such lopsided spreads? Two. And during the whole NFL season, involving 224 regular-season games and nine postseason affairs, a margin of 37 or more points was reached only four times.

Someone once told me that the appeal of sports lies in its competitive aspect, but only four of Underwood's magic 16 games could roughly be called competitive, in that the point differences were under 16. If you want to see people running up and down the field, go to a track meet.

The problem is that most of the big college football rushing numbers come at the expense of patsies. Rush for 400 yards in one game and 100 in the next, and you're still averaging 250. The record of these ground monsters is always dotted with blowouts, and the reason for these 63–0 massacres and 400-yard-rushing afternoons has little to do with football philosophy or coaching astuteness, although



Zimmerman notes that Holtz forgot all his grandiose schemes for a running quarterback once he got a look at Namath's knees

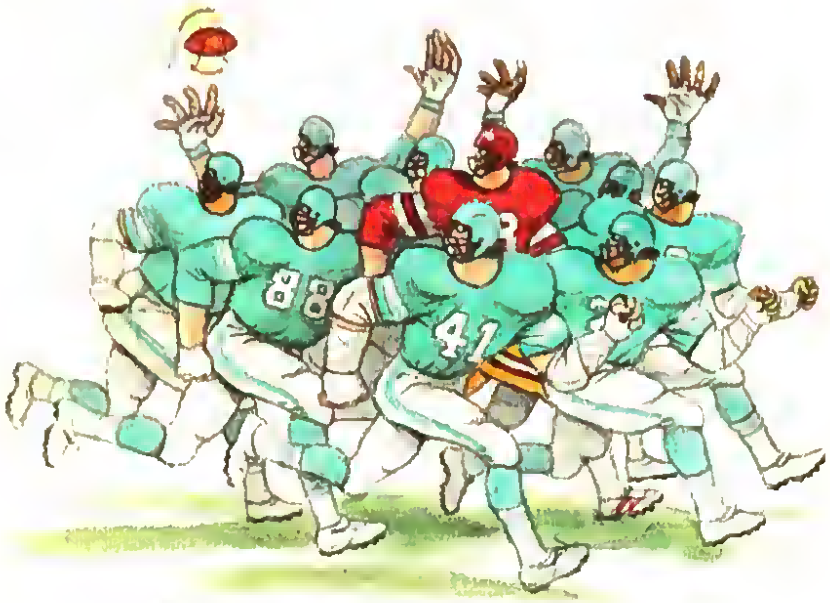
this helps. It's the result of good recruiting. Bigger, stronger, faster athletes going against slightly inferior ones. When you've got this kind of overmatch going for you, the ground is the safest way to travel.

Put the ball in the air and you minimize your physical superiority, because you bring in too many variables, too much reliance on only one or two people. The quarterback has a bad day or he gets hurt, you run into wind or rain or snow, and your passing attack is kaput.

Recruiting feeds on itself. The good recruiting teams get the most TV appearances, so potential recruits see those teams more often. The superteams get stronger. They can pad their schedules with occasional fish because, for a low-budget school, a big payday can save the program for another year. It's a vicious cycle of crushball, and the visible result is a weekend sprinkled with 300- and 400-yard rushing performances.

Now we get to the NFL. Brains, not money, bring in the talent. Draft well, trade well, and you've got yourself a team. No one loses money, and except for an occasional defection to Canada, they don't lose players, either. The pros don't run for as many yards as the collegians do because they don't call as many running plays. The pass is a quicker way to get the same job done, and they pass for more yards—a lot more yards, almost 80 per game more than the colleges last year. If the professional game is lacking its share of long breakaway runs—the sight of a playground recreation major being chased by three political-science students—it makes up for it by the long pass. And if you get your thrills out of long plays, where's the sign that says George Rogers lugging the pigskin is more thrilling to watch than Lynn Swann diving for the deep one?

The fact that pros, those stodgy fellas who don't know how to run the ball, averaged 3.97 yards per rushing play last season is very noteworthy. Only once since the NCAA started keeping records in 1937 have the collegians beaten that 3.97 number. O.K., you say, college statisticians count sacks as rushing losses and the pros don't, but the flip side is that you also get longer rushing plays out of sack situations in college ball. College quarterbacks are primarily runners, not



Zimmerman sniffs that when college wishbone teams go to the air to play catchup, they usually just throw the ball up for grabs.

30-year-old men who have perfected the second-base, safety-first slide. College QBs have runners' instincts, and they'll dodge and dance and fight for the extra yards, and occasionally they'll break a long one that way.

The problem is, when you think of college football, you think only of the showcase teams, the dozen or so that appear regularly on TV. Those are the ones with the big rushing totals, and averages to go with it. When Greg Pruitt averaged 9.35 yards a carry 10 years ago, an all-time record, five of Oklahoma's 11 games were won by 30 or more points; the Sooners had four such blowouts in '78, when Billy Sims averaged 7.63. But when you look at the overall picture of college football, it's a little different. The average is more down to earth.

For instance, the collegiate rushing average Underwood mentions as "at or over 400 yards every year" is something less. They've hit 400 exactly twice, John. Last year the average was 356.6, a 19-yard drop from 1979. It was the biggest drop in 16 years, and here's a funny companion statistic: Passing yardage increased 25 yards a game in 1980, the biggest jump in 12 years. In 1980, for the first time in history, college passers completed an even 50% of their throws. Could it be that the collegians are starting to borrow, ever so slightly, from the NFL's *modus operandi*?

O.K., I can be accused of quibbling when it comes to yardage. Underwood's point is that the colleges run the ball for a lot more yards than the pros do. This isn't a matter of inability on the part of NFL teams, it's their choice. When the NFL first established its own identity and began to steal some of college ball's fan appeal, it did so with the passing game. That became the NFL's image. Eventually, however, pass defenses became uncontrollable. There was no offensive counterpart to the tall, swift pass-rusher, a far better athlete than the man blocking him, or the 230-pound linebacker who could shoot back into his drop zones with 4.7 speed. Zone and combination defenses became too confusing, defensive backs too skilled at knocking receivers out of their patterns. So the NFL brought in cosmetic legislation to help the passers—looser holding laws, the one-bump rule for defensive backs, etc.

When the NFL made the air lanes so inviting, only a fool would have passed up the chance to cash in. So the pro teams now pass more effectively than they run, which doesn't mean they can't run. It just doesn't make sense to run when it's so much easier to move through the air. Most successful college programs are afraid of the pass. It all comes down to what Underwood accurately refers to as the "safer aspects" of the running game. In big-time college football the whole idea is safety first. In the NFL one loss isn't a crushing thing. You can lose five or six games and still make the playoffs and go all the way. But one regular-sea-

continued

son loss in college football can be devastating. For an Alabama, there's only one goal at the start of the season: No. 1 in the U.S.A. One loss and you've got problems, especially in a system so unsettled that it chooses its No. 1 by group vote rather than head-to-head competition. I mean, in 1978 Southern Cal beat Alabama by 10 points, in Birmingham. Both teams finished with just one loss, but the AP voters still ranked the Tide over the Trojans.

So you don't take chances, you don't build your offense around a passer, no matter how talented he is. You build it around those heavily recruited linemen and backs. You overwhelm people, overpower them with talent and numbers, crush them with your program. You run the ball, again and again and again.

If you want to argue that the esthetic appeal of a sport lies in the accumulation of overwhelming numbers, well, there's something a bit sadistic in that. Blowout football builds big numbers for you, and as long as you get your share of 69–0 games, you're going to get the stats. NFL attendance went up at a slightly higher rate than college attendance did last year (1.59% to 1.49%), so somebody must be in the pros' corner. (We're talking about live attendance now. The NFL always dominates the TV ratings.) Maybe the fans prefer the competitive aspect of things, the idea that the teams are more evenly matched. And how about defense? Perhaps there are a few people around who don't take an artistic delight in 500 yards' worth of offense. Maybe they like to see somebody stopping someone once in a while.

In overall offense, the pros averaged 4.98 yards a play last season, compared to the NCAA's 4.65, an alltime record. The NFL had fewer total yards, though, because it ran fewer plays. The reason was the time clock. The pros have 30 seconds to put the ball in play, the collegians 25. That's a 16% difference, and if the pros added that 16% to their total plays called in a game, they'd top the collegians in that category every year.

Now to answer the argument that the pros have great runners but not great running attacks. What the pros have are great defenses, or, let's say, great defensive personnel. No Kansas State and Wichita State to get your rushing stats healthy for you. It's called competition. You work for your yards.

The college coaches laugh up their sleeves at the pro running game—right up to the time they get in the pros themselves. John McKay made it very big at USC with his power sweep, student body left, right, etc. Some students. He tried it for a while with the Tampa Bay Bucs. With the same tailback he had at USC, too. Ricky Bell. But not exactly the same fellas Bell ran against back in college, John. Better throw the ball.



Underwood says Bear's wishbone works

Lou Holtz, now there was a guy who knew about option running and crisply blocked counters and misdirection. A great exponent of the veer at North Carolina State, he even wrote a book about it, called *The Grass Is Greener*. In his one year with the Jets, he tried incorporating some of those veer principles into the offense. Uh, you don't veer very much with Joe Namath at quarterback, so Lou devised a system in which Joe would direct the team until it got in close, and then the rookie, Richard Todd, would come in, run the veer and option the ball into the end zone. The system lasted one game.

Chuck Fairbanks, now there was a guy who knew how to put 500-yard rushing games together. King of the wishbone. He coached the '71 Oklahoma team that broke all the yardage records, remember? With the New England Patriots he found himself a fine option quarterback, a fellow named Plunkett. Oh yes, Jim liked that option play. One year Plunkett reported back to action with a pin in his shoulder and Chuck decided to option him a little against the 49ers. A gentleman named Dave Washington ended that nonsense and Plunkett wound up in the hospital.

If you want to accuse the NFL of going basic in its approach to running and junking a lot of college football's running-quarterback exotica, then you have to flip the coin and concede that some of the NCAA's most successful powers have a rather primitive approach to the passing game. How about the running backs who come into the NFL, and when you mention forward pass to them, they have to look it up in the dictionary? Billy Sims and Kenny King were two young NFL backs who proved they knew how to catch the football last year, right? At Oklahoma they had a total of four passes thrown to them in four years.

Some of those college quarterbacks are pretty interesting throwers, too. No offense intended. Veer and wishbone quarterbacks in college are usually sprinters or muscle runners. The forward pass is an afterthought.

Formations are a very big thing in college football. Go to a college coaches' clinic, and you'll see everyone dutifully copying down all these X's and O's and stress areas, etc. What they should really be lecturing about is recruiting—little tricks of the trade, how to get past the German shepherd in the front yard or the daddy with a shotgun. With the material some of these guys get, they could run a single wing and make it work. Players win for you, not formations.

I keep hearing Keith Jackson and his analysts, Frank Broyles and Ara Parseghian, telling me how swell the wishbone is as a passing formation, but there's nothing funnier to watch than a wishbone team trying to play catch-up football through the air. Mostly it involves one-man patterns into double coverage.

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So if the NFL doesn't run the ball as well out of its pro set as the colleges do out of their power I or wishbone, then the other side is that the colleges sure can't throw out of their formations as well as the pros can out of theirs. And the wnole idea is to move the ball down the field, right?

College coaches are starting to pick up the passing game a little, but their major offensive innovations are in the area of running. And there are always the anti-pass diehards. The Big Ten, for instance. Ohio State and Michigan lost 10 out of 11 Rose Bowls to Pacific Coast teams that could throw the ball, before Michigan beat Washington last January. Watching Woody Hayes coach a team in the Rose Bowl was like watching a guy slowly walking off a cliff. We shall not pass. The recruiting story three years ago was that Woody got Art Schlichter only because he promised he'd change his offense to accommodate the kid's talents, namely throwing the ball. It was the old hubris-nemesis story, and it eventually cost Woody his job. The Clemson guy be slugged in that Gator Bowl game three years ago had just intercepted a Schlichter pass, remember?

Underwood mentions that Bear Bryant's Triple-Option Wishbone at Alabama had magical powers to isolate receivers on defenders in single coverage. I don't want to argue with both Underwood and a legend, but Bear's teams pass when they have a good passing quarterback, and when they don't—forget it. When Notre Dame led 'Bama 7–0 last year and it was obvious the Alabama running game wasn't going to do it, did the Bear open up and start throwing into that inevitable single coverage? He did not. Alabama threw five passes in the first half, three more in the third quarter and wound up completing a measly six for 15 on the day. And lost 7–0. One problem is that Alabama linemen don't know how to pass-block. They're taught scramble blocking out of a four-point stance, root-hog blocking. There's no area or position blocking. Alabama quarterbacks throw while running for their lives.

NFL linemen are primarily pass blockers, which doesn't mean they're stiffs. The pro scouts give their longest look to the giants who can run the 4.9 40, who can bench-press an apartment house. Of the armies of offensive linemen who come out of college every year, maybe one will make each pro team. Stiffs need not apply.

Now we get to the quarterback option. It works because the quarterback is a running threat. When a defensive end or a linebacker has to make the decision—go for the quarterback or the pitch man—how many times do you see him freeze for just an instant? Gosh, they're both dangerous. And that little freeze gives the offense the edge it needs.

In the NFL a linebacker facing a running quarterback is a happy fellow. Oh, man, he's giving me a shot. No qualms there. Just take the damn fool's head off . . . *viz.* Washington vs. Plunkett. And if the quarterback pitches it to the guy in back of him? That's no sweat, just level him anyway. And pretty soon the option team is fresh out of quarterbacks.



Zim: Fairbanks' wishbone was a turkey.

If Bud Wilkinson never saw a quarterback get hurt running an option, as Underwood maintains, he must have had the blinders on. You can string it out only so far, and then comes the moment when you have to turn upfield. And that's when the force of the blow is at its maximum, when both men are moving toward the impact.

The thing I can't understand is this. Why knock the pro running game and not the college passing game? The pros choose to pass, the colleges choose to run. Both play exciting football. Why not appreciate both games for what they are? College coaches who tried it soon learned there is no place in the NFL for the veer or wishbone. And except for an occasional Stanford or Brigham Young, the colleges seem to think there is no place on campus for a pro-style passing attack. O.K., we'll give each its own piece of turf. Personally, I like both games, but let's remember they're different games. Very different. Just ask Chuck Fairbanks. Or Lou Holtz.

UNDERWOOD

Let me see if I understand this correctly. En route to professional employment, a young man plays seven or eight years of organized, even sophisticated, high school and college football. He is instructed by legions of coaches in everything from a blown coverage to a blown nose. Then, at last, he becomes a pro. And what happens? Why, he's made to play a Different Game, of course. He enters the exclusive world of the NFL and its highly technical, excruciatingly complicated renditions of Passball. All the inferior coaching that has developed him is now sublimated as the real "brains" of football take over his life.

Pro football advocates have been fed a steady diet of this baloney for so many years, it's probably only natural that they discharge it so readily. But it still comes out baloney. Pro teams pass more because they have, per capita, better passers and better receivers—the best that the *colleges* have developed for them. Period. There's no mystery to that. The mystery is why they don't run better for the exact same reasons.

But to tie up a loose end or two. First, the droll notion that college coaches as a group (Woody Hayes doesn't count) are by nature and circumstance so desperately conservative that the only pass they recognize is the one that gets them a free ride to Bermuda. The passing game *start-*

continued

ed with the colleges. It has been refined a hundred ways by college coaches. Today, San Diego State's Doug Scovil could teach the finer points to most of the household no-names who coach pro teams; the passing tenets of the late Wally Butts of Georgia are still taught at all levels. There is *nothing* the pros do passing the football that the college coaches haven't tried. The reason more of them don't pass as often is simple. Excellent passers are hard to find.

It's also ironic that the pro advocate includes Bear Bryant among those who "don't build [their] offense around a passer, no matter how talented he is." Where does he think Ken Stabler came from? Abercrombie & Fitch? How about Richard Todd? And, when Bryant was at Kentucky, George Blanda and Babe Parilli? Under whose tutelage does he think the great Namath got so famous in the first place?

College coaches like Bryant build around the available talent, and running talent just happens to be more abundant than passing talent. They adjust to it, change offensive deployments and strategies to make it go.

All the truly memorable "offensive" football games I've seen have been college games. (The real offensive stinkers, conversely, have been mostly called Super Bowls.) One year when Bryant *did* have a fine passer, Steve Sloan, his Alabama team played Nebraska in the Orange Bowl. (Anybody here see a patsy?) Alabama passed for 296 yards that night, ran for 222 (for a 518-yard total) and won 39–28. Year before last, as USC beat Notre Dame in South Bend 42–23, Charles White rushed for 261 of USC's 280 rushing yards and Vagas Ferguson 185 of Notre Dame's 249. USC passed for 311, Notre Dame 286. The grand total of total offense for the day: 1,126 yards. The pros don't get that many in a week of dummy scrimmage.

Do offensive explosions like this happen all the time? Of course not. But they happen often enough to make you wonder, and not as infrequently as the pro advocate would like to have you believe. Last year Notre Dame rushed for 405 against Michigan State, Alabama 458 vs. Ole Miss, Nebraska 287 vs. Penn State, Penn State 351 vs. Ohio State, etc. No, formations alone don't win football games. But coaches—even pro coaches—don't spend hour after hour, day after day, devising and revising and scheming over whom to put where and in which direction without a reason, and the reason is that the slightest edge in concept and design might win the day if you're close to being equal. But show me, please, the pro team that has even tried the veer for more than a minute or two. The wishbone. The option I.

And, no, most of the pro geniuses aren't likely to ever embrace the option play because it *is* hairy and can lump up their high-paid quarterbacks. But just as it is absurd to suggest that college quarterbacks make so much yardage on busted plays that they offset the losses taken on sacks, so is it obvious to say that some of the most thrilling moments in football, pro or college, are gleaned from busted plays, with bodies strewn all over the field and a good runner taking advantage. Surely it beats watching a 30-year-old man make safety-first slides to avoid being tackled. Sooner or later the pro coaches will have to come to grips with the option, because option quarterbacks are about the only thing they're getting from the colleges these days. They'll have to adjust, or they'll have to coach. Don Shula is doing both now with David Woodley, and revamping Miami's offense. "Shula," says an ex-Dolphin employee, "is so good he could coach in the Big Eight."

But to bring the argument to a tidier conclusion, forget for a moment that the colleges even play football and ask yourself: If the pros don't run the football very well, why? If they're so sure Passball is the only way to go, why don't they just draft wide receivers and big blocking backs (converted guards would do) and quit cluttering up the field with runners who don't run anymore?

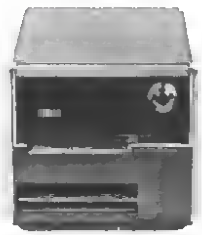
Where, indeed, is there a rule that says the pros have to give up running in order to pass? Nobody's asking for the charge of the Light Brigade. But it would be nice, before the thrill of another 60-yard incompletion sends us all into a permanent ennui, to see one good, long broken-field run—the kind of play that distinguishes football as a physically demanding and exciting game. It is, after all, the *waste* of talent that we're talking about here. If all we ask of pro football is Frisbees in the park, we're just not asking enough.



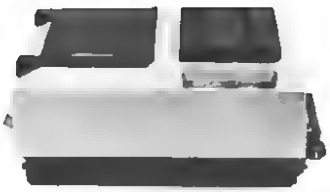
Underwood insists that Tarkenton's long career undercuts the NFL dogma that running quarterbacks always get injured

CONTINUED

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PRO FOOTBALL 81

SCOUTING REPORTS

by Paul Zimmerman



Jones runs up big passing stats for the Colts.

AFC East A word of advice: Go to Vegas and take the price on ***BUFFALO*** to go all the way. The odds are right. Just look at how close the Bills came last year. If Charley Romes intercepts the pass that bounces off his chest in the last few minutes of the playoff against San Diego, then the Chargers don't score on the next play and win the game. And Buffalo gets to play Oakland at home—where the Bills crushed the Raiders earlier in the season. And Buffalo's in the Super Bowl.

It was a euphoric kind of year for Buffalo. Chuck Knox and his defensive coordinator, Tom Catlin, built the defense into No. 1 in the NFL with virtually the same people who had been lousy in '79. The Bills even beat Miami for the first time in a generation. And then Quarterback Joe Ferguson picked exactly the wrong time of year to sprain his ankle—the playoffs. And San Diego ended the dream.

The Bills are still a hungry team, on the rise. They'll have to stay almost injury-free, though, because they're in big trouble if one of the big boys goes down, *i.e.*, Ferguson, Nose Guard Freddy Smerlas, Wide Receiver Jerry Butler or Halfback Joe Cribbs, who handled the ball more times (389) than any back in the NFL, counting passes caught and punt and kick returns as well as his rushes.

Knox is basically a ball control coach, and he's been desperately trying to juice up the fullback position, to take some heat off the 190-pound Cribbs. But No. 1 draft choice Booker Moore from Penn State came down with a nerve disorder called Guillain-Barre Syndrome. A team whose defense is as sound as Buffalo's will never be too far off the beat, and the Bills will be even better in October or so when Free Safety Jeff Nixon's knee comes around.

Let's see now, where did we leave off with ***NEW ENGLAND***? Last time we looked, Fullback Sam Cunningham was in the middle of the NFL's longest holdout, something over a year. And the Pats had just hired their fifth defensive backfield coach in six years. And Tight End Russ Francis was gone. Owner Billy Sullivan's son-in-law, Joe Alioto, was representing the Oakland Raiders in their suit against the league. And the Foxboro selectmen were saying that the Sept. 21 Monday night game against Dallas better start at 8 o'clock instead of 9 (less chance of people killing each other that way). The Sullivans got that decision switched. But when they printed the tickets, the part that's supposed to read, "It is not permissible to bring alcoholic beverages into the stadium," came out, "It is *now* permissible. . . ." They had to be sent back and done over.

You say you want to know how they'll be on the field? Well, the two quarterbacks, Steve Grogan and Matt Cavanaugh, have had a total of six knee operations in the last three years. And the pass defense, which gave up the fourth-fewest yards in the AFC, gave up the most touchdowns, 28. Call it the break-but-not-bend defense. And no one on the defensive line is under 30. That old axiom about the Patriots—"With that talent, they should be in the Super Bowl every year"—doesn't hold up anymore. Oh, they've got talent. There's enough of it left from the Fairbanks era to be respectable. But somehow the Patriots seem like a team that has topped out and is starting to slide.

The ***MIAMI*** Dolphins' no-names are back. A magazine called *Football Digest* sent out an All-Pro ballot near the end of last season listing 10 names at each position. Not one Dolphin was included. A betting service called Stat-Key put out an early line on the season openers. The Dolphins were nine-point underdogs to St. Louis. Why is everyone so down on Miami? O.K., the Dolphins finished 8–8 last season, but it was a transition year. "To write off Don Shula in August is silly," one Dolphin says. "Wait until our seventh knee operation."

Bob Kearney, the Miami PR man, sits in his little office and writes down odd stats. "We've lost to the Jets six times in the last three years," he says. "Turn those into wins and we're tied for the best three-year won-lost in the NFL." Uh huh. "Here's another," he says. "We held opponents to 17

points or less 11 times last year. Only Philadelphia did better." Yeah, right. "O.K., how's this?" he says. "We've beaten the NFC 11 straight times." And here's one for you. No AFC East team has won a playoff game since Shula's last Super Bowl eight seasons ago. It's like representing the Bahamas in the Olympics.

We've tried to digest all this, and the only meaningful conclusion is that Miami's defense was very consistent the last two years. It'll be good again this year. On the first day of the draft, the Dolphins traded a couple of picks to Los Angeles for Bob Brudzinski, and he's a big league linebacker. Bob Baumhower is a terrific nose guard. Don McNeal is just as good at the left corner.

But the offense will operate out of the question-mark formation. Granted, last year's rookie quarterback, David Woodley, can get the ball deep, and now the fly-boys, Duriel Harris and Nat Moore, are all pumped up over the idea of seeing some bombs. But it's asking a lot of a second-year quarterback to carry an offense whose line is only so-so, except for Left Guard Bob Kuechenberg, and whose starting backfield consists of rejects—Woody Bennett (Jets) and Eddie Hill (Rams).

You'd get it everywhere you went last year: "What do you hear about the ***NEW YORK*** Jets' situation?" Translation: Is there going to be a head coaching job opening up? Why are they all breathing so heavily for Walt Michaels' job? "Because they've got some real PEOPLE up there," they say. People. Players. Talent. Oh yes.



Cribbs could use some down time in Buffalo.

Maybe the best offensive line in football. But last year the Jets got away from their true offense and tried to go flashy and get the ball to rookie Wide Receiver Lam Jones, and that didn't work.

Quarterback Richard Todd is strong of arm, strong of leg, but the Shea Stadium fans have practically turned him into a psycho with their booing. Now he's a 4–12 quarterback trying to climb back. He needs coaching. He didn't get any last year. Maybe he will now with new Offensive Coordinator Joe Walton running the offense, which has a nice runner in No. 1 draft pick Freeman McNeil.

There's terrific young talent along the front four—Mark Gastineau, Marty Lyons, Joe Klecko. So how come the Jets finished third from worst in the NFL in pass defense? Well, there's that matter of a secondary. Plus the concept. "We were too conservative," Lyons said. O.K., now there's a fire-eater as the defensive coach—Joe Gardi. He says the Jets will make things happen. Billy Baird, the new secondary coach, is teaching the defensive backs the old bump-and-run techniques the Jets used back in '68, when Baird was the free safety on the Super Bowl team.

Will all this work? Will Michaels' job be safe?

It's a tricky situation in old Gotham.

BALTIMORE'S Bert Jones was the NFL's best-kept secret in 1980. After two years on the shelf, the Ruston Rifle came back winging. He threw for more yards (3,134) and completed more passes (248) than ever before (also more interceptions, 21), but the people of Baltimore greeted all this with a wide yawn; at the last game, as the season closed out at 7–9, only 16,941 of them showed up in Memorial Stadium, the worst turnout in Colts' history.

The Colts had a terrific draft, getting Randy McMillan, the best and fastest big back; Donnell Thompson, an active pass rusher; and down in the sleeper rounds, Bubba Green, 278 pounds of battering nose guard when the Colts go into a 3–4. And now season ticket sales are up—to 28,000. Don't laugh. In this town, that's good.

O.K., the offense should explode, with Jones, wide receivers Roger Carr and Ray Butler and running backs Curtis Dickey, McMillan and Zach Dixon, a swift second-year man. The line is so-so. Likewise the defense. The kicking? Don't ask. A 40-man tryout failed to come up with anything. Coach Mike McCormack, noting that four games were lost by a total of 10 points last year, said, "They're going to put on my tombstone: He died before his time because of missed extra points."

continued

PREDICTED FINISH

BUFFALO 10–6
NEW ENGLAND 9–7
MIAMI 8–8
NEW YORK JETS 8–8
BALTIMORE 7–9

AFC Central

After watching their quarterback sack total sink from 49 in 1979 to an NFL low of 18 last year, the ***PITTSBURGH*** Steelers made Keith Gary, a quick and active defensive end from Oklahoma, their first pick in the draft. They brought him to their mini-camp. They measured his vertical jump. It totaled 500 miles—all the way to Montreal. They took a big bite on the bullet and decided that maybe their 1980 pass rush had been on the injured reserve list: rookies John Goodman and Bob Kohrs. If Goodman and Kohrs remain healthy, the Steelers may not miss Gary after all.

Oh, they had other problems last year, too. Injuries, for one. Chuck Noll never had been hit by such a bunch of them. Wide receivers Lynn Swann and John Stallworth and offensive linemen Steve Courson, Jon Kolb and Sam Davis all were laid up at various times. So the world never saw the 1980 Steeler offeose.

When the offense was crippled in the old days, that mighty Steeler defense would rise up like a monster and cover for the offense. Not so last year. The Steelers gave up the most points they have allowed in 11 years—313.

Opposing passers had time to pick and choose. Cracks started to appear, weaknesses were exploited. Jack Ham, coming back from a foot injury, was half a step slower. There was a lack of speed in the secondary. But there's a deeper problem at work here. It deals with the nature of dynasties. There comes a time when you have to say goodby to people, those proud, magnificent athletes who gave you all those championships. Chuck Noll couldn't. The fact that he couldn't is to his credit as a human being. but sentimentality doesn't cut it in the steely-eyed world of the NFL. Can Noll do it now? Can he look a Joe Greene in the eye and tell him, "Sorry, but I've got somebody who's quicker and better?" Can he tell a Jon Kolb that his body has just taken too much of a beating through the years?



Sipe keys the Kardiac Komobacks for Kleveland.

The 1981 Steeler press guide has an interesting line: "Only 17 players remain from the first Super Bowl team." Only 17? Hey, that's a lot over an eight-year span. Do you know how many Vikings are left from the team that played the Steelers in that Supe IX? Five. And Bud Grant's a guy who likes to go with vets.

While the Steelers were aging, the draft failed to produce any real stars for them. Starters, yes, but since their great draft of '74, when Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert, Center Mike Webster and receivers Swann and Stallworth were picked, the Steelers haven't drafted a single Pro Bowl player.

Despite all this gloom, Pittsburgh will be a formidable force in '81 if Swann and Stallworth and Courson return to full-time duty, and if young Greg Hawthorne blossoms into a big league back and takes the pressure off Franco Harris. Even with Quarterback Terry Bradshaw toying with an acting career, the Pittsburgh offense should be potent enough to outscore people.

CLEVELAND Browos Coach Sam Rutigliano did a very un-Samlike thing this exhibition season. He went for the win each time out. He kept bis varsity in longer than the other teams did. Wby? "After last year, I felt we had to get out of the gate faster this time," he says.

It figures. The murderous part of Cleveland's schedule is bunched into the first six games—four 1980 playoff teams plus Pittsburgh on the road. The Browns are no longer those lovable Kardiac Kids from Lake Erie. They're a defending division champ, a foe, and their iffy pass defense (worst in the NFL in yardage allowed in 1980) will be tested right away. Last year the Browns found out that all that Kardiac stuff has a flip side, too. Pittsburgh beat them in the last 11 seconds. The Vikings beat them at the whistle. In the playoffs Oakland drove 80 yards on them for the go-ahead touchdown in the final quarter. Rutigliano wouldn't mind a few good old-fashioned breathers every now and then.

Defense is a very sore point around Cleveland. "Why do they keep saying all those tbings about our defense? Why?" says Lyle Alzado, the right end. "Don't they see how hard we're trying out there?" That's just the problem. Lord knows, they try. They're overachievers. Alzado's two linemates, Marshall Harris and Henry Bradley, are 112.5-percenters. The linebackers are solid enough. The secondary will wallop you if it can catch you. But speed, you gotta have speed. No. 1 draft pick Hanford Dixon, a cornerback, does a 4.45 40, and he'll be in there somewhere. Clinton Burrell, sixtb round in '79 and a cornerback by trade, is now the free safety, replacing Thom Darden. More speed. Then there's Eddie Johnson, a 6′ 1″, 210-pound rookie linebacker. A shrimp, but man does he get around. "Rejected! Too small!" the computers said of Johnson, failing to notice

continued

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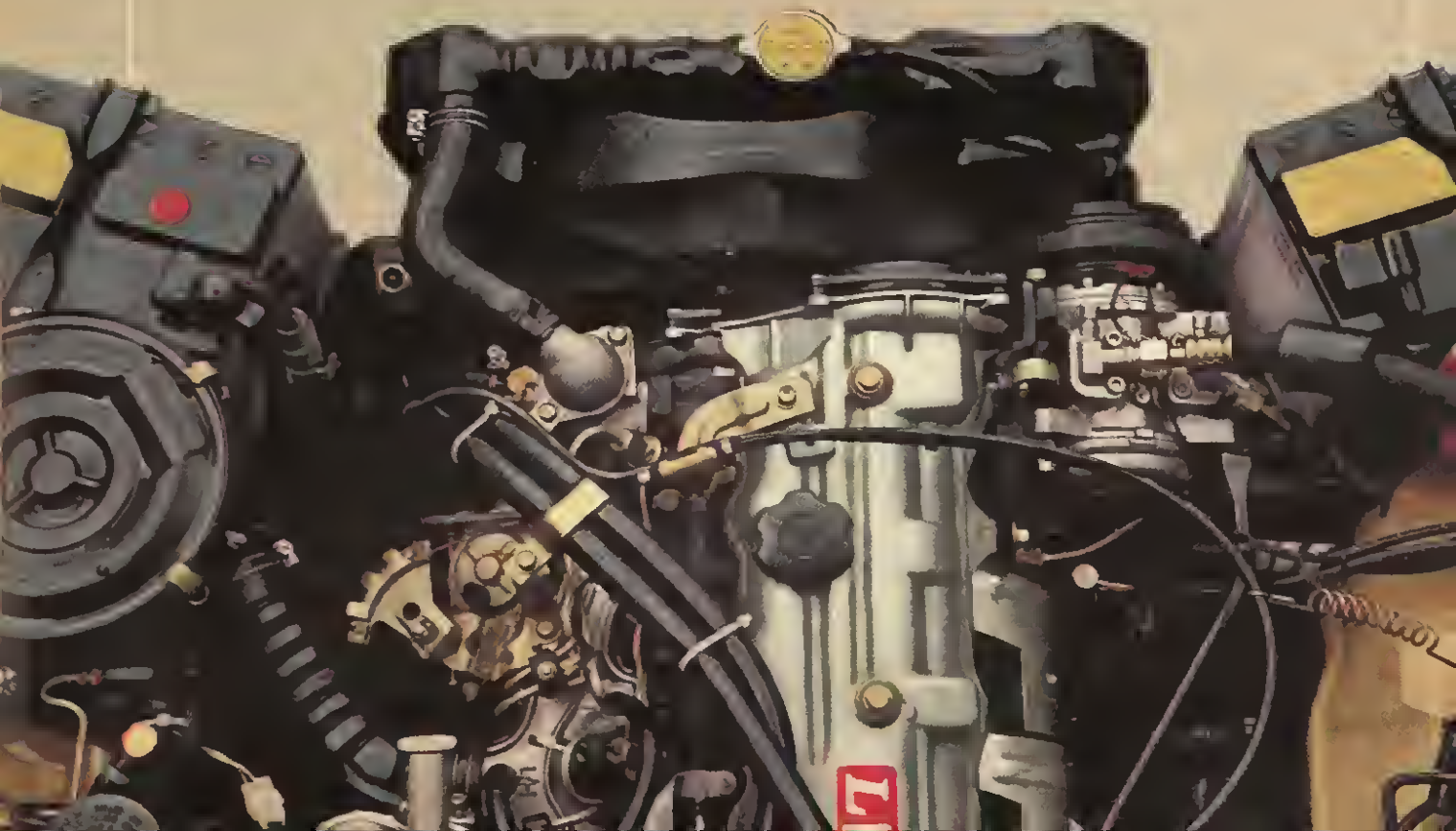
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Campbell will carry less of the load in Houston.

that Atlanta had success with a set of Munchkins last year. Anyway, the Browns took a chance and drafted Fast Eddie in the seventh round, and he wowed 'em all preseason. He'll be in there somewhere before long. Don Goode, imported from San Diego by Draft Supervisor Tommy Prothro, has replaced umpteen-year veteran Charlie Hall at left linebacker.

Brian Sipe is a terrific come-from-behind quarterback, but so is any guy who's working against the Browns' defense. And that's what's so scary—and so thrilling—about Cleveland.

Homer points out in the *Iliad* that Achilles ended his retirement and came back to camp only after his buddy, Patroclus, went on permanent injured reserve. With the ***HOUSTON*** Oilers, it took only a three-week shoulder injury to Quarterback Gifford Nielsen to convince Kenny Stabler that the club needed him more than Lefty's in Gulf Shores, Ala., did. So Kenny came back to run a team that will show some unfamiliar faces in the huddle, plus a new offensive concept, under the direction of offensive coordinator Jim Shofner.

Gone from Stabler's line are Bob Young and Conway Hayman, both out with bad backs. Box Office Billy Johnson is catching passes and returning kicks in Canada. But Tackle Leon Gray looks fully recovered from a torn Achilles tendon. And Earl Campbell shouldn't look as tired. Coach Ed Biles has decided to use both Rob Carpenter and Ronnie Coleman at the other backfield position, replacing Earl's personal escort, Tim Wilson. This should mean fewer yards for the Tyler Rose but a more balanced offense. The two-tight-end alignment also has been shelved. Dave Casper is the man, and Mike Barber is trade bait for any team that has tight end problems, *i.e.*, Jets, 49ers, Patriots, etc.

Defense is what has put the Oilers in the playoffs for the last three years (plus Campbell, of course). Last year the Oilers allowed the fewest points in the AFC, second-fewest in all of pro football. The team shows a little age in spots, but there's enough young talent around to keep the operation stable.

Put them in another division and the ***CINCINNATI*** Bengals would be a force to be reckoned with, a young team on the rise, one loaded with high draft choices, and with a tough coach, Forrest Gregg, to keep them in line. But the Bengals have been awarded the NFL's toughest schedule, a suicide array that ends up with Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Atlanta on the road in three of their last four games. To combat this onslaught, the Bengals have come up with a secret weapon—new uniforms. Tiger stripes on the helmets, ditto around the shoulders of the jerseys. Looks nice on a sunny day.

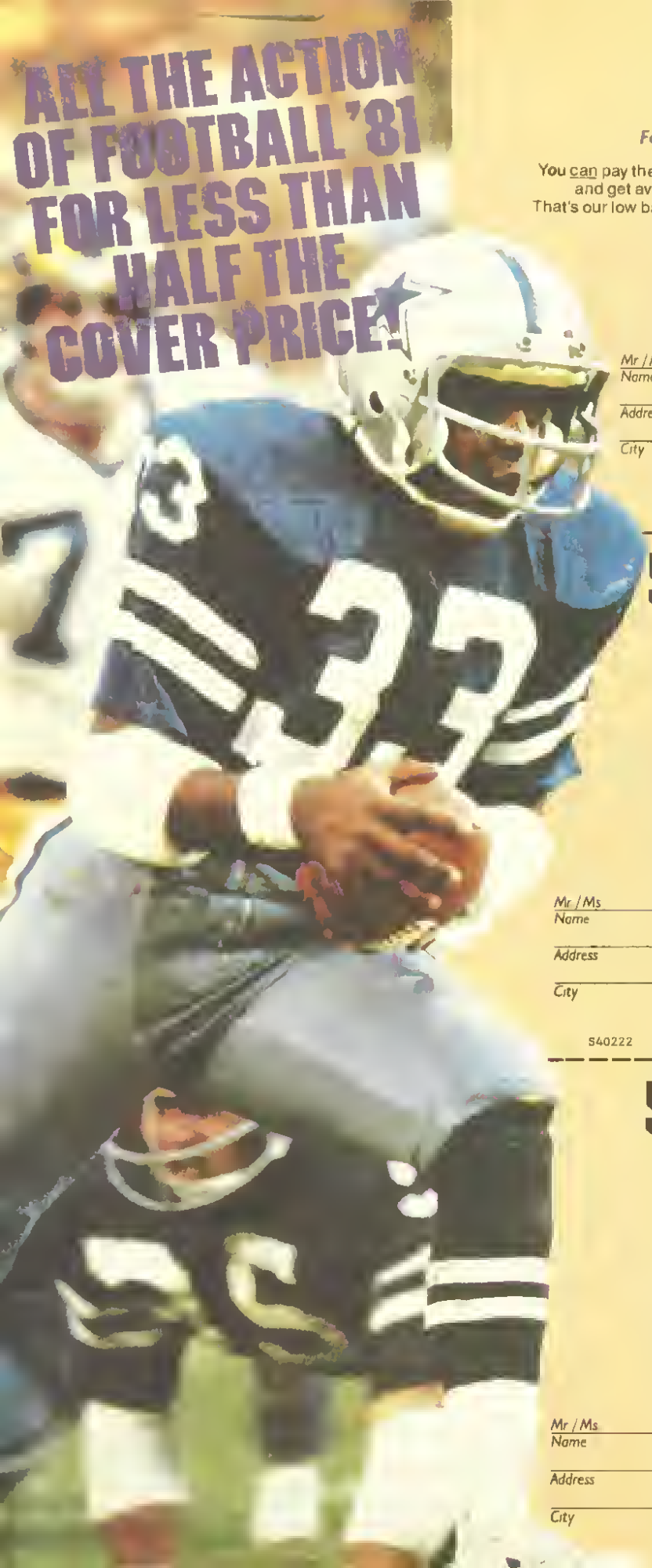
The Bengals' problem last year was the scoreboard. They had the fewest touchdowns in the NFL, 28, and, to offset that, the second-worst field-goal percentage, 51.7. But they were a nasty team when aroused, as the Steelers found out on two occasions. When they got the old fires stoked up, they could play with anybody, but they also could take the pipe when the mood seized them. Ken Anderson, one of the NFL's most underrated quarterbacks through the years, was so banged up last season (knee, sternum, ankle) that the club felt perhaps it was time to hand the reins to young Jack Thompson, the team's top pick in '79. At 32, Anderson was ready to pack it in, but he showed so well in preseason that the project was junked.

The Bengals are trying to build an offense for Anderson, but it's going slowly. They've drafted for offense for the last three years, and last year's No. 1, Tackle Anthony Munoz, was the best rookie lineman in the NFL. When Wide Receiver Don Bass went down with a knee, they knew they'd better find a pass catcher to go with Isaac Curtis, so they went wide receiver on their first two '81 picks: Kansas' David Verser and Florida's Chris Collinsworth. Good thing, too, because now Curtis is out with a fractured cheekbone. Gregg says he's "impressed with Verser's blocking," which means he has trouble catching the ball. The Bengals have a rather outdated offense that tries to beat you up on the ground. The big news is that Fullback Pete Johnson reported to camp at 247, down from his usual 265 or so. "I got tired hearing about overweight, so I decided to trim down," he says. Funny, that doesn't work for all of us.

continued

PREDICTED FINISH

PITTSBURGH 10–6
CLEVELAND 10–6
HOUSTON 7–9
CINCINNATI 5–11



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AFC West

There are two ***OAKLAND*** Raiders. There are those nasty customers who want to stiff the good people of Oakland and move their franchise south, and then there are the guys who stiffed the opposition on the field last year. Let's not lose sight of the latter. The Raiders' march to the Super Bowl was magnificent. They were the first wild-card team to go all the way. They had to win two playoffs on the road. They were led by a castoff quarterback. O.K., if the NFL people hadn't forgotten to cover the field in San Diego the night before the AFC championship and all those Charger receivers hadn't gone sliding around on the rain-soaked turf . . . if . . . if. But the Raiders did it, see; they did it with an attack that restored the bomb, a proud and sturdy offensive line, a running back, Mark van Eeghen, who doesn't fumble, and an imaginative defense that featured Linebacker Ted Hendricks and Cornerback Lester Hayes.

Most people picked Oakland to finish last in the division in 1980, and even now, when you mention the Raiders' chances, the experts shake their heads and say, "Well, with Jim Plunkett at quarterback. . . ." But Plunkett has found the ideal home—a line that can protect him and a deep-pass philosophy. At the Hall of Fame game in Canton, Ohio last month, Raider Managing General Partner Al Davis sat in the press box and watched Cleveland complete 13 of 25 passes on Atlanta in the first half. "What do you think, Al?" he was asked. He shrugged. "How many patterns were deeper than 15 yards?" he said. "Two," he was told. "You see," he said, smiling.

Basically the 1981 Raiders are a stand-pat team. The few draft choices who will make the squad represent down-the-line, not immediate, help—first choice Ted Watts, out of Texas Tech, may be the sixth defensive back in prevent situations; Washington's Curt Marsh, another first-rounder, could eventually replace 36-year-old Left Guard Gene Upshaw; and Villanova's Howard Long, a mean defensive tackle picked in the second round, adds depth up front.

It's like this with John Jefferson and the ***SAN DIEGO*** Chargers: In 1978 the Chargers drafted J.J. in the first round and signed him for seven years and an option year, with most of the money deferred way down the line. The Chargers congratulated themselves on a good piece of business, but it's a funny thing about those long-term deals. If the player gets to be a star, the contract can come back to bite the club. So last year, after two All-Pro seasons, Jefferson, having noted he would be making only about $100,000 for each of the next six years, expressed annoyance with his contract and it was "rearranged." The deferment terms were changed slightly, another year was added and incentives—lollipops, the players call them—were included, the kind you have to work like hell to get, such as $25,000 for leading the league in TD catches, $25,000 for 1,000 yards receiving, etc. Jefferson collected $82,500 in incentives last season, but realized this was very iffy money. He figured his base of $100,000 wasn't much for a guy who'd caught 199 passes for 36 touchdowns in three years. He asked for another rearrangement. Gene Klein, the owner, pointed out that the contract was rearranged last year. Jefferson got Howard Slusher to represent him, which meant he doesn't report to camp. And that's where the matter stands, although it could change at any moment.

To replace Jefferson, Coach Don Coryell is trying Ron Smith and some new imports—Billy Brooks (ex-Bengals) and Dwight Scales (Rams and Giants). How Coryell loves to collect players who can catch the ball. Last year he traded for New Orleans Running Back Chuck Muncie. In this year's draft he added a nifty little RB named James Brooks (first round) and a big tight end named Eric Sievers (fourth). There's nothing more dazzling than Air Coryell, which took dead aim on its own passing records last year and shattered them. And for those unbelievers who thought Air Coryell would be crippled without Jefferson in the lineup, in their second exhibition game the Chargers got a 27-for-34, 347-yard night from Quarterback Dan Fouts and his very capable backup, Ed Luther. Having gigantic Right Tackle Russ Washington (knee in '80) back in the lineup certainly didn't hurt.

But for all that offense, for all the sacks (60, most in the NFL) from the three defensive linemen—Fred Dean, Gary Johnson and Louie Kelcher—who started in the Pro Bowl, the Chargers have a soft spot. Once you get past the front four and Right Linebacker Woodrow Lowe, there's a lack of defensive speed. And there's also what one rival AFC coach calls "a lack of toughness. They like to do things *continued*



Van Eeghen's got a grip on things in Oakland.


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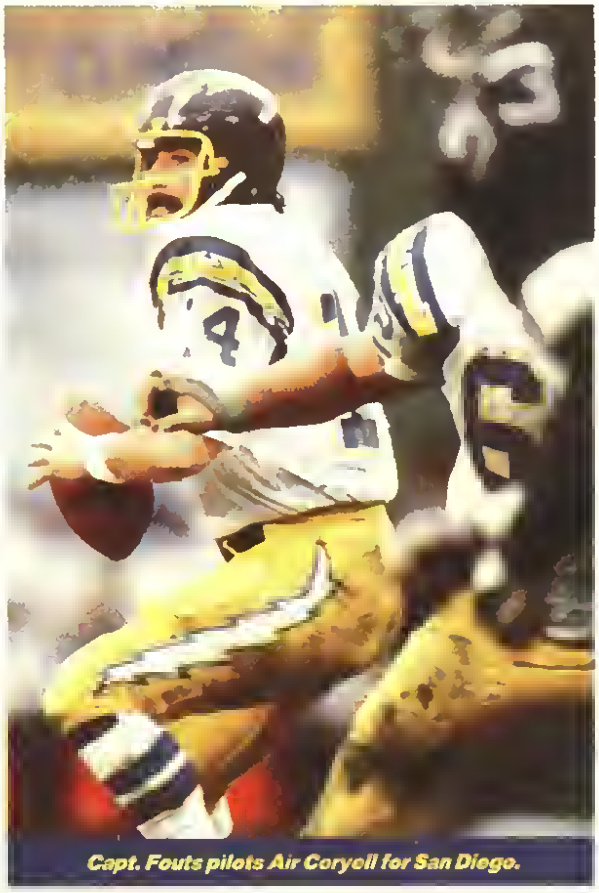
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GOODYEAR

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Capt. Fouts pilots Air Coryell for San Diego.

the easy way. Stay close to them in the fourth quarter and they can be had." The Chargers' fourth-quarter record last year, not counting ties, was 4–7, and they were outscored 77–52. To cure that sickness, the Chargers signed ex-Washington Head Coach Jack Pardee to run their defense.

The ***DENVER*** Broncos' new management rolled up sleeves and took a look at the problems. The Broncos couldn't move the ball; only three teams in the NFL had less yardage and no team in the AFC threw fewer touchdown passes. Their quarterback, Craig Morton, was 38. They were coming off an 8–8 year, and their once proud Super Bowl defense—the Orange Crush—had sunk, statistically, to the lower half of the league for the first time in six years.

Where to begin? The money, naturally. Denver had the highest payroll in the league. They called in Middle Linebacker Randy Gradishar. How about renegotiating your contract, Randy—downward? Uh, no, sorry, fellas, it isn't in my plans. O.K., better get off that track. We'll trade away the bigh-priced players—Gradishar, Tackle Claudie Minor, Linebacker Bob Swenson, Tight End Riley Odoms. Oops, no takers. Well, what *do* we do now?

Edgar F. Kaiser Jr., the new owner, is a go-go guy who's impatient. Grady Alderman, the new G.M., is getting on-the-job training. Dan Reeves, the new coach, is an offensive whiz, but so far the Broncos haven't caught on to the multiple-set offense he perfected at Dallas. Morton, his old teammate on the Cowboys, will run the show. He has smarts, but at 38 he can't avoid the rush anymore. Reeves cut Matt Robinson, for whom Denver had traded a first- and second-round draft choice. Hey, be wasn't our mistake, he was tbe other guys'. Kaiser wouldn't mind seeing rookie Mark Herrmann get an early shot, but like we said, that new offense is complicated. The defense looks better. The payroll is still high. That will change, but tbe won-lost won't.

The ***KANSAS CITY*** Chiefs lost their first four games last season. Then tbey won the next four. Then they lost one, won one, lost one, won one for the rest of the year. And while everyone was getting airsick from this strange ride on the seesaw, grim rumblings of discontent were beard in tbe locker room. Some guys wanted to play all the time, some didn't. Coach Marv Levy ignored the rumbles. Owner Lamar Hunt wondered what ever happened to those mighty teams that used to crush everybody in the AFL? The Chiefs baven't had a winner in seven years.

Defense is no problem. If Mike Bell stays healthy, the Chiefs have a set of ends—Bell and Art Still—as good as any in the league. The secondary is terrific, and it should get even better as third-round draft cboice Lloyd Burruss works his way in at strong safety. The offense was the worst in the NFL, statistically, last year. The line couldn't cut it, and there was a strong difference of opinion about the ability of the No. 1 draft, Guard Brad Budde. That conflict led to the eventual firing of very popular Line Coacb Joe Spencer, who's now with the Saints. The quarterbacking is in young bands, Bill Kenney filling in for a month or so while Steve Fuller recovers from a knee injury. The draft produced instant offensive belp, particularly two tight ends, South Carolina's Willie Scott and Southern Mississippi's Marvin Harvey, eacb of whom is better than what was there, plus a dashing little running back named Joe Delaney. The question is, how much does this club want it?

No attitude problems on the ***SEATTLE*** Seahawks. Johnny Kai won't allow it. Who's Johnny Kai? The new motivation coach, a former Green Beret instructor who bas the players growling that they're tough. Seems that this system had a tryout in Vietnam.

Now if Kai could find the Seahawks some offensive linemen, they'd have it made. Last year the sack total jumped from 23 to 51, and QB Jim Zorn wore the haunted look of a man pursued by demons. When Halfback Sherman Smith went down with a knee, the offense went kaput. After a tentative start Smith seems to have regained his old form, but Guard Tom Lynch, one of the few big league linemen on the team, is a holdout, so darker days may lie ahead. As the offense was dying last year, though, the defense was coming on. And No. 1 draft Ken Easley, an instant starter at safety, should make that defense even better

CONTINUED

PREDICTED FINISH

OAKLAND 12–4
SAN DIEGO 12–4
DENVER 8–8
KANSAS CITY 5–11
SEATTLE 3–13



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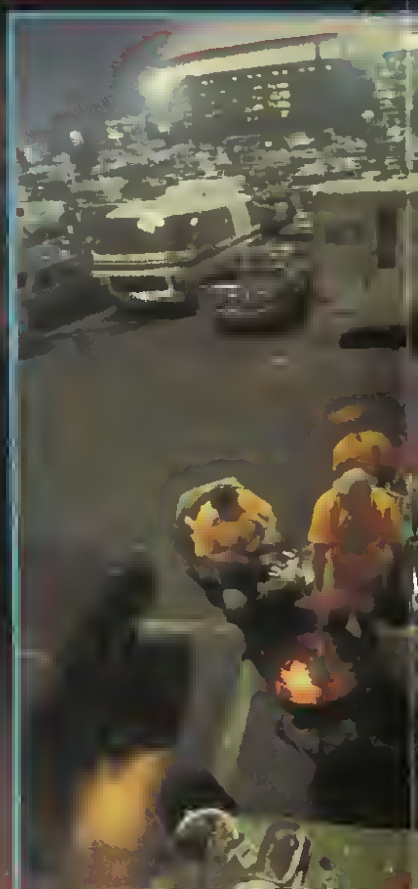
Release the balloons and strike up the band. Ladies and gentlemen, now, live from the NFL, a real television spectacular. It's prime-time football! As the pictures on these and the following six pages show, that means a hot time in the hometown tonight

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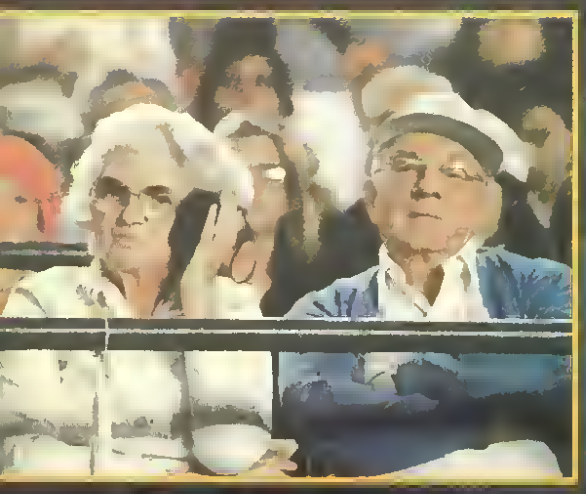






Outside the stadium the pregame show begins with a blaze of headlights and a race for the best parking spots, followed by tailgate picnics even the Ivies might enjoy.

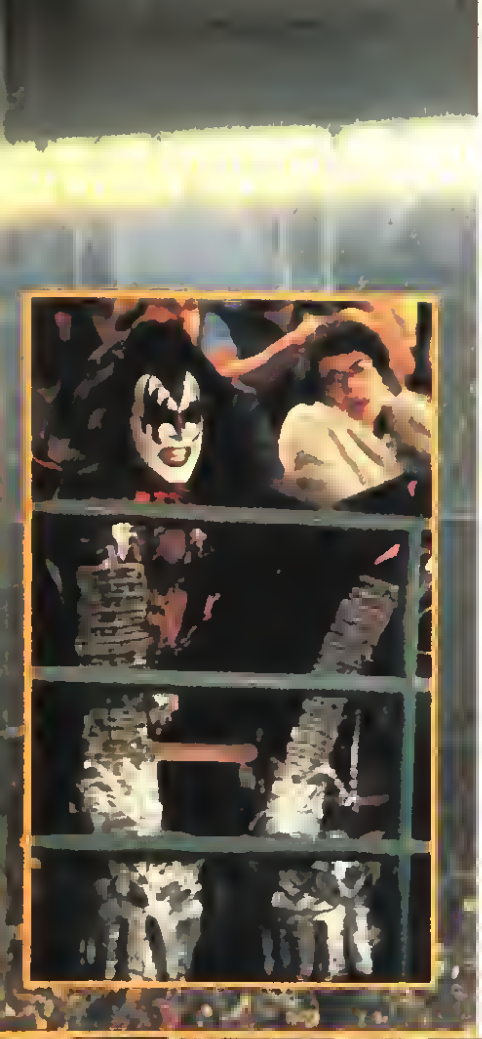





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Refreshments available during the game include some choice cheesecake. Then it's "turn out the lights, the party's over," and at dawn the following day, all that remains is a big cleanup.

SCOUTING REPORTS
(Continued)

NFC East

In a small cubicle off the ***DALLAS*** Cowboys' training room there is a gentle gurgle as one of the troops lowers himself into the Sensory Deprivation Tank. He will lie in warm water and think cool thoughts. His brain waves will gradually drop to 12 cycles per second until an "alpha" state is reached. Outside, there's a clack-clack as two linemen bang sticks at one another, as they were taught by the Cowboys' martial-arts instructor. In the office the computer hums and spits out data: John Fitzgerald, center, 33 years old, replace with Bob Shaw, 24; Billy Joe Dupree, tight end, 31 years old, replace with Doug Cosbie, 25; Tom Rafferty, right guard, 27, psychological prodding needed, plant rumor of impending replacement by Kurt Petersen, 24; Howard Richards, offensive tackle, No. 1 draft, make symbolic gesture by awarding him Rayfield Wright's old No. 70.

The Cowboys really need Stanley Kubrick in the director's chair, but they've been doing all right the way they are—as the most coldly efficient team in the NFL. Plug one in, plug one out; if a guy shows signs of age, replace him. It's the antithesis of the Steelers' approach, and while it hasn't produced four Super Bowl victories, it has put Dallas in the playoffs 14 times in the last 15 years, a consistency unmatched in the NFL.

When the Cowboys get beaten, it's usually by some team more emotionally intense on that given day, but when they're really up for a game, look out. Right now they're up. They've dedicated the season to revenge against the Eagles, who have replaced the Redskins as *the* rival. Halfback Tony Dorsett, who has gained 1,000-plus yards in each of his four years, went heavily into off-season conditioning, and Coach Tom Landry can't stop raving about him. Aside from a few cosmetic changes, the Cowboys will line up the same people as last year (in a new shade of blue). Their strengths remain the same—solid offense, great personnel along the defensive line—and their weakness—a pass defense that was very susceptible to the bomb last year (15.45 yards per completion, highest in the NFL)—remains a weakness.

Let's give ***PHILADELPHIA*** Coach Dick Vermeil credit. His five-year plan got the Eagles into the playoffs three times and into the Super Bowl once. When he came to Philly in 1976 Vermeil didn't make wholesale slashes. He used what he had, and 11 of his Super Bowl players were on the team before he got there. But—and here's the snapper—his psychological tampering is getting people annoyed. Like his ploy before the Dallas playoff last year, telling everyone how great the Cowboys were, to set them up for the knockoff. "I don't like the little games they play, like a high school team," said Cowboy Defensive Tackle Randy White. And sometimes the criticism comes from within.

"Do you know who Dick had address our team the Friday before the Super Bowl?" one Eagle says. "Woody Hayes. I mean, here's a guy who couldn't win a postseason game to save himself, and on Friday we're sitting there listening to him tell us about the action in the North Atlantic in World War II. Hey, c'mon now."

The Eagles went into the draft hoping to find a quality runner to take some pressure off Wilbert Montgomery, whose 5′ 10″, 195-pound body has a hard time bearing up under the weekly pounding. Instead, they got a blocking back on the 10th round, a 212-pounder out of Arizona named Hubie Oliver, nicknamed Rockman, who will take on added importance now that Leroy Harris is down for the year with a broken arm. No. 1 draft Leonard Mitchell, a defensive end from Houston, needed a foot operation before camp, but the defensive line is hardly a problem unit. The only new look on a defense that led the NFC last year is Al Chesley for Bill Bergey (knee) as an inside linebacker.

The good news is that Ron Jaworski, secure with a new five-year contract, keeps getting better as a quarterback.



Dorsett will be true blue in Dallas' new blue.



Anderson is St. Louis' offensive trump card.

And Vermeil's psychological yo-yoing of Placekicker Tony Franklin seems to be working because he's booming them again, as he did as a rookie in 1979.

From the ***WASHINGTON*** Redskins' camp came an unfamiliar sound, the ring of boyish laughter. General Manager Bobby Beathard won his battle with Coach Jack Pardee, and now Jack's the defensive coordinator at San Diego. The Redskins' new coach is Joe Gibbs, an offensive whiz under the Chargers' Don Coryell, and Bobby has a free hand to bring in as many youngsters as he likes. They've crowded out all but one veteran on the offensive line; Right Tackle George Starke will find himself shepherding a kiddie corps that lines up, left to right, Mark May, Russ Grimm, Jeff Bostic and Melvin Jones. May is the No. 1 draft, Grimm the No. 3, Jones and Bostic second-year men.

The Redskins will sink or swim with this group, and it's a good thing Quarterback Joe Theismann is adept at the scramble. But the running game should be pretty. The backfield has quality in all sizes—big (John Riggins, returning from his holdout), medium big (Wilbur Jackson) and little (Joe Washington from the Colts and Terry Metcalf from Canada). Metcalf is showing great stuff, and when he threw a halfback option pass to Art Monk (incomplete) in the first exhibition game, the fans in RFK Stadium stood up and cheered. They want more of this kind of action! More!

If there's a somber side to this new euphoria on the Potomac, it's the defense, particularly the line; only New Orleans was worse against the run last year.

When a weak team, such as ***NEW YORK***, starts getting injuries, it turns into a snowball kind of thing. You're playing next to a new guy, so maybe you try to cover for him, and you find yourself in unfamiliar situations, so you get hurt, too. When the Giants had tallied up the casualty reports from 1980, they found they had to use the injured reserve list 35 times, that 10 players had knee operations, and that 19 of the original 45 who dressed for the opener were gone at the end of the season. Almost half the roster this year carries the notation, "Coming back from a ----- injury."

On this team one unit must carry the load—the linebackers. A fine bunch. Best in the NFL. Brad Van Pelt, Harry Carson, either Brian Kelley or Frank Marion, and rookie Lawrence Taylor of North Carolina, the second player picked in the draft, a blitzing terror. Elsewhere, the Giants are loaded with question marks; with "pleasant surprises," such as rookie Nose Guard Bill Neill, a fifth-round pick from Pittsburgh, and castoff 49er Center Ernie Hughes; with disappointments and with wait-and-sees.

There's still a running psychodrama between Coach Ray Perkins and his quarterback, Phil Simms. Will he praise him today, folks, or rip him? Stay tuned. But, given the tools, these two can mastermind a dazzling aerial show, as Dallas found out last year.

There was this comment of Bear Bryant's that followed ***ST. LOUIS*** rookie Linebacker E.J. Junior into the draft—something to the effect that "We tried to get him to play inside at Alabama, but he couldn't." The Cards drafted E.J. on the first round anyway, and now he's playing inside linebacker for them, and everybody's happy with the way he has been going after people. And the Bear says he really meant "inside as a safetyman." Yeah, right. Or maybe inside a Frigidaire, or a Volkswagen.

The fact is, if you finish low enough in the standings every year, you get a crack at some pretty fair people in the draft—and St. Louis has now had three good drafts in a row. The top pick in '79, Running Back Ottis Anderson, has had two straight 1,000-yard seasons. The laws of infiltration say that enough of those good drafts eventually will boost the old won-lost. But when?

The fanciest-looking youngster in camp, next to Junior, was Quarterback Neil Lomax of Portland State. In one of those mysterious draft-day developments, his stock suddenly plummeted from high-first round to early-second round, and the Cards stole him. Lomax isn't ready to replace the venerable Jim Hart yet, but if things get off to a bad start, you could see a push to get him in there to juice up a pass offense that finished fourth from last in the NFL last year. A crippled offensive line was one reason. Now it's healthy, but Wide Receiver Mel Gray is down for at least a month with a separated shoulder.

continued

PREDICTED FINISH

DALLAS 12–4
PHILADELPHIA 11–5
WASHINGTON 8–8
NEW YORK GIANTS 8–10
ST. LOUIS 5–11

NFC Central

On a gloomy day last December the ***TAMPA BAY*** Bucs closed out a miserable 5–10–1 season by turning the ball over to the Chicago Bears five times in a 14–13 loss. Almost 17,000 fans didn't show up for the game in Tampa Stadium, and it appeared that one of the NFL's sun-drenched franchises finally had turned chilly, that the fans were adopting the blue-collar toughness of a Buffalo and would start demanding some value for their money.

Not so. An off-season can cure all frustration. And big things were happening in the off-season. Tampa was awarded the 1984 Super Bowl. The Buc organization firmed things up by naming owner Hugh Culverhouse's wife, Joy, a vice-president, and making his son-in-law, Herb Gold, the director of administration. Even though the team went from first to last in its division, season-ticket sales stayed above 50,000. Now, is there real incentive to improve within this context of mindless optimism?

Well, yes. You see, it takes very little improvement by anyone to capture the NFC Central. A 9–7 record usually will swing it. The word from Tampa Bay is that there's a new mood of firmness. Practices are better attended. Meetings, too. Starters will be called upon to play on special teams. Fans have been wincing at the sight of their No. 1 draft, Pittsburgh's Hugh Green, flying downfield on a kickoff.

The draft, on a percentage basis, is the Bucs' best ever. Only eight choices, but three starters have emerged—Green at right outside linebacker; No. 2 James Wilder, a 220-pounder out of Missouri, at the upback spot in the I formation, meaning he'll block for Ricky Bell; and No. 4 John Holt of West Texas State, who'll play right cornerback and run back punts. Green, who will be used as a right-side blitzer, could take a lot of heat off Defensive End Lee Roy Selmon, who got multiple-teamed last year.



Kramer is the pitcher for pass-happy Minnesota.

More good news is that Quarterback Doug Williams is coming in on target with his passes. "His big trouble last year," one Buc says, "was that he had his worst games on national TV and nobody saw his best ones."

The ***DETROIT*** Lions got bit by a very old one-two punch last season. It was called hubris and nemesis—false pride and retribution. Remember that song, *Another One Bites the Dust*? The Lions were singing it on the sidelines early in the 1980 season. Well, a couple of Lion victims lived to bite back, and at the end of the season the Lions had two sets of tooth marks on their behinds, courtesy of Minnesota and St. Louis, who waited for revenge in the rematches and then rose up to help knock the Lions out of the playoffs. And when it was over, Coach Monte Clark put a big "X" next to that song.

The Lions learned last year that no matter how much magic Halfback Billy Sims has in his legs, when the other guys gang up and outnumber him, there had better be something to draw away their attention. In the first half of the '80 season Sims gained 859 yards and the Lions won five of eight games; in the last half Billy gained only 444 yards and the Lions dropped four of eight. In the first exhibition game last month Dexter Bussey, who'd been a perfect backfield counterpart to Sims, went down for a month with a knee. Exhibition game No. 2 claimed the Lions' No. 1 draft choice, San Jose State Wide Receiver Mark Nichols, out for six weeks with a broken left shoulder blade. So the Lions replaced Nichols with Leonard Thompson, who said he deliberately ran out of bounds last year because of his contract problems, a statement he later retracted. As for the matter of Coach Monte Clark's unhappiness with front-office interference, namely by G.M. Russ Thomas, revealed to the world by Quarterback Gary Danielson—that was all cleared up in the off-season, supposedly.

But for all their problems, the Lions will be a fairly decent team because they've got the muscle where it really counts: in the defensive line, immeasurably strengthened now that Tackle Doug English is back after spending a year in the oil business. The Lions were No. 1 in the NFL at stopping opposing runners last year, and in Right End Bubba Baker they have the finest pure sack specialist in the league—47 career games, 57 sacks. If the wounded heal on schedule, Detroit could win the division.

The ***MINNESOTA*** Vikings crept into the 1980 playoffs on little cat feet (and Ahmad Rashad's miracle catch at the buzzer against the Browns), then made a very hasty exit and withdrew north to go fishing. They left us rubbing our eyes. Were they really there? Was it a mirage, a vision of the frozen tundra, or what?

Minnesota is strictly a one-way team—all pass, no run, no defense—and when you go that route, you can only count on more miracles to get you anywhere. The pass-

continued

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catch game, with Quarterback Tommy Kramer, wide receivers Rashad and Sammy White, Running Back Rickey Young and a converted basketball player named Joe Senser at tight end, is pretty enough, but year-end accounting showed the Vikings very close to the bottom of the NFL in all phases of defense.

For Minnesota, the logical way to approach the draft would have been to trade upward in an attempt to corral the one stud who could inject some life into the defense. Instead, Minnesota threw the gears into reverse and traded down, giving up its No. 1 draft for a bunch of No. 2s—a runner (Nebraska's Jarvis Redwine), a wide receiver (Mississippi State's Mardye McDole) and a linebacker (Texas' Robin Sendlein). None of these has wowed anyone.

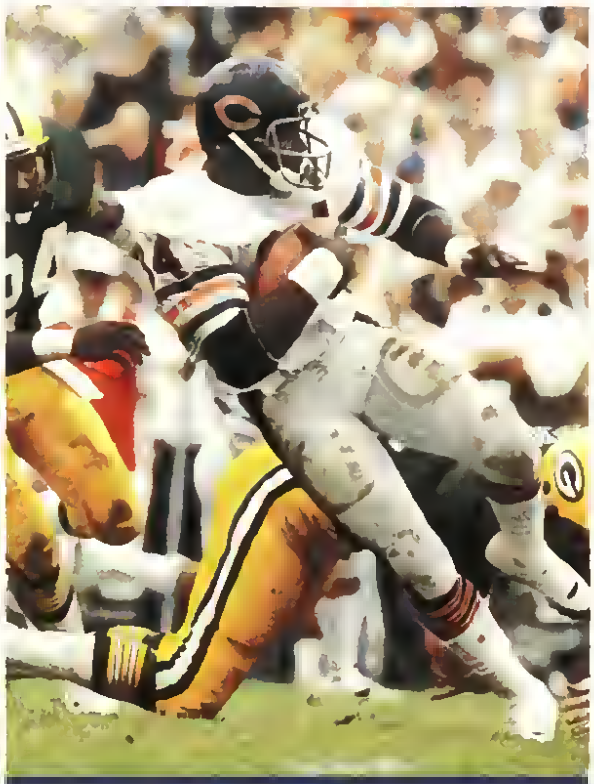
Coach Bud Grant has received great credit for keeping the Vikes in a contending role in the NFC Central year after year. What they really are, in the entire NFL context, is a shade above mediocre.

Walter Payton is worth every penny his new ***CHICAGO*** Bears' contract calls for, whether it's $600,000 a year or $700,000 or a piece of Lake Michigan shorefront. He has started 79 straight regular-season games; played in all but one game in six years and rushed for at least 1,390 yards a year for the past five seasons. And that was with offenses whose passing often was a joke. Best of all, Walter is only 27 years old. Now the Bears must seriously consider taking some of the load off his back. So far Chicago's attempts to get some sense into its offense haven't been too productive, unless you count the delay-of-game penalty. The Bears perfected that maneuver last year. The coaches would huddle on the sidelines, decide on a play, phone Western Union for a messenger who had a field pass, send him in with instructions for Quarterback Vince Evans, and then watch as the ref walked off five yards for delay.

The cure: Ted Marchibroda, the ex-Baltimore head coach, comes in as the new offensive coordinator, and Dick Stanfel, an interim head coach last year in New Orleans, now handles the offensive line. Evans will call his own plays. There are few quarterbacks as athletically gifted as Evans; certainly no one sets up faster. He has never called his own plays, even in high school, but this might be the right formula for him. The funny thing is that the knock on Marchibroda in his last years with the Colts was that he was too conservative; he didn't let Bert Jones do enough. Stanfel immediately installed No. 1 draft Keith Van Horne of USC at left tackle, and moved Ted Albrecht to guard.

On defense, the Bears are blessed with fine wingmen in Dan Hampton and Mike Hartenstine. Alan Page's lack of bulk at tackle makes a quality middle linebacker essential, and the No. 2 draft, Mike Singletary of Baylor, has shown flashes. The secondary has a terrific strong safety in Gary Fencik, but as a unit it has had shortcomings.

The ***GREEN BAY*** Packers were another team whose weekly injury list in 1980 looked like a battlefield report. Twenty-seven Packers were on injured reserve at one time or another. One scout has an interesting theory why this always happens to the Packers; he claims that the physical exams they administer are a bit more lenient than those of other teams, and that the Packers will take players who would



Payton always gives Chicago its money's worth

flunk elsewhere. It's a gambling game, and so far the wheel has come up double-eagle.

Everybody thinks Bart Starr is on perilous footing, except, that is, for the 45-man board of directors and the seven-man executive committee, which calls the shots. There was a mini-power struggle inside the boardroom after last season, and Starr was stripped of his G.M.'s job. That was just a token gesture; Packer President Dominic Olejniczak won the battle to keep Starr at the helm.

The reason we dwell so long on politics is that it's more fun than talking about the Packers on the field. They were 5–10–1 in 1980 only because they played in the NFC Central. They were the lowest-scoring team in football, and to offset that, they had trouble stopping people. Strengths: James Lofton is an All-Pro wide receiver, if healthy, their linebacking quartet is top-level, particularly George Cumby, who could be a very positive force at an inside linebacking spot now that he's up to 230 pounds. The rest of the Packers' operation will depend on how many people they can keep off injured reserve.

continued

PREDICTED FINISH

TAMPA BAY 9–7
DETROIT 8–8
MINNESOTA 7–9
CHICAGO 7–9
GREEN BAY 4–12

NFC West

They were calling the ***LOS ANGELES*** Rams' summer session in Fullerton Camp Tranquillity. The Good Ship Lollipop. Everything was so "hunky-dory"—Defensive End Jack Youngblood's term—that people were wondering if new management had slipped in overnight. So what if the front office had weakened the club at three positions by shipping out Quarterback Vince Ferragamo and linebackers Jack Reynolds and Bob Brudzinski. At least no one would be saying naughty things anymore, right? The euphoria officially ended on Monday, Aug. 24, when veteran backup Quarterback Bob Lee was cut three days after L.A. had used him as cannon fodder against the San Diego Chargers, playing him despite the fact that he had such a sore elbow he could barely throw. Lee was on the second year of a two-year, no-cut $150,000 contract.

The second rock fell on veteran Defensive End Fred Dryer, who was cut despite a $215,000 contract with a no-cut, no-waiver provision. Sorry, Freddy said, a contract's a contract. The Rams temporarily placed Dryer on the rather degrading "non-participant" list. All this didn't sit well with Dryer's defensive teammates, who felt he'd been battling mightily to hold his position against converted Defensive Tackle Cody Jones. "If they ever do to me what they're doing to Fred," one of them said, "I'll burn this place down. Torch it. I'm not kidding." Goodby Camp Tranquillity.



Tyler makes the Los Angeles ground game soar.

Why the Rams were willing to eat two major contracts when they wouldn't spend the extra money to keep Ferragamo from going to Canada is a mystery. No one can say that L.A.'s lacking dough. Madame Ram, Georgia Frontiere, charged the highest prices and had the highest ticket revenues in the NFL last year.

So why will the Rams do so well? Talent. They can't help it. Best secondary in football. Close to if not the best offensive line. Solid defensive line. The running game will be helped by the return of Wendell Tyler, a 1,000-yard man in 1979 who was injured most of last season. If Tyler gets hurt again, the Rams have the 5′ 10″, 235-pound bowling ball, Jewerl Thomas. It took only 15 games for them to figure out he was their best runner last year. Pat Haden's a good enough QB to keep the act together. But in the playoffs, they'll probably lose to a team that wants it more than they do—such as Atlanta. It's their nature.

I sat down and figured the average weight for the ***ATLANTA*** Falcons' starting defensive eleven this exhibition season. It was 211 pounds. A normal defensive unit in the NFL goes around 225. You have to go back at least 30 years to find a team as little as Atlanta's. But maybe Coach Leeman Bennett has seen into the future, maybe defenses will be contoured this way in order to attack the wide-open offenses. Human flies. Speed and swarming ability. The 210-pound linebacker, the 240-pound defensive end. It certainly worked for the Falcons last season.

Bennett's plan was to build his defense one unit at a time. Last year was the linebackers' turn, but never in Bennett's wildest dreams did he think he'd get as lucky as he did. Three newcomers started; Buddy Curry led the Falcons in tackles, 206-pound Al Richardson led in interceptions with seven, and 215-pound Joel Williams led in sacks with 16. Remembering how his club blew a 14-point fourth-quarter advantage in the playoffs against Dallas last season, Bennett went for defensive backs this year, and he may have gotten hot again. Florida State's Bobby Butler (No. 1) has replaced the injured Rolland Lawrence at the left corner and been outstanding. The No. 3 choice, Georgia's Scott Woerner, should be a starting safety before long.

The interesting thing about the Falcons is that they've got two ways to travel—Lynn Cain and William Andrews slashing away behind a big league line that's been together for three years, or Quarterback Steve Bartkowski cutting loose. When Bartkowski gets hot, there are few passers as dangerous. If the rest of the defensive pieces come together, if they avoid injuries, as they did last year, the Falcons have got themselves a Super Bowl team.

SAN FRANCISCO Coach Bill Walsh is a polite man. When fans come over to him and say, "Gee, you sure had an entertaining team last year," he smiles, nods and says thank you. What makes a team entertaining? You score a lot, the other guys score a lot, everyone goes away happy except the bettors, who have a heart attack. Walsh can't stand it. It's eating him up, all this "entertainment" stuff, the feeling that he's so gifted offensively, yet has the gray thumb when it comes to defense. There was an influx of new defensive talent last year, high drafts for the most part—Defensive End Jim Stuckey, Safety Ricky Churchman and linebackers Kee-

continued

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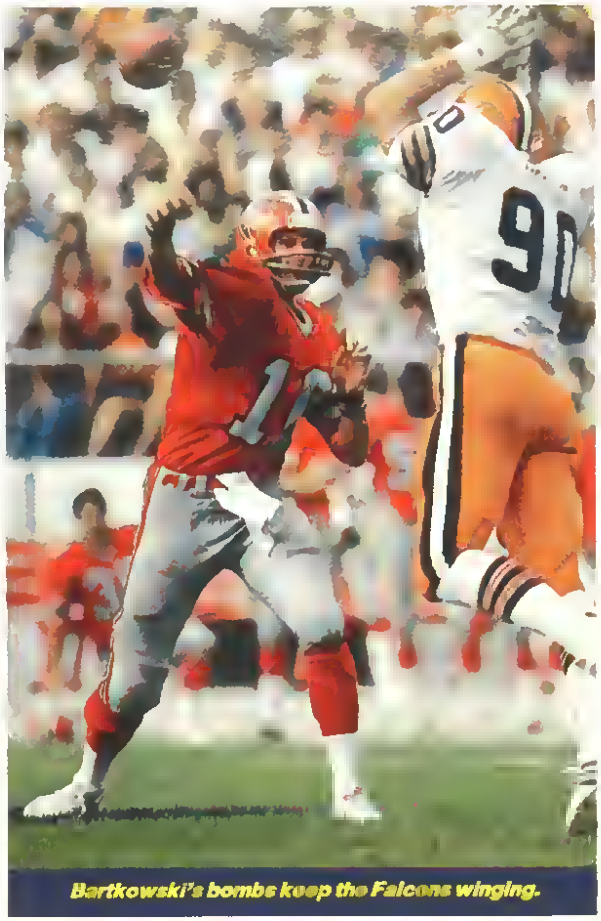
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Bartkowski's bombs keep the Falcons winging.

na Turner, Bobby Leopold and Craig Puki. They all played. They had the fire of youth. And the defense stunk. They gave up one point fewer than the 2–14 team did in '79, but a lot more yards. The opposition completed 66% of its passes against them, and never in the history of the NFL was a pass defense so generous.

Walsh has added a quality veteran at right inside linebacker in ex-Ram Jack Reynolds, but on the whole he's taking a devil-may-care approach this year; he's thrown caution to the winds of Candlestick Park, and it'll be a season of shock therapy. Three rookies will start in the secondary: USC's Ronnie Lott (No. 1 draft) at left corner, Missouri's Eric Wright (No. 2B) at right corner, and Pittsburgh's Carlton Williamson (No. 3) at strong safety. A fourth rookie, Lynn Thomas (No. 5, also from Pitt) will come in when the 49ers go to their nickel defense. Against Seattle in the first exhibition the youngsters were a little tentative; they were laying off the receivers too much. So they decided to go at it a bit more aggressively against San Diego, and the Chargers completed 27 of 34 passes for 347 yards. They got a confidence builder in a rematch with Seattle in the third exhibition, though, when Wright intercepted a Jim Zorn pass with 15 seconds to play and returned it 48 yards for a score to give the 49ers a 24–17 win over the Seahawks.

The offense, as usual, is pretty, as most Walsh offenses are. It will be even nicer if Running Back Paul Hofer can come back from a severe knee injury, suffered last year, to team with Earl Cooper and Quarterback Joe Montana in the backfield. But it will be sweeter yet if the young defense shows signs of developing. If not, if it's another soft year for enemy passers, then the entire 49er concept must be questioned, not the people who carry it out.

The fans aren't wearing paper bags over their heads in ***NEW ORLEANS*** anymore. These days their cars carry bumper stickers that read FAITH, HOPE AND BUM. The magical name of Bum Phillips, the Saints' eighth head coach in their 15 years, has generated a new wave of optimism that manifested itself in the 67,562 fans who showed up in the second week of the preseason to watch the blood match against Houston, the bad guys who fired Bum. It was the largest exhibition-game crowd in New Orleans in six years.

So what else is new? There are always new waves of optimism in this town. Quarterback Archie Manning was a new wave in '71. So was Hank Stram in '76. So was the great wealth of talent that finally made the Saints a playoff contender going into last season. Now the hope is Bum, who has complete control of the football side of things, and by now a firsthand knowledge of the *Looney Tunes* management of this franchise. His first minor conflict was on the draft. His man was South Carolina Tailback George Rogers, the Heisman Trophy winner. Dick Steinberg, the player personnel director, liked North Carolina Linebacker Lawrence Taylor. Steinberg moved up north to New England, and the Saints took Rogers. So far Rogers has been only so-so behind a line that's the same. Second-guessers said that Taylor could have filled a big need on a defense that in 1980 allowed 14 points fewer than the alltime NFL record. But wait till you've seen the rest of the hand, the Saints say, and they open up a spread that reveals nothing but face cards. Four defensive starters could come out of this draft, the most prominent being Linebacker Rickey Jackson, Hugh Green's mate at Pitt. They're calling it the best draft in the club's history, which isn't saying much.

Bum's one great talent has always been the ability to keep his troops relatively happy, and restoring damaged psyches is expected to be a major contribution he'll make in New Orleans. But Phillips was too late for Running Back Chuck Muncie. He was already gone. And the formula didn't quite work for Tight End Henry Childs. Bum shipped him off to L.A., via Washington. He also traded away Running Back Tony Galbreath, to Minnesota. But Manning is staying put in New Orleans. Rumors that he was trade bait were quickly squashed by the new coach.

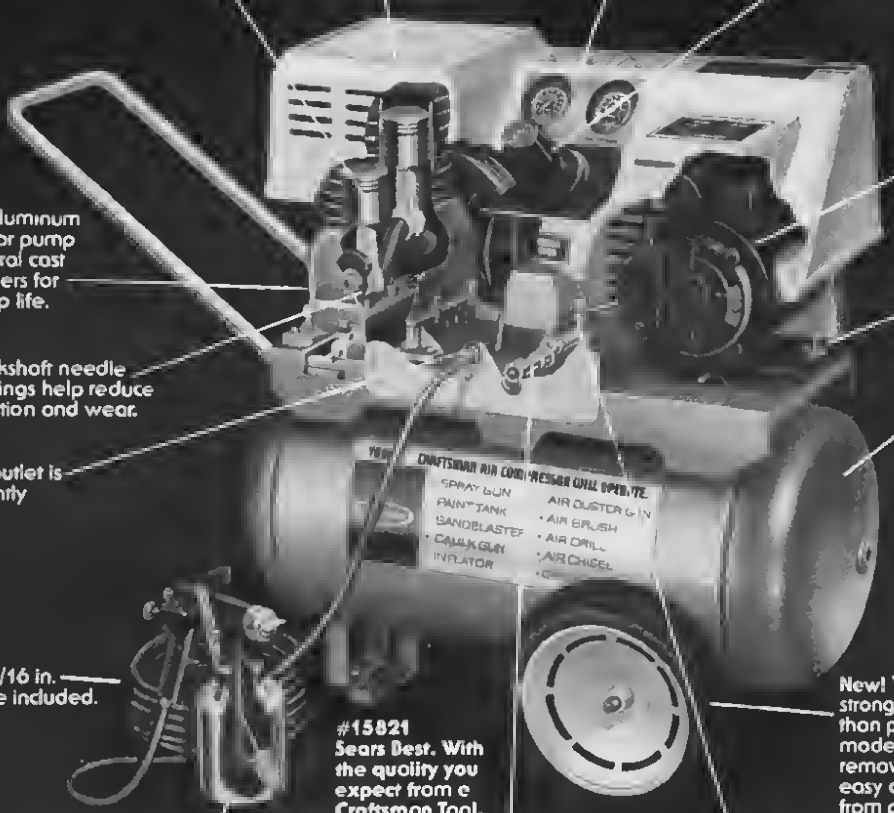
It's tough to see how a 1–15 team could end up with one of the NFL's toughest schedules, but the Saints have eight games against 1980 playoff teams, five of them on the road. Not even Bum can overcome that. **END**

PREDICTED FINISH

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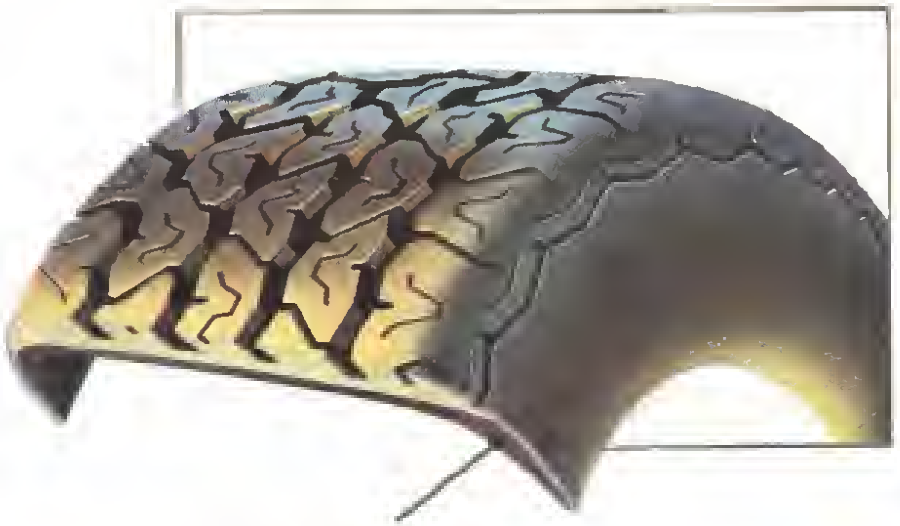
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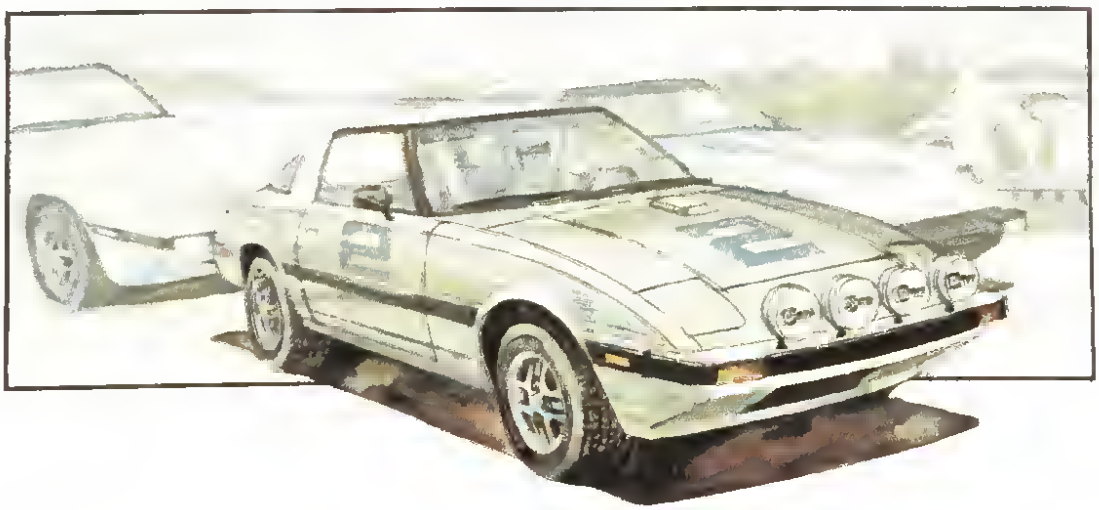
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by Ron Fimrite

They still invest in Bonds

Despite his reputation as a risky commodity, and after sliding from a major league to an AAA rating, much-traveled Bobby Bonds is yielding dividends for the Cubs

Has there ever been a major league career as paradoxical as Bobby Bonds's? On one side of the ledger he appears to be one of the game's superstars. Only five men in baseball history have hit 30 or more homers and stolen 30 or more bases in the same season. Ken Williams, Tommy Harper and Henry Aaron did it once; Willie Mays did it twice. Bonds has done it five times. Only two players have hit 300 or more homers and stolen 300 or more bases in their careers. Mays is one; Bonds is the other. Bonds holds the major league record for hitting homers—35—leading off a game. Defensively, he is an outfielder with sprinter's speed and a powerful arm who can play any of the three positions with skill. He won Gold Gloves in 1971, '73 and '74. He's durable. In eight of his 12 complete big league seasons, he has played in 150 or more games. And a nicer guy you would never hope to meet.

Ah, but on the other side of that ledger. . . . Bonds set what should be an enduring major league record by striking out 189 times in 1970, thereby breaking the former record of 187, which he himself set the previous year, and he could well become the alltime major league career strikeout king, supplanting the soon-to-be-retired Willie Stargell. Bonds's career batting average is only .269. Perhaps most significant, after spending seven seasons with the San Francisco Giants, he has played for seven teams—in order, the Yankees, Angels, White Sox, Rangers, Indians, Cardinals and Cubs—in the last six years. Such a history of nomadism indicates he is either much in demand or, as the consensus has it, quickly out of favor.

Wherever Bonds goes, and he now goes with the Cubs, he carries a heavy load of personal luggage. He is alternately accused of being a drinker, a drug user, a troublemaker and, most recently, a malingerer. And he must forever live with the popular notion that he has never lived up to his enormous potential.

Yet Bonds endures. Suffering from a nagging hand injury, he had his worst major league season in 1980, hitting only .203 in 86 games for the Cardinals, who promptly released him after the season. He was available, but for once no one came calling. "It was strange," says Whitey Herzog, the Cards' manager and general manager. "No one ever called to ask me about him. Oh, some newspapermen would say something from time to time, but no one in baseball ever asked. No one at all."

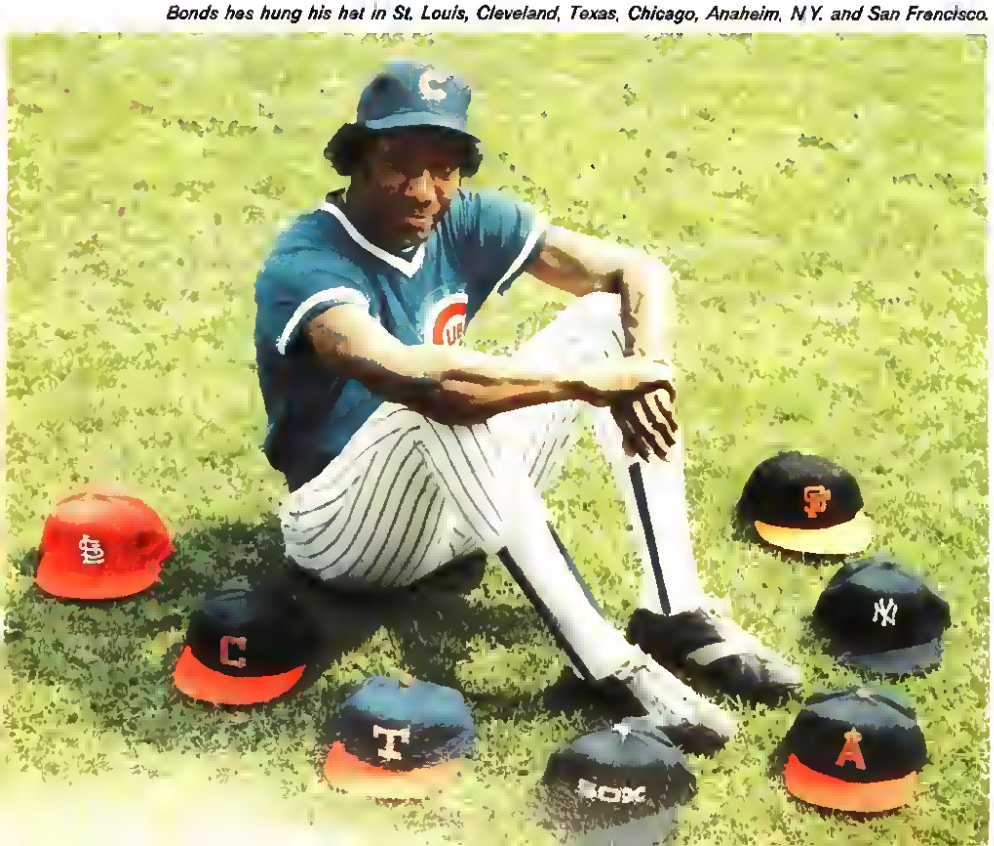
Bonds didn't leave the Cardinals laughing. The hand injury, he insists, wasn't properly treated until after the season, when most of his right arm was put in a cast for the better part of two months. He was falsely accused, he says, of dogging it when, in fact, he could scarcely swing a bat. Bonds is certain that this new imputation, added to his already sullied reputation, made him an even more undesirable property.

Still, he persevered. He had no spring training this year, but he did finally convince Texas Rangers Executive Vice-President Eddie Robinson that the hand, hit in the first weeks of the 1980 season by a pitch from Pittsburgh's Eddie Solomon, was mending. Robinson required proof, so on April 19 Bonds agreed to test himself with the Rangers' Triple A farm team in Wichita.

Early in June, Herman Franks, his old manager with the Giants and then the newly appointed general manager of the Cubs, called on Bonds. Lord knows, the Cubs needed help, and Franks believed that if Bonds was even half as good as he once was, he could provide it. The Rangers let him go to the Cubs for, as Bonds puts it, "two doughnuts and a cup of coffee."

Time now for more bad luck. In the

Bonds has hung his hat in St. Louis, Cleveland, Texas, Chicago, Anaheim, N.Y. and San Francisco.



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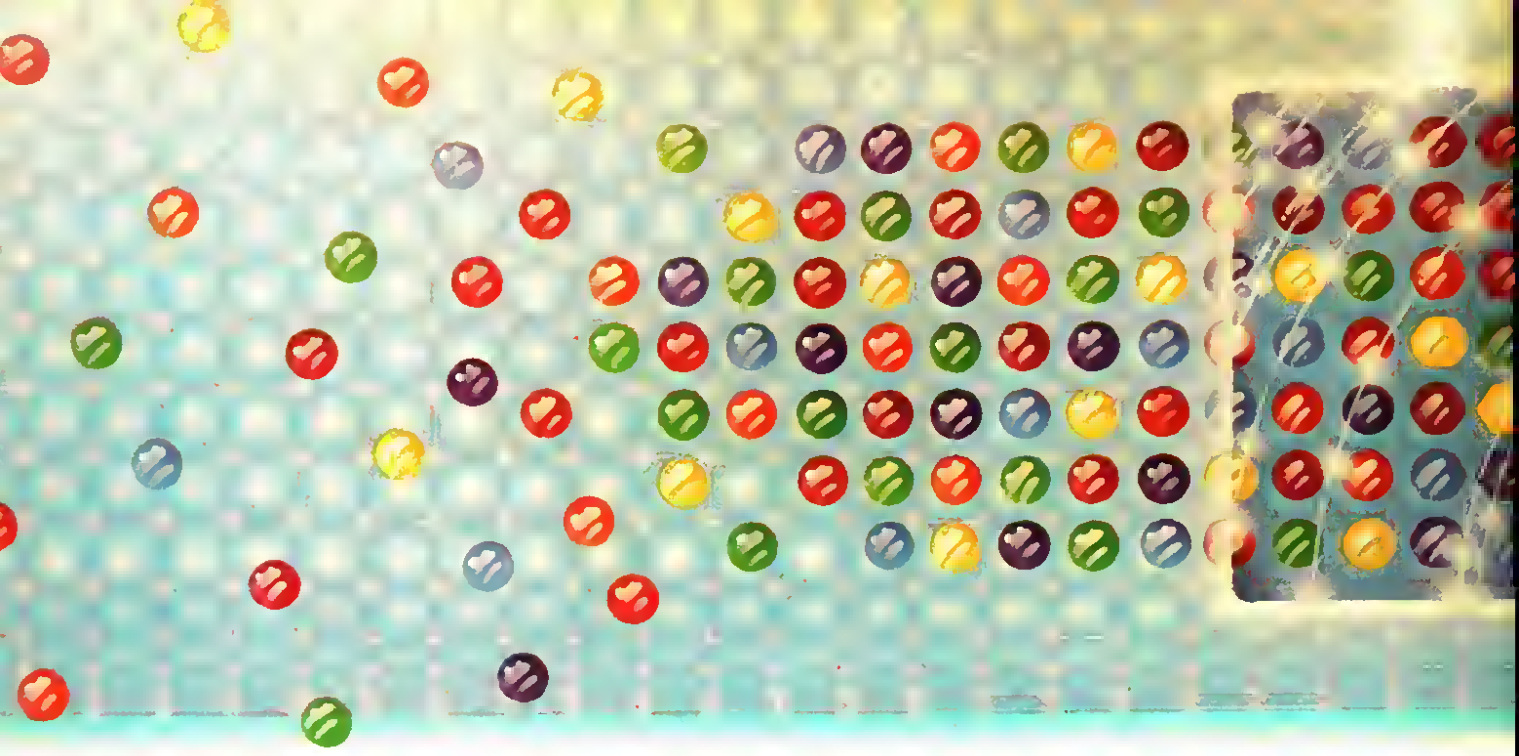
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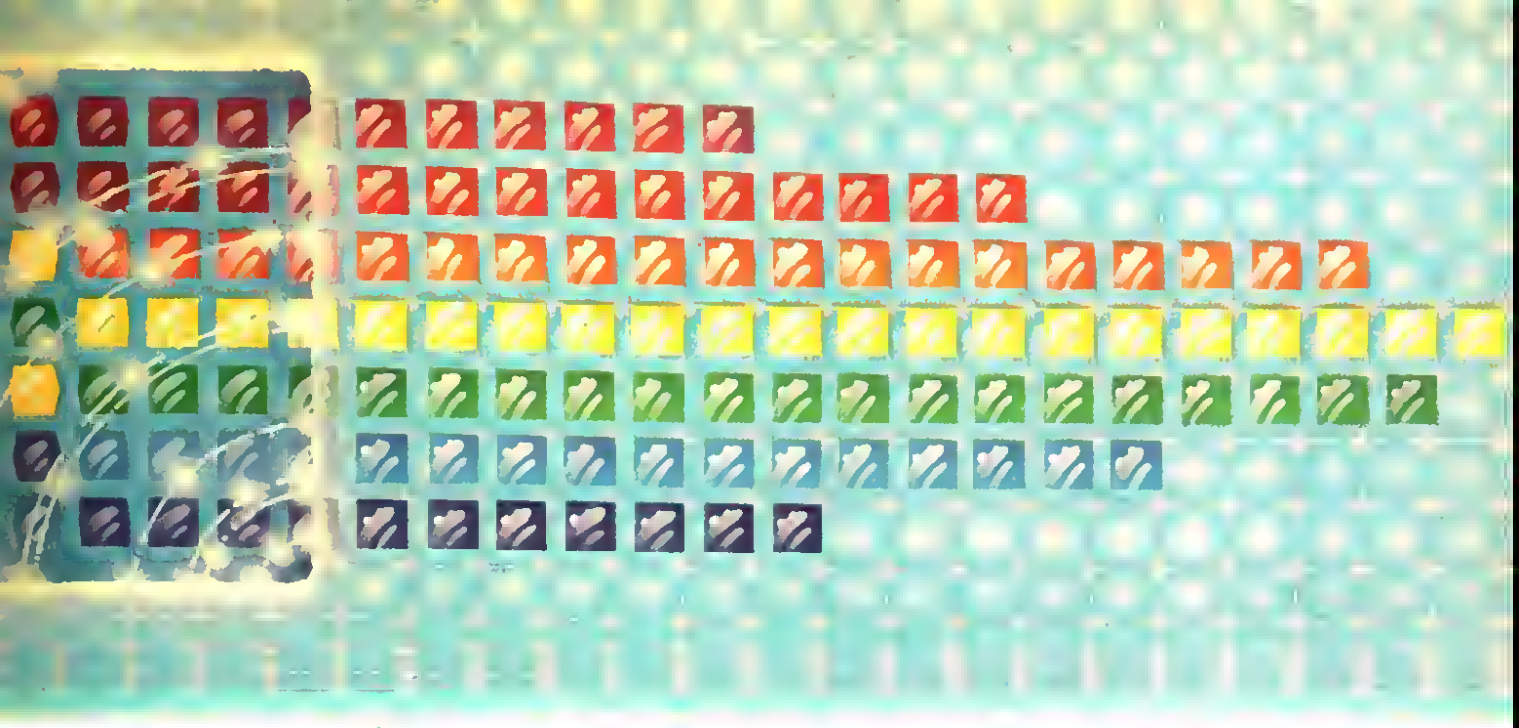
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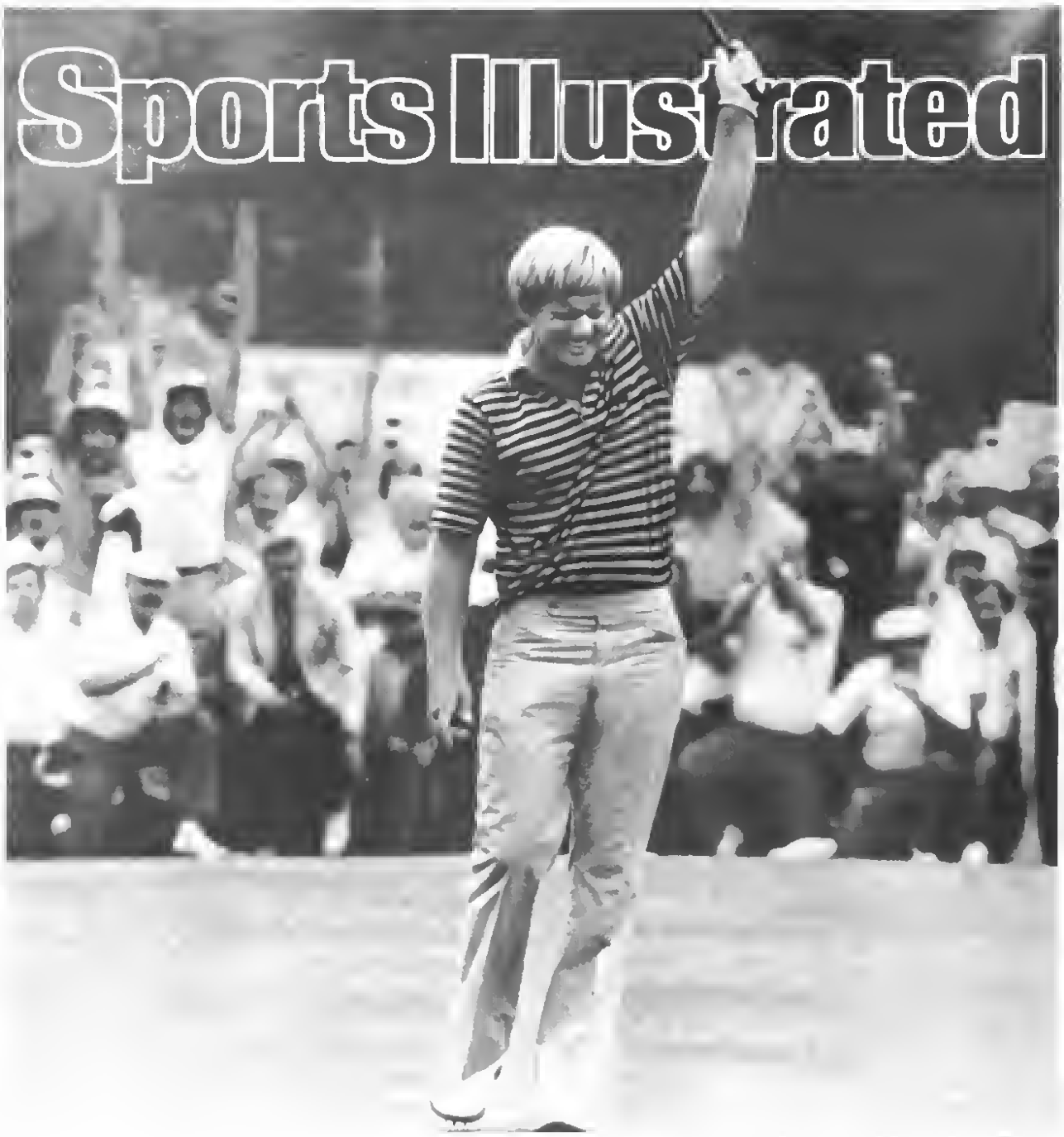
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Photography by Walter Iooss, Jr. for *Sports Illustrated*

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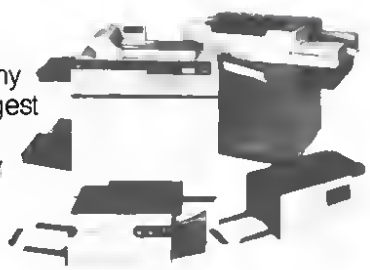
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first inning of his first game with the Cubs, on June 4 in Pittsburgh, Bonds tripped over a seam on the Three Rivers Stadium carpet while chasing a short fly and broke the little finger of his right hand. He hadn't even had a time at bat.

It was time at last for some good luck. A week after his injury, the players struck, so the busted pinkie didn't continue to keep him out of the lineup, there being no lineups anywhere. When play resumed 49 days later, Bonds was ready, and Cubs Manager Joey Amalfitano, who once coached Bonds in San Francisco, was ready to give him his shot. "I told him that if he had any bullets left in the chamber, he'd better fire them," Amalfitano recalls. Bonds came out gunning. After the first three weeks of the new season, he was hitting .271 and had driven in five runs from his cleanup spot and four more from the fifth position in the batting order, and on the whole he has been fielding brilliantly in centerfield. "I told Joey I want to play every day," he said, an expression of his eagerness to dispel his latest bad rap.

Bonds will never completely live down his reputation, and, as an older and presumably wiser man of 35, he knows it. Only Dorian Gray had a worse image, and he earned his. Bonds feels his is undeserved. "It's easy to start a rumor," he says, "but where is the verification? I'd like to meet the individual who has ever seen me take drugs. Yet a thousand people write that I do. I can't say I'm perfect. There are days in everybody's life that shouldn't be remembered. But I ask you, how could I have accomplished what I have if I'd done what people say I've done? First of all, I'd be dead. Some of the things I read and hear about me—the drinking and the dope—scare me. And I hear that I'm a troublemaker. How did that get started? I've never been in a fight with a teammate. Until last year I never complained about anything. I played for the Giants in the '71 playoffs with bad ribs. I played in '75 and '76 with bad knees. After all these years in baseball, people should know that I don't complain. But last year I was hurting. I need strong wrists to hit because I hold the bat low. Last year I couldn't turn a doorknob without feeling pain. I couldn't lift a grocery bag."

Bonds believes, and with good reason, that his uncommon natural ability is as much a curse as a gift because people have always expected so much of him. He was an extraordinary all-round athlete—9.5 sprinter and 25′ 3″ long jumper, football, basketball and baseball star, California High School Athlete of the Year in 1964—at Riverside Polytechnic High in Southern California. He was touted by the Giants, almost from the day of his signing in 1964, as a "new Willie Mays." Unfortunately for him, the old Willie Mays was still very much around when Bonds was called up, midway through the 1968 season, from San Francisco's farm team in Phoenix, where he had hit .370 in 60 games. He broke in as if he were indeed a new Mays, hitting a grand slam in his first game.

Far from being jealous of Mays, Bonds was dependent on him almost to a fault. When the Giants traded Mays to the Mets in 1972, Bonds, outraged by the callousness of it all, lapsed into a season-long depression that caused his batting average to decline from .288 the year before to .259. Even with this bad year, he averaged 31 doubles, 31 homers, 41 stolen bases, 122 runs scored and 89 RBIs in his first five full major league seasons. By then, comparisons with Mays weren't the only accolades Bonds was receiving. After being named MVP in the 1973 All-Star Game, no less than Sparky Anderson said of him, "As of today, Bobby Bonds is the best ballplayer in America."

But the troubles that would fix Bonds's reputation in many minds were already beginning. He was arrested for drunk driving near his home in the San Francisco suburb of San Carlos on Aug. 13, 1973. Three months later he was arrested again for interfering with a police officer, who was citing Bonds's brother, Robert V. Jr., for speeding. That same year, his sister, Rosie, a former holder of the U.S. women's record for the 80-meter hurdles and a member of the 1964 U.S. Olympic team, was arrested and held on suspicion of the murder of a tavern owner. The charges were dropped after a man confessed to the killing.

Misadventures such as these can unhinge the sturdiest among us, and Bonds is an unusually sensitive man. While with the Giants, he thought he was doing everything right. He was playing every day, he was kinder than most athletes to fans and he was a hard worker, virtues that were suddenly overshadowed by his off-field troubles. San Francisco traded him to the Yankees for Bobby Murcer following the '74 season—and he hasn't stopped traveling since.

THE WEEK

(Aug 24-30)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST Two banjo hitters—Rich Dauer and Jose Morales of the Orioles (4–2) came through like bongo drummers as they walloped homers that twice beat the Mariners. Dauer, who has averaged one home run per 23 games during the last five seasons, hit two and drove across five runs as the O's beat Seattle 12–8. Morales, who has averaged one homer per 28 games during eight seasons, jolted the Mariners 6–5 with a three-run shot as a pinch hitter. Also helping to boost Baltimore up to second place were Al Bumbry, who hit .407; Scott McGregor, whose eighth consecutive triumph over California made him 9–3 for the season; and Dennis Martinez, who stopped the Angels 4–3 for his 10th victory.

Detroit (2–5) and Milwaukee (3–3) had trouble scoring. The little oomph in the division-leading Tiger attack was supplied by Kirk Gibson, who batted .500, and by Lance Parrish, whose single in the 10th decked Kansas City 4–3. Jack Morris improved his record to 10–4 by cooling off the Twins 6–1 on Sunday. Cecil Cooper had three RBIs as the Brewers defeated the White Sox 5–4, three more as they downed the Rangers 6–3. Two wins by Pete Vuckovich made him 10–3, and two saves by Rollie Fingers gave him 19.

Until they pummeled the White Sox 12–2 Saturday, the Yankees (4–3) didn't generate much offense either. Bobby Murcer was off his rocker—the one he keeps in the clubhouse. Murcer came through with two pinch hits, a homer in that 12–2 romp and a single in the eighth that beat the Twins 3–2. Ron Guidry (9–3) broke the little finger on his (non-pitching) right hand but continued his superb hurling with six strong innings during a 6–1 triumph over Chicago—eight strikeouts, three hits and one run, which ended his scoreless-inning streak at 23. In 24⅓ innings during Part II, Guidry has given up just the one run and 12 hits while fanning 30 and going 4–0.

Boston (3–3) extended its two-season string of Fenway Park victories over Oakland to 10 by beating the A's three times. Dwight Evans climaxed a comeback from a 5–1 deficit with a two-run homer in the eighth that stunned the A's 6–5 and made a winner of Bob Stanley, who hurled six innings of shutout relief; rookie lefthander Bob Ojeda coasted to his third win in four starts with a 12–5 victory; and Carney Lansford's four RBIs led to a 7–6 win.

Cleveland (5–1) also found a patsy, beating Seattle four times. Bert Blyleven's pitching and Jorge Orta's four RBIs scuttled the Mariners 12–2, and then John Denny won 1–0 with the aid of an RBI single in the ninth

continued

by Rick Manning, who hit .410. Manning also had two hits, scored twice, drove in a run and stole a base as the Indians won again, 7–3. Making it four straight on Sunday was no easy task, for the Indians were outhit 20–16 by the Mariners and trailed 10–4 in the seventh inning before they got into the swing of this slugfest. It took a 10-run eighth-inning uprising to put the Tribe in front for keeps and on the way to a rousing 17–11 triumph. Manning had two hits and Duane Kuiper two runs batted in as Len Barker's three-hitter stopped Oakland 2–0.

It took some help from the opposition for the Blue Jays (1–4) to snap their five-game losing streak. The decisive run in a 4–3 victory over the Royals came when Jorge Bell, who went in to run after Otto Velez had doubled in the eighth inning, scored from third on a passed ball.

DET 12–8 BALT 11–8 MIL 12–9 BOS 10–9
NY 10–10 CLEV 10–11 TOR 8–10

AL WEST For the past few years the Twins (5–2) have had good reason to believe the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. Last week, however, they found that some pretty good blades had sprouted in their own backyard. First Baseman Kent Hrbek, 21, who grew up right there in Bloomington, and Catcher Tim Laudner, 23, who's from the Twin Cities suburb of Brooklyn Center. Both homered in their first big league games. Hrbek hit his in the 12th to defeat New York 3–2 at Yankee Stadium; Laudner went Hrbek one better, becoming the third player ever to homer in each of his first two contests. (The other two: Joe Cunningham for the Cardinals in 1954, and Joe Lefebvre for the Yankees last season.) Hrbek was the Class A California League's MVP this year, batting .380 and slugging 27 homers, Laudner led the AA Southern League with 42 home runs, the most by anyone in organized baseball. The Twins started a three-game sweep of the Tigers with a 4–3 win on four runs in the bottom of the ninth, the final pair on Pete Mackanin's two-out single.

Jerry Koosman, who grew up in Appleton, Minn., gave the Twins a further boost with two saves. Koosman, 37, only so-so (3–9, 5.01 ERA) as a starter this year, may have found a new career in the bullpen. During the second season he has picked up five saves and has not allowed an earned run in 15 innings of relief. But on Sunday the Twins traded Koosman to Chicago (2–4) for $150,000, two minor leaguers and a player to be named later. Koosman agreed to the deal after the White Sox extended his contract through 1982 and gave him a $100,000 signing bonus. Chicago's Dennis Lamp had a no-hitter for eight innings, but Robin Yount led off the ninth for the Brewers with a bloop double. Lamp was a 5–1 winner. Britt Burns ran his string of scoreless innings to 24 and lowered his ERA to 2.39, second in the league to Lamp, when he shut out the Yankees for seven innings before rain interrupted play. When the game resumed, Greg Luzinski hit a three-run homer minutes before another deluge ended the contest and gave reliever Lamarr Hoyt a 3–1 victory.

The Texas (4–2) bullpen got a chance to rest, thanks to three straight complete-game wins in a row: Doc Medich and Ferguson Jenkins won 3–0 and 6–1, respectively, in Toronto, and Danny Darwin held off Milwaukee 5–1. Powering the offense were Al Oliver, who hit .375, and Buddy Bell, who batted .545 and had seven RBIs, giving him a league-leading 56.

Reliever Dan Quisenberry of the Royals (4–2) had his hitless streak broken after 11⅓ innings but notched two saves. Three hom-

continued





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ers by Willie Aikens and a pair of game-winning hits by seldom-used Rance Mulliniks also perked up Kansas City. "Hal McRae calls me Mascot," Mulliniks pointed out. "He says I'm here on scholarship. Well, maybe I've earned it now."

The Angels (4–2) stole seven bases during an 8–7 triumph over the Red Sox, but it was not until Bobby Grich singled in the 10th that the outcome was settled. That was one of nine RBIs for Grich, who connected for four home runs. Rick Burleson batted .476. California defeated Baltimore 7–1 on Sunday behind Andy Hassler's five innings of sparkling relief and three home runs by the Angels.

Oakland's 3.14 ERA is the league's best, but the A's (2–4) were shelled once again at Fenway Park, where their ERA is a blimpy 6.43. Despite outbombering the Red Sox 6–1, the A's lost to them 6–5, 12–5 and 7–6 before winning their first in 11 tries there, 5–3, thanks to three more homers. Before coming east, Oakland floored Cleveland 16–4 with a 20-hit, three-homer assault.

The Mariners (0–6) had a 10-game losing streak that dropped them from second all the way to seventh. Seattle couldn't blame Richie Zisk, who hit .474 and raised his season's average to .342, the highest in the league.

CHI 10–9 KC 10–10 TEX 9–9 CAL 9–9
OAK 9–9 MINN 9–12 SEA 7–13

NL WEST

"We want the day to come when other teams say, 'The Padres are the smartest team in baseball,' " said San Diego General Manager Jack McKeon. "We have to teach our young players how to do all the little things it takes to win the close games." Little things, big things, the Padres (1–6) had difficulty doing any of them right as they dropped four one-run contests and lowered their record in that category to 6–22. Only three Padres were productive: Luis Salazar, whose .500 week raised his average to .313; Juan Bonilla, who batted .393; and Ruppert Jones, who drove in seven runs. Those three players combined for seven hits on Sunday as San Diego snapped its seven-game losing streak by knocking off the Cardinals 9–6.

Manager Frank Robinson came down hard on the Giants (5–2) for failing to concentrate and for being picked off bases. One of several players who took exception to the scolding was Jack Clark, who said of Robinson, "He's made a lot of managing mistakes, but nobody gets down on *him*." Clark's four RBIs beat the Pirates 5–4 in 13 innings, Ed Whitson's four-hitter subdued Pittsburgh 5–1 and Tom Griffin blanked the Bucs 5–0.

The Dodgers (5–2) didn't need any lectures. In fact, they played the kind of ball teams such as the Padres dream of: They made just four errors, pulled off 12 double plays and stole six bases. Hitting? Los Angeles had plenty, including .316 batting by the pitchers and a .467, seven-RBI week by Ron Cey. Pitching? The Dodgers got a five-hit shutout from Burt Hooton and a four-hitter from Fernando Valenzuela, Hooton's second straight whitewashing being a 3–0 win at Pittsburgh. Valenzuela struck out 10 Cubs in a 6–0 victory, his sixth shutout.

Art Howe was the main cog in the Houston (5–2) offense, driving in five runs as the Astros bombed the Mets 9–3 and hammering two doubles in a 6–1 defeat of Philadelphia. Howe also doubled in the ninth and scored the tying run against Philadelphia on a single by Harry Spilman; Houston won that game 3–2 in the 10th on a two-bagger by Tony Scott and a single by Craig Reynolds. A couple of pitchers named Smith helped account for a doubleheader sweep of the Phils, Dave Smith went the final 2⅔ innings in the 6–1 opener, and Billy Smith worked the first seven innings of the 2–1 nightcap, kept Philly scoreless and won his first major league start. The Astros wrapped up a four-game sweep of the Phillies by winning 5–4 when Jose Cruz drove in the tie-breaker in the 10th that left Houston tied for first with San Francisco, Los Angeles and Atlanta.

Five RBIs by Chris Chambliss and a grand slam by Bruce Benedict powered the Braves (3–3) past the Phillies 12–2. "You wanna talk some hitting?" Pete Rose of the Phils yelled to Atlanta rookie Brett Butler. After listening to Rose for 30 minutes, Butler led off the game with a triple and then singled in a run in the 10th as the Braves prevailed 5–3.

Bruce Berenyi fanned 23 Mets in two outings, but because of feeble hitting by the Reds (they batted .224 while losing four of seven games), the best he could do was split: a 2–0 victory and a 3–2 loss. Tom Seaver slapped out two hits of his own and drove in a run while beating New York 5–2.

SF 12–8 ATL 12–8 LA 12–8
HOU 12–8 CIN 9–10 SD 4–17

NL EAST

"Right now there's nothing to laugh about in Mudville, but it will all come together," philosophized Steve Rogers of the Expos (5–1) after two errors cost him a 2–1 loss to the Braves two weeks ago. Immediately thereafter, it all *did* come together for Montreal. The fielders made only two errors, the hitters bit, the runners zipped around the bases and the pitchers were tagged for only four runs. Gary Carter went 7 for 10 with 11 RBIs during a three-game sweep of Cincinnati in which the Expos outscored the Reds 27–1. Bill Gullickson blanked Cincy 6–0, and Ray Burris gave up only one hit in eight innings as he defeated the Reds 12–0. Rogers made it three straight shutouts when he held off Atlanta 3–0. Tim Raines, who like Carter had an injured ankle, missed two games but stole seven bases in the other four. That gave Raines 61 stolen bases, the most ever by a rookie. Andre Dawson also was on the go, stealing six bases and raising his total to 22.

Although Garry Templeton was suspended indefinitely (*page 28*), the Cardinals (5–2) clung to first place. Mike Ramsey replaced Templeton at shortstop, turned in a number of dazzling fielding plays and also drove in two vital runs during a 6–5 victory in San Diego. Keith Hernandez hit .444 and George Hendrick spiced his .433 spree with nine RBIs, one on a homer in the 13th that knocked off the Padres 3–2. Venerable Jim Kaat pitched 3⅓ innings of runless relief, won twice and improved his record to 6–2.

"I've never been in a pennant race before in September," said reliever Neil Allen of the Mets (3–4) near the end of August. Allen kept New York in contention with his 12th and 13th saves. Mike Marshall picked up two victories, the first when Mookie Wilson homered in the eighth to beat Houston 2–1. Stolen bases by Lee Mazzilli, Alex Trevino and Frank Taveras all led to runs as the Mets downed the Reds 3–2.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GARY CARTER: Despite a bruised muscle in his right ankle, the Montreal catcher batted .444, drove across 13 runs and hit his 10th, 11th and 12th homers of the season, one of them a grand slam against Cincinnati.

Even the Cubs (5–2) got into the act, climbing into a tie for second place for a day. Chicago overcame San Diego 9–8, tying the score with two out in the ninth on Bill Buckner's two-run single and winning in the 11th on Mike Tyson's double. Buckner, often criticized for failing to drive in runs, had two other big ribbies during a 3–1 triumph in Los Angeles. The Cubs even hit some homers. Leon Durham slugged two—the first ending an 82-inning homer drought—in a 9–7 win over the Padres. Rookie Jody Davis had three hits and drove in both runs as Doug Bird and Dick Tidrow combined to defeat the Dodgers 2–1 on Sunday.

"I know the guys are down, but I'm not sure they're angry enough," said Harding Peterson, the executive vice-president of the Pirates (0–7), who fell into the cellar. The Phillies—at least Manager Dallas Green—were plenty angry, but it didn't help. "For your language and actions, including making physical contact with and removing the hat and kicking same of Umpire Steve Fields . . . you are hereby suspended for five games . . . and fined $1,000." That was the telegram Green received from the league office after disputing a call by Fields during a game the Phillies (1–6) took from the Braves 7–5 on Manny Trillo's homer in the 13th.

ST.L 12–6 MONT 11–7 CHI 11–9
NY 11–9 PHIL 6–13 PITT 6–15



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It's the Shoe by a nose

Through most of last week at Arlington Park in Chicago's outer suburbs, it appeared that the recipe for an Instant Classic went like this: take $1 million, 14 assorted thoroughbreds accustomed to running on grass and add water. So copiously did the last ingredient fall from the sky, at one point it seemed that trench warfare, not horse racing, would be the most suitable activity on Sunday, Arlington Million Day. And on the road to Arlington, indeed, the equine casualty list had overtones of World War I as, one by one, the star-quality grass horses from Europe and the U.S. that had been scheduled to appear were reported missing and hastily drafted recruits were flung in to plug the front line.

Which, cynics might say, is what you get when you try to buy your way to glory, as Joseph F. Joyce Jr. did last year when he announced that Arlington Park would host the richest thoroughbred horse race in history. Joyce, president of the track, was, in effect, speaking for the parent Madison Square Garden Corporation and its financial muscle—he is also a senior vice-president there—when he declared $1 million at stake, with $600,000 going to the winner. The finest thoroughbreds in the world would be winnowed out, so that the final 14 runners would represent the best everywhere.

AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME, thundered the publicists. Horse racing is a sport with a global following, and up there in the sky, all those satellites were a-twinkling, waiting to flash the international Arlington Million, not just to the U.S. and Europe, but to Hong Kong and Australia. It would be the ultimate race.

It was a fine idea on paper, but in a corner, that curmudgeonly old figure, Boring Old Reality, muttered that few of the best American horses liked to run on grass, and that money alone was unlikely to deflect the finest European thoroughbreds from the Arc de Triomphe to be held in Paris only five weeks after the Million. And isn't there a race called the Washington, D.C. International, based on a similar global concept, that has been running since 1952 but has never set the racing world ablaze?

In the run-up to the Million it looked increasingly as if the old grouch was going to be proved right. Temperence Hill, who had robbed Spectacular Bid of the Triple Crown by winning the Belmont in 1980, ran in New York two weeks ago in a minor grass race, to check out what the stuff was like—and came in next to last. Scratch Temperence Hill. Then Bold Tropic and Caterman, both running in California but representing, respectively, South Africa and New Zealand, injured themselves. Scratch them.

The next to drop out was the top English entry, To-Agori-Mou, whose trainer announced that his horse was really a miler and that Arlington's mile and a quarter didn't suit him. Then Premio Nobel, a Chilean horse, developed a fever, In Fijar, from France, started to cough, and Sea Chimes, from England, kicked a hole in his stall and injured a leg.

Bill Shoemaker rode John Henry, the favorite, to a hairbreadth win over 40–1 shot The Bart in the Arlington Million

All of which led to alarums and excursions, as well as a trauma-induced transatlantic call to Sean Shelley, who works for Peden's International Transport, a kind of travel agency for horses. It was 8:30 p.m. in London, Friday, Aug. 21, barely eight days before the race, when Sean was told to immediately make arrangements to get a Saudi-owned, English-trained horse, Bel Bolide, aboard the London-Chicago flight on Tuesday.

"I knew I had large problems," said Shelley, with admirable restraint. To begin with, he had to obtain U.S. visas for the grooms and blood tests for the horse. He solved the first problem by persuading his girl friend to stand in the long visa line outside the U.S. Embassy in Grosvenor Square. Meantime, Shelley arranged the other paper work and the blood tests. On Tuesday, Bel Bolide made his flight.

But Shelley's troubles were far from over, as he discovered when he arrived at Arlington at 5 a.m. on *continued*



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Urged on by Shoemaker's active whip, John Henry (left) was really eating up the grass in the stretch

Wednesday. Now, Shelley learned, he was required to arrange Illinois licenses for nine grooms, assorted jockeys, owners and trainers—a total of 35. (Two other English-trained horses, Madam Gay and Fingal's Cave, as well as a couple of 2-year-olds were shipped out on the same flight.)

There was no quick end to his problems, either. He was out at Chicago's O'Hare airport early last Sunday morning to meet Lester Piggott, who was flying in just hours before the race to ride Madam Gay. Piggott, who enjoys the same kind of seniority and prestige in English racing that Bill Shoemaker does in the U.S., had to be photographed and then interviewed by the Illinois stewards before he could be declared *persona grata*. "I hope they streamline the paper work in future," said Shelley with feeling.

To many observers, indeed, it seemed a great deal of trouble to go through for the likes of Bel Bolide and Madam Gay, neither of whom is rated highly in English racing circles, though the latter, a filly of uneven performance, won the Prix de Diane this season and ran second to the great Shergar in the King George VI Stakes at Ascot in July.

Of the other Europeans, there was Argument, the French colt who last year won the Washington, D.C. International and was narrowly beaten in the Arc, but who fared poorly in 1981. And there was Fingal's Cave, who was notoriously ineffective in heavy going, which seemed likely to be underfoot on Sunday. But all of them were overshadowed by a U.S. horse who, so his exercise rider said, "gallops like an old cow." This was Luis Cenicola, and he was speaking of John Henry, America's finest grass horse. But Cenicola meant nothing derogatory. "Other horses are tough on themselves," he went on, meaning that John Henry works superlatively well on the right occasions—he had won a career $1,864,510 and threatened both Affirmed's $2,393,818 and Spectacular Bid's record $2,781,607.

Only the rain, it seemed, could stop John Henry. "The only trouble is the condition of the track," said assistant trainer Eduardo Inda, pointing out that John Henry has always had a firm grass surface in California. Nevertheless, the late-week odds in London went from 7–2 to 2–1. At the same time, the odds on Arlington's favorite son, Rossi Gold, had been shortened by proud Chicagoans to 6–1 at Ladbrokes of London.

Inda mentioned Paul Mellon's Key to Content—like Rossi Gold a big, strong horse—as John Henry's biggest competition. "He loves the wet," said Inda.

On Saturday, however, something strange happened in Arlington. The sun came out. And when it continued to shine on Sunday, the odds firmed yet again on John Henry—in London they had moved to 7–4, and at the track to 9–5. There had also been more attrition in the ranks. First the Canadian horse, Ben Fab, was scratched, and then that cosseted traveler, Bel Bolide, dropped out because of an abscessed hoof, which must have yielded a moment of exquisite irony to the beleaguered Shelley. By post time the grass had dried out a little, but it was still tall enough to make a good cash crop if cut for hay. "Favors the Europeans," Shoemaker said in the paddock before he swung his leg over John Henry. As it happened, Shoemaker was within about an eighth of an inch of needing that alibi.

After John Henry broke—he had drawn the outside position—he was away wide and in eighth place at the first turn. Battling it out for the lead were Key to Content and a 40–1 shot, Kentucky-bred The Bart.

"I thought I'd be lying second or third, not that far away," Shoemaker said after the race, and trainer Ron McAnally agreed. "I didn't want him to go out on the pace," McAnally said, "but I didn't want him *that* far back."

It wasn't until the last bend that John Henry came into contention, charging through an inside gap that Piggott and Madam Gay had opened. At that point, Shoemaker said, he thought he would win handily—"There was an awful lot of horse still left in The Bart, but I thought I would be going in front easy."

He didn't, and right up to the wire the bright red silks of Eddie Delahoussaye on The Bart stayed in the lead. If the Arlington Million had looked at times like a great brouhaha over nothing much, the great stretch run at the end made up for a lot. "I thought I nipped him at the wire," Shoemaker said, but nobody else at Arlington Park could be even that certain until the finish photo was examined. It showed there wasn't much more than one horse's hot breath in front—and that breath was John Henry's.

Whatever happens in the future to Arlington's Million, his hard-earned $600,000 took John Henry's career earnings to $2,464,510 and put the Bid's record in jeopardy. John Henry—"Jack" to his trainer—now goes back to California and a rest. The horse, in fact, turned out greater than the race. **END**

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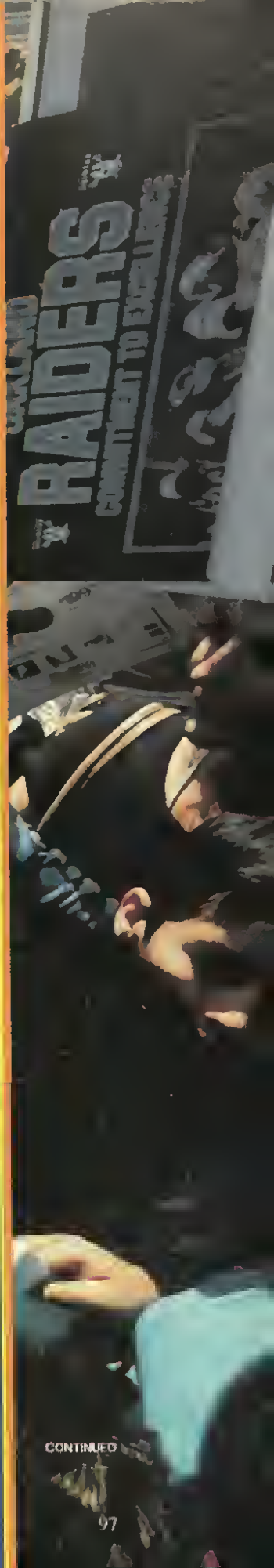

RAIDERS
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In the Eye of the Storm

Through epic ups and downs—Rose Bowl hero to battered pro to Super Bowl MVP ringed by his admirers—Jim Plunkett has kept his head

by **Rick Telander**



CONTINUED

Jim Plunkett

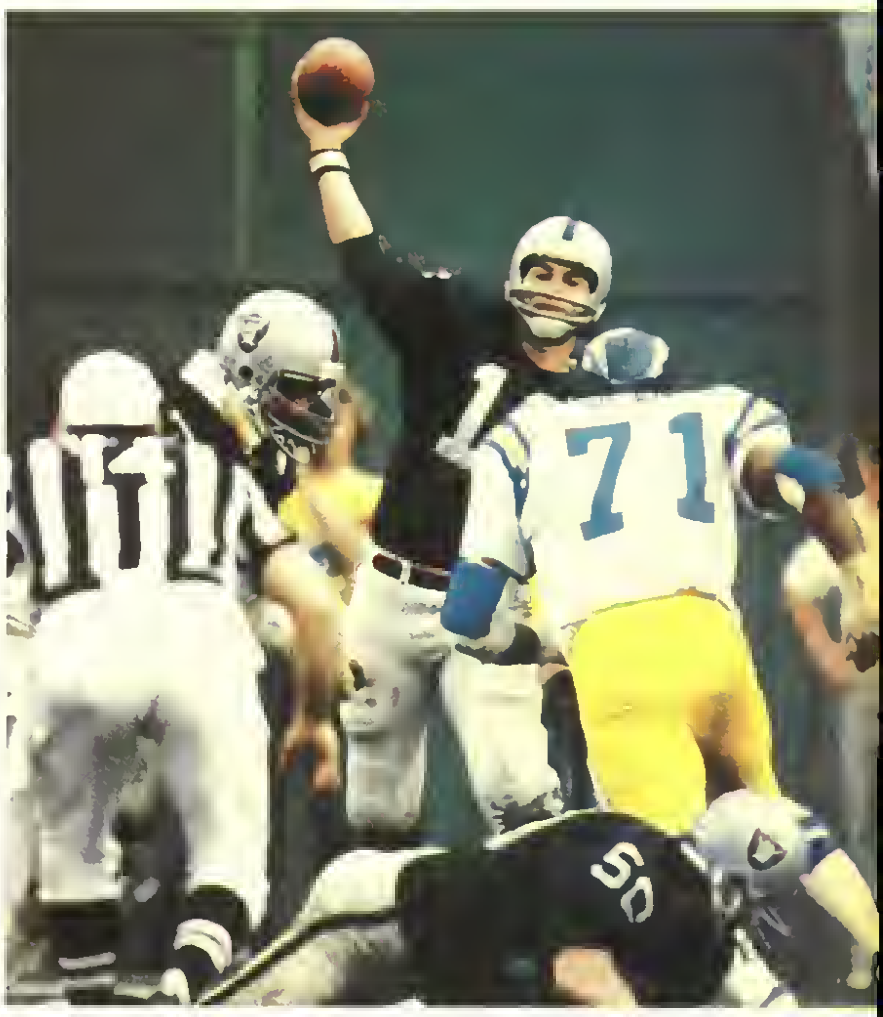
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It all comes down to perspective, really, to understanding and angle. Thus, seen through the screen of Jim Plunkett's kitchen door, Harry, the Japanese gardener, seems to be harvesting a bumper crop of lemons. He picks them, plump and green, from Plunkett's favorite tree near the swimming pool and drops them into a plastic sack. But the lemons aren't for squeezing or selling. The "harvest" isn't what it appears to be.

The Mediterranean fruit fly may have spread to Atherton, Calif., which is 25 miles southeast of San Francisco, and the lemons could be infested with Medfly eggs. Plunkett's lemons will soon join the other sacks of fruit lining the curbs of his fashionable neighborhood, to be carted off and buried by National Guardsmen. Later, a huge swath of land in the Santa Clara Valley will be sprayed from the air with Malathion.

Viewed from outside, Plunkett, seated heavily at the kitchen table, could be assumed to be mourning the loss of his lemons or wondering why Harry is whistling as he strips the trees, or at least brooding about the coming dousing with the insecticide, which some of the local residents fear may be harmful to humans. But he isn't. The lemons must go; that's that. We're talking about obeying the law, about $500 fines and/or up to six months in jail.

Some of the locals are carrying placards and threatening sabotage if the government sprays. Not Plunkett. He believes in law and order, in the best sense of the words. In 1966, when he was a heavily recruited senior at James Lick High School in San Jose, Plunkett wanted to stay near his parents, both of whom were blind, so he reduced his choices to Stanford, in Palo Alto, and the University of California, in Berkeley. He soon ruled out Cal, however, because the student protest movement had already begun there and that wouldn't be a good atmosphere for a hard-core jock like him. And now, regarding this Malathion—hadn't some state official drunk a glass of the stuff (diluted with water), crossed his eyes and stuck out his tongue for the cameras and proclaimed, by God, there's nothing wrong with me?



Oakland's giant front line and skillful receivers are ideally suited to Plunkett's long-ball game.

No, Plunkett's thoughts are far beyond fruit and politics.

"There was a baseball player at USC a while ago, a really good pitcher," he says, watching Harry reach for a high cluster. "He was great, a sure thing. But after school he bounced around in the minors, and he never made it to the big leagues. One day they found him on the pitcher's mound at SC's Bovard Field with his diploma and an NCAA baseball award with him. He'd shot himself."

Jim Plunkett, dark-haired, dark-eyed, gap-toothed but appealing, Dondi at age 33, drums his fingers on the table. There was a time when he was down low enough to at least view at eye level the netherworld which could give rise to such an idea.

"It's a shame that that pitcher couldn't live without succeeding," he continues, "but obviously there was nothing more

important to him. He hadn't come to any realizations about life yet. A few years ago I was very depressed, too—in 1978, after the 49ers cut me. But then I started to get things in perspective. I realized that a home life and the company of friends and your family are very important things. I realized there are things to talk about other than football. That doesn't mean the game becomes less important. When you screw up on the field, you'll always die for a minute. You throw an interception, the team loses, and it kills you for a while. But that's good because it shows what the game means to you. But then you've got to let it go. You've got to bounce back."

So here we are already in the heart of sports clichédom—the bounce back, the comeback, the limp back, the crawl back, the return-from-the-dead back. These returns, of course, are sometimes authentic, but that depends mostly on perspective. It's illuminating to point out that whenever Jim Plunkett speaks of his own comeback—from Whipped Dog to Super Bowl Hero—he does so in mechanical, almost dazed tones, as though repeating lines banded him by a theatrical but earnest P.R. man. Plunkett was named the NFL's Comeback Player of the Year in 1980, but it's clear as he talks that he isn't certain he *has* come back. Coming back means having first gone somewhere else and he's not sure where he went or even that he left at all.

A comeback implies change in a person, not his surroundings, and Plunkett's line about his new perspective notwithstanding, he's still the same shy person from a poor section of San Jose that he was when he won the Heisman Trophy in 1970. Why, even his hands, unadorned except for a tarnished Stanford football letterman ring, take one back a decade. He's been confused and hurt and unwanted and even afraid—but gone, dead, no good?

"People think I went from being a bad quarterback to being a good one," he says now. "I didn't. I've always been a good quarterback. It's just like when O.J. first went to Buffalo. Everybody said he was a failure, but he just didn't have a team that could let him do what he could do best. Or like at L.A. now—they're good enough it doesn't matter who the quarterback is.

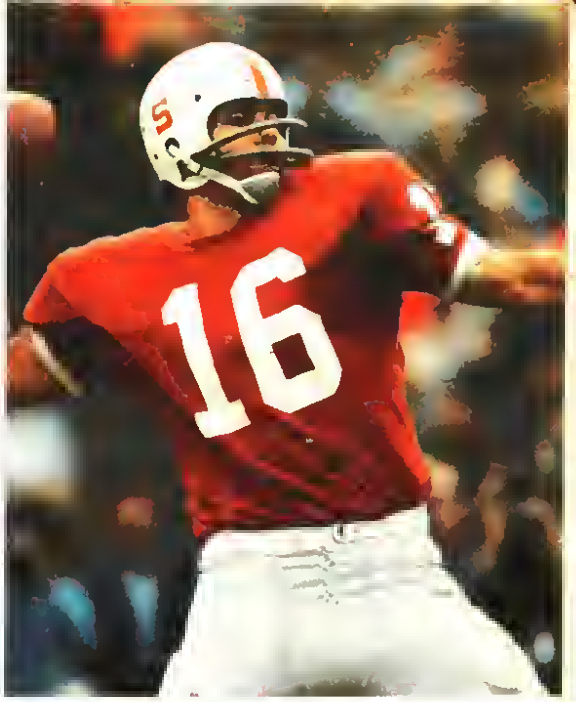
"It's the *situation* that has changed. My career wouldn't have had all these peaks and valleys if I'd been with Oakland for 10 years. You know who I feel for? I feel for Archie Manning. He's a nice guy and a hell of a quarterback, and if he'd been with Pittsburgh all along and Bradshaw had been with the Saints, Archie would be the star and Pittsburgh still would have won those Super Bowls. It's the team you're with that matters."

Plunkett drums his fingers again. Harry is gone and the sun is dipping below the pine and walnut trees out back. Plunkett's girl friend, Gerry LaVelle, with whom he has been living for several years, is busy in another room preparing clothes for a fashion show she's putting on at Stanford the next day. Lively and athletic, Gerry is at ease in a way the brooding, easily rattled Plunkett seldom is. Raised in Cleveland, Gerry met Plunkett in the mid-'70s in Boston while he was still with the Patriots. The two are protective of each other—Plunkett was upset when news of their living arrangement nearly kept Gerry from being accepted into a women's club; it's Gerry's recorded voice that answers Plunkett's phone—but they also play with each other's foibles. During Plunkett's bad days Gerry would sometimes announce his entrance into a room by saying, "Here comes old Crabby."

Still, Plunkett is never comfortable plumbing his depths for others. Though always courteous (he won a congeniality award from Boston press photographers while he was with New England), he grows edgy during interviews, chopping his words, sometimes falling silent because, he says, he can't bear talking about himself anymore.

If he has difficulty with the notion of

continued



At Stanford, Plunkett set NCAA passing marks.



For five years with the Patriots and two with the 49ers, Plunkett was both bloody and bowed.



a comeback, he has no problem contemplating frustration and failure, the imminent collapse of things, guilt. Players have realized this about Plunkett. Says Raider Safety Burgess Owens, "I've always felt all he needed was to be a little cocky." Or as John Ralston, Plunkett's head coach at Stanford, once said, "Jim has taken so many blows from life he just can't get hold of a normal view of the world."

"Am I tired of all this?" Plunkett says, meaning the mythmaking, the Comeback, the media barrage (his picture is on the cover of at least five magazines this month), the dissection of his life. "Yes. No. I'm tired of being called Cinderella. I'm very tired of that. But the press has to write about something, don't they? I'm not upset. They can call it a comeback or anything they waot." He nods his head in thought. He has latched on to an obvious perspective.

"You know," he says, "I could have failed in that first game against the Chargers."

Indeed. It was Oct. 12 of last year, and the Raiders were 2–3 and heading nowhere. San Diego was in first place in the AFC West. Dan Pastorini, Oakland's first-string quarterback, had broken a leg the week before, and rookie Quarterback Marc Wilson was too green to send io. That left the Raiders with Plunkett, the shell-shocked vet who hadn't started a game in 2½ years, who in 1978 had been picked off the NFL scrap heap by the Raiders when no other team wanted him. Called gun-shy, paranoid, conservative, damaged and finished at times during the previous five years, Plunkett seemed to be on a permanent R&R program at Oakland, a plan designed by Managing General Partner Al Davis tbat seemed to have little purpose other than to soothe the player's psychic and bodily wounds before a quiet release into civilian life.





For Jim and Gerry the good life means flowers, fine wine and music at home in Atherton.

But Plunkett performed masterfully against San Diego, completing 11 of 14 passes. One pass went for a touchdown and Plunkett threw no interceptions as tbe Raiders won 38–24. With Plunkett in charge Oakland won its next five games and 12 of its next 14, including the AFC championship rematch against San Diego. Plunkett threw deep, be threw short, he ran for critical first downs, he was on a roll.

And then, two weeks after the San Diego win, Plunkett was sitting in the Super Bowl locker room in New Orleans, victorious, the champion of the world, Up from Nowhere, King for a Day, the Most Valuable Player of the game with 13 completions in 21 attempts for 261 yards, no interceptions and three toucbdowns (including a Super Bowl record 80-yarder to Kenny King) in tbe Raiders' 27–10 victory over Philadelphia. All around him were his loudly celebrating teammates: 6′ 8″, 275-pound John Matuszak, who once slugged a man a foot shorter and 100 pounds lighter than be; Lester Hayes, the human glue jar; Bob Chandler, the frail, golden-tressed White Boy; verbose graybeard Gene Upshaw, according to some a future mayor of Oakland; Al Davis, the genius-villain boss with the Lords of Flatbush hairdo and tbe L.A. eyes.

And then the press came in, and Plunkett, alone on his stool with his knowledge and his perspective, cringed.

"I'll never forget it," says a reporter who was there. "He looked grim, almost haunted. He was just sitting there with all these people around, and I actually felt sorry for him."

Plunkett doesn't like publicity, but more than that he doesn't like fitting facts to themes, or being singled out for praise after a team effort. The hero-comeback stories, he well knew, were already written, except for his obligatory quotes. He could never convince people of his certainty that *he* was the same, that he was "just playing with better people."

"I'm happy," he told the newsmen finally, weakly. "Believe me. I'm just not very good at showing how I feel."

Part of the problem, if it can be called that, is that Plunkett has always had his

continued

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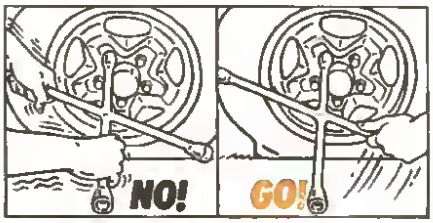
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past crowding him, oozing over him like Muzak. Just for a moment imagine you're a college sports information director and Plunkett is on your team. Could there be a simpler job? Your star quarterback, 6′ 3″, 204 pounds, redshirted his sophomore year after recovering from suspected cancer, now as a senior leads the team to a Rose Bowl victory over heavily favored Ohio State and is named the game's MVP. It's the first time in 19 years that your school has even been to a postseason game. In his three-year varsity career the quarterback has completed 55% of his passes for 7,544 yards and 52 touchdowns. His career total offense (7,887 yards) and career yards per game (254.4) are both NCAA records. (The per-game record still stands.)

A first team All-America, the quarterback is named the 1970 collegiate player of the year by nearly everyone who dispenses such honors. He wins the Maxwell Award and the Heisman Trophy and is named Player of the Game in the Hula Bowl.

Moreover, the bright young man (a B student in political science) is the son of impoverished Mexican-American parents. The father, who worked at a newsstand in the San Jose post office and was legally blind, died in the young man's junior year. The mother, blind since she fell ill at age 20, cannot work. To help support the family (there are two older sisters), the quarterback has worked long hours as a grocery sacker, a construction laborer, an odd-job man. He also contributes toward his own education because Stanford athletic scholarships at this time don't cover books and school fees. Though the quarterback lives on campus in a jock fraternity house, he visits his mother most weekends at her home in San Jose, walking with her and describing clouds and colors to her.

No wonder the press was moved to hyperbole. In 1971, for example, Roger Kahn wrote that Plunkett was "anachronistic, an Alger figure in the era of Nixonian despair."

Plunkett's senior season, 1970, was called the Year of the Quarterback. Archie Manning, Dan Pastorini, Rex Kern, Joe Theismann, Scott Hunter, Ken Anderson, Chuck Hixson and Lynn Dickey all were seniors enjoying fine seasons. Competition for the Heisman Trophy was unusually fierce, with certain schools running pushy, almost garish campaigns on behalf of their candidates. At Stanford, however, the hype was subdued.

"We could have made it maudlin, a real carnival, using a family situation like that," says Stanford Associate Athletic Director Gary Cavalli, who worked in the school's sports information office then. "But we kept it very low-key, because we knew the kind of guy Jim was and it was only fair to him. Still, he was very embarrassed with the limited campaign we did put out—just a small brochure listing his accomplishments."

One thing is certain: If your life appears to be a cliché, its truth is obscured. For example, Plunkett's childhood is always described as "deprived." It probably was hard and certainly it was odd—John Ralston remembers visiting the household and seeing Mr. Plunkett with his face six inches away from the TV screen, complaining that he couldn't see anything—but deprived it may not have been.

Plunkett himself has always claimed that his childhood was "wonderful," that it gave him strength and pleasure. Jack Ditz, a San Francisco housebuilder who became a sort of big brother to Plunkett after Jim's father died, believes him. "Sure, the house was small," Ditz says. "But the love was there. People always say, 'Isn't it remarkable that Jim was able to rise above the problem of two blind parents?' But isn't it obvious that those parents were the reason he rose in the first place?"

And the cancer scare—the "malignant" tumor doctors removed from Plunkett's neck when he was 18, only to discover that the lump was benign—Plunkett's handling of that has always been pointed to as an example of his inherent courage. In fact, Plunkett speaks of the episode—of not knowing whether he would wake up from surgery (surgery his parents had to talk him into), or if he did, whether he would ever engage in sports again—almost completely in terms of fear. Indeed, Plunkett was alert at the beginning of the operation, but after watching the doctor make a couple of practice swipes with the scalpel, he passed out.

There were fortunate things that happened, too, but they have received less attention. It was lucky, for instance, that John Ralston quickly appraised Plunkett—a cannon-like arm, great strength, fine judgment—and changed Stanford's

continued

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You'd expect a good motor oil to protect your engine from wear in normal driving, because protection is motor oil's most important job. Shell Fire & Ice also protects your engine from excessive wear that can occur when driving conditions get tough. Here's how.

Beats the heat test

Among other tests, our scientists put Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 Moror Oil through a 64-hour heat test in a regular



Hot engine runs safely with oil at 300°F, manifold at 1200°F

car engine. They ran the engine until it was so hot the exhaust manifolds glowed cherry red. Yet when the engine was examined later, there were no signs of abnormal wear.

Your engine will probably never undergo such extreme heat, but the Shell lab tests prove that Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 does protect engines when the going gets hot.

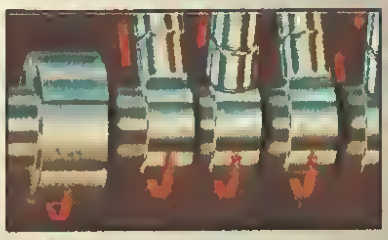
Protects cold engines

Starting up and driving without the right oil in a cold engine can be damaging, because only certain oils flow well enough at low temperatures to protect critical engine parts. Shell Fire & Ice multigrade oils contain two important viscosity modifiers that allow the oils to remain pumpable at temperatures as low as −5°F.

To show that Shell Fire & Ice works in the cold, Shell actually froze a car in a huge block of ice. When the key was turned, the engine cranked immediately and roared to life in just four seconds.

Takes a hammering

Some of your engine's moving parts have so much pressure exerted on them that the oil film separating them can be broken. To protect these parts from excessive wear, Shell Fire & Ice contains an additive that helps form



Additive helps protect cam lobes and lifters

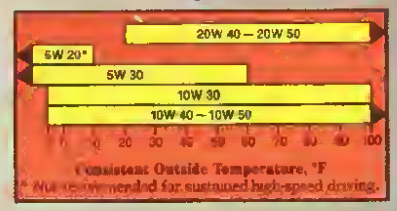
a coating tough enough to take any pounding the engine can give and lasts until it's time to change your oil again.

Increases efficiency

Shell Fire & Ice is also formulated to save energy in your engine by reducing drag with a special friction modifier. The increased efficiency may result in improved mileage depending on your car and how you drive.

Choose the multigrade that's right for you

Shell Fire & Ice is available in SAE 10W-40 and 10W-50 weights. The chart below shows both can be used in a wide climate range.



Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 gives your car a combination of year-round protection and fuel efficiency. Shell Fire & Ice Super 10W-50 is preferred for trailer-towing, vans, recreational vehicles, and high temperatures.

Both are formulated to protect your engine from excessive wear when the going gets tough.

Come to Shell for answers

Jim Plunkett

continued



Stanford is Plunkett's bench mark of happiness.

sprint-out offense to a pro-style, drop-back setup. It was lucky that Plunkett had a technician like Dick Vermeil, now the coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, as his quarterback coach. It was lucky, also, that Plunkett played in a climate perfect for the passing game and had two outstanding receivers in Tight End Bob Moore and Flanker Randy Vataha, who later played 15 years of pro ball between them.

It even seemed lucky when Plunkett was the first player taken in the 1971 NFL draft, even though he went to New England, the worst team in the league. That first season Plunkett played well, guiding the Patriots on every single offensive down (an NFL first) and throwing for 19 touchdowns, the third-most ever by a rookie. The team finished 6–8, its best record in five years, and Plunkett was named NFL Rookie of the Year.

Shortly after that, though, reality set in. The Pats were, in truth, a bad team, and they began to play that way. Plunkett was sacked, battered, trampled. His interceptions went up, his effectiveness down. (Isn't it interesting, and doesn't it say something about our need to even out life's gifts, that the best college players must go to the worst pro teams, thereby virtually guaranteeing "comebacks" or at least heartbreak, as well as grist for the sports pages? Until last year, for example, Plunkett, Manning and Pastorini, the first three players drafted after the Year of the Quarterback, had performed in a total of just four playoff games in a combined 27 years in the NFL.)

Then in 1973 Chuck Fairbanks replaced John Mazur as New England's head coach. Direct from the University of Oklahoma, Fairbanks had notions of putting some Sooner-style option plays into the Patriot attack, with Plunkett leading the way. Two knee and three left-shoulder operations later, Plunkett was a changed man.

He had become jumpy and tentative on the field, partly hobbled, sometimes ducking blows that never came. He had been humbled, NFL-style; but, different from most NFL stars, he had never been cocky. Many NFL insiders still point to Fairbanks' experiment with Plunkett—the coach once told him to run the option just after Plunkett had returned from having a pin inserted in his left shoulder; he was blind-sided and the pin popped out of the bone—as being the single most damaging incident in Plunkett's pro career.

In 1976 Plunkett was traded, at his request, to San Francisco. The 49ers gave up a lot—three No. 1 drafts, a No. 2 and backup Quarterback Tom Owen—but Plunkett was back home in the Bay Area, the scene of his greatest triumphs, and he would surely lead the team to victory. "I really thought I was going to be the savior," Plunkett says, "but all I did was put more pressure on myself. San Francisco was by far the worst experience of my life. It felt like the whole world was falling in on me."

The 49ers were an uneven team, with spotty pass protection, and Plunkett played erratically. When the team roared off to a 6–1 start only to stagger to an 8–6 finish that first season, Plunkett's tissue-thin self-confidence tore again. With each sack, each hurried or missed pass, he felt more intimidated, more afraid, more unworthy.

In 1977, Joe Thomas, who had earned the reputation of being an axman by ruthlessly cutting a bunch of aging big-name Baltimore Colts while building the team back into a winner, became the 49ers' general manager. Thomas began making wholesale (some say whimsical) changes, trading players, swinging deals, hiring and firing coaches. The uncertainty of the 49ers' day-to-day situation nearly unhinged Plunkett, a man who needs stability the way grass needs water. Indeed, the only person in football that Plunkett will admit disliking is Joe Thomas. "He's the kind of guy who prides himself on being the man who got rid of Johnny Unitas, instead of respecting what Unitas did for the game," says Plunkett. "I'm sorry, but I'm not big enough not to have a grudge against him."

By 1978 Plunkett was disoriented. He had been booed by hostile crowds at Candlestick Park, his turf; he had even been replaced as the starter in the 1976 finale by Scott Bull, who had been a second-stringer at Arkansas. Then, after completing no passes in 11 attempts in a 31–14 preseason loss to Oakland in '78, Plunkett was released. Thomas, who made the final decision, explained that the club was looking for a younger quarterback, one who threw "the intermediate game" better.

It was with something like relief that Plunkett packed his bags. To his mind, he had let down his friends, his teammates, the fans, football itself. "He deserved all the criticism he got at that time," says Plunkett's longtime lawyer, Wayne Hooper. "And he knew it. He threw some bad passes, some really dumb passes. He wanted the punishment, I feel, for having done so badly."

The Raiders, the last refuge of lost souls, signed Plunkett a few days later, but not before making him face the final indignity of performing in a rookie-style tryout. Al Davis signed him to three one-year contracts, reducing his pay from about $200,000 to $150,000 per year. Then Davis, who claimed "I always liked Jim," told Plunkett to relax for a while, to sit on the bench, "learn the system and get adjusted." Plunkett obeyed, hardly moving for two years, playing not one down in 1978 and only a handful in 1979. His call to service last year interrupted what had become a quiet fossilization.

As he walked knock-kneed and dimple-thighed toward the practice field at Stanford a few days before this year's training camp, Plunkett still seemed to carry with him the weight of perspectives past.

Physically, he was plain fat—at least 230 pounds, maybe 240—but that was

continued


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Jim Plunkett

continued

because of lingering injuries, many more than those necessitating the seven major operations he's undergone since high school. Indeed, each time he rises or sits, and sometimes just standing, Plunkett moans—unconsciously but not without passion. A nagging, still-undiagnosed groin injury, sustained last November in a helmet spearing, had kept him from playing tennis on his new court at home. In March he had surgery to mend a torn rotator cuff in his partly synthetic left shoulder. He lives with tendinitis in his right shoulder, stretched ligaments in his knees and, of course, the random dings of his trade. From 1972 to 1974 alone, Plunkett was sacked 97 times.

But as he eyed the informal workout already in session, Plunkett gave evidence of the emotional knocks that have been more painful than the injuries. "I don't know," he said, tossing a football from hand to hand. "I'm not sure I want to throw with these guys. My arm will look weak."

Fifty yards away, former Stanford Quarterback Steve Dils, now with the Minnesota Vikings, was throwing an out to former Stanford Receiver James Lofton, now with Green Bay. Other current and ex-Stanford players were waiting their turn, including junior Quarterback John Elway, the next in the school's long line of great passers.

"Look at Elway," said Plunkett. "I'll embarrass myself throwing after him."

Modesty? Humor? Even in jest, even overweight and weak and in pain, wasn't he still the MVP of the biggest sporting event in the U.S.? Would Cedric Maxwell slink onto a playground? Would A.J. Foyt slink into a rent-a-car? Ralston, a big self-help person, thinks Plunkett has a "negative image, deeply ingrained." Ralston says the least little thing—"an interception that wasn't even his fault"—can throw Plunkett off, and only constant reassurance from his coach can soothe him.

"Jim has the absolute wrong mentality for a quarterback," says his good friend Bob Moore, who caught five of Plunkett's passes in the '71 Rose Bowl. "I think he sets his sights so high that anything less becomes a trauma. Now a guy like Ken Stabler—who I played with at Oakland—there's the perfect quarterback mentality. Stabler could throw eight interceptions this week and go out and throw eight touchdowns next week. He didn't care about the past; it was all right now. As long as he got his check, he was fine."

Plunkett ambled onto the field. He got in line and took his turn like everyone else, throwing to whichever receiver came up. After a while he and Lofton matched up. The receiver, a tall, loping, All-Pro burner, headed upfield. Plunkett, feet suddenly weasel-quick, dropped back. He looked left—not with one of those phony twitches most quarterbacks pick up in high school and hang on to forever—but with a studied, thoughtful scan. No one there. He looked right. No one there, either. He looked straight ahead and saw Lofton, streaking.

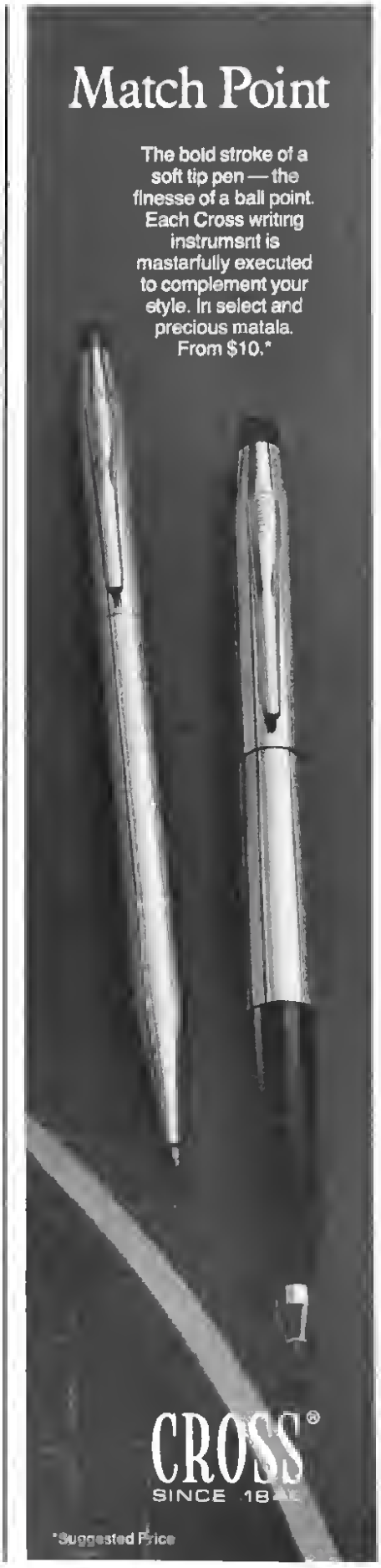
Then Plunkett, who could throw a football 85 yards at age 17, who has been called as good a thrower as anybody ever, "including Sammy Baugh," by New England General Manager Bucko Kilroy, one of the most respected talent appraisers in football, launched a giant parabola that intersected perfectly with Lofton's outstretched fingers, far away. No matter that Lofton dropped it.

Elway was among those watching. Blond, handsome, unscarred, smiling ("He's always smiling," Plunkett would say later), Elway may have a heck of a football career, but he'll never throw a pass like that at a moment like this. It's not his fault that he'll never have the history to do it.

For years now it seems there have been only two kinds of pro quarterback: "Christians," the God-fearing, decent, home-loving men who put the load squarely in Jesus' lap (the Zorns and Bartkowskis); and "Good-Timers," the late-night, boozing, wenching party animals who forget the load until game time and then rely on whatever's handy—skill, deception, anger—to pull them through (the Namaths, Kilmers, Stablers).

Plunkett, though, is an anomaly, being neither a Bible-thumper nor a bright-lights guy. (Oh, he did get a drunk-driving ticket about a year ago near Atherton, but that was just one night and the depression was pretty keen.) Everybody in the NFL needs something to believe in. (Jesus is popular for many reasons, not the least of which is His assumed compassion for those subject to bad reads and arm tackles), and Plunkett is no exception there. But what he believes in is Stanford University.

continued



Jim Plunkett

continued

Stanford was good to him at the beginning when things were tough—when he was a pimply-faced, crew-cut mope wandering the campus with his head down (from the neck surgery). And when they were fine—when he and Moore and Vataha and Safety Jack Schultz and Wide Receiver Jack Lasater and Center John Sande and all the others made a vow before the 1969 season was even over that they would stay at school during the following summer, work out together, beat USC and UCLA the next year and win the Rose Bowl. And they did.

Stanford was where things fell into place, where beauty and enlightenment were offered even to a poor kid like Plunkett, where athletes could be jocks but read books, too. (Plunkett's Rose Bowl team produced several doctors and lawyers.) Plunkett liked Stanford's wooded grounds ("Oaks are my favorite," he says), and he liked his wacko fraternity, Delta Tau Delta. "It was an 'Animal House,' " recalls Brian Hewitt, a former Delt and now a Chicago sportswriter. "Even a quiet God-squadder like Jeff Siemon used to throw forearm shivers into doors and toss darts at people's backs. But Plunkett never did any of that. He was never in trouble. He was a nice guy who stuck out because he was so unobtrusive." Plunkett even liked the school hospital, going back to have his surgery performed there while a pro.

But mostly Stanford offered peace and stability, and for that Plunkett is still grateful. It is why he now lives just a short drive from the campus, even though it means a long commute to Oakland practice. It is why he gave his $5,000 Super Bowl MVP check to the athletic fund, and why the night of the Super Bowl win he left a Raiders party to celebrate with old Rose Bowl chums at a private room above a New Orleans restaurant.

It is also why on a recent Tuesday afternoon, with Gerry LaVelle commentating, Plunkett modeled some sports clothes before a crowd of straw-hatted, wealthy, tittering women, members of the Cardinal Club, the women's athletic fund-raising group. He was embarrassed, spinning around in tennis shorts, with that big caboose on display, saying "Hi, folks," and blushing, but he did it. It was for Stanford, and as Cavalli says, "He's never turned us down for anything."

It was, in fact, the Stanford-like conditions on the Raiders last year that enabled Plunkett to accomplish what he did. First of all, there was no pressure on him. None. Pastorini's leg was broken, not bruised, and he wouldn't be back. Marc Wilson barely knew the plays, and Plunkett had been studying them for nearly three years. The fans didn't expect anything from Plunkett. Nor did the writers. Only Plunkett expected something. And he had a thousand outs.

Then there were Plunkett's three receivers: Branch, Chandler, Chester—speed, hands, cunning. They were old and un-heroic-looking, but like Vataha and Moore, they were unflappable and made the big plays. And there was the Oakland offensive system, which, like Stanford's, was perfect for Plunkett's skills: straight drop-back, minimal dumping to backs, emphasis on hitting the receivers on longer routes. By design, Oakland quarterbacks get a long time to throw, up to a second more than the passers on some clubs, which is a direct function of the team's massive and skilled offensive line. For Plunkett, a tall, over-the-top long-ball artist, hiding behind that wall gave him a feeling of confidence he hadn't known before in the pros.

Al Davis deserves credit for salvaging Plunkett, but not, as most people think, for making him a star. "That Al Davis genius stuff is bull——!" says Wayne Hooper. "Plunkett was playing better than Pastorini even during the preseason. [Statistically, that's true. For example, Plunkett threw five touchdown passes to Pastorini's one.] And he was doing well in 1979, too. But if Pastorini hadn't gotten hurt, Jim would still be on the bench."

Coach Tom Flores gets credit for giving Plunkett the quiet, rational assurance he needed once he was playing, but not for giving him any breaks. In San Diego in the second week of last season Plunkett entered for one play with 33 seconds to go and threw a fourth-down, game-tying touchdown pass. He then returned to the bench and watched as Pastorini and the Raiders lost in overtime. There were other games, including some the year before, in which Flores says he "almost" put Plunkett in. "Who knows," says Flores now. "Even if Dan hadn't gotten hurt, we might have made a change pretty soon." But that's easy to say now.



Flores played Plunkett out of need, not as part of a grand design.

The fact that Flores is of Mexican descent and a former Raider quarterback is also inconsequential. "I never thought of that as drawing us together," says Flores. (And if anyone thinks all Chicano quarterbacks must be quietly sensitive, they need only remember old pro Joe Kapp, a Chicano with a beer-bottle scar across his neck who used to run upfield screaming, looking for linebackers to spear.) In reality, Flores and Davis were slowly breaking Plunkett even as they were "saving" him. In 1979 Plunkett nearly quit football, "disgusted," says Hooper, "for drawing a paycheck without turning a shovelful of dirt," but the attorney talked him out of it.

Another misconception is that Plunkett had great stats in 1980. He didn't. He completed only 51.6% of his passes, threw

continued

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16 interceptions (five in one game) and finished the year ranked 17th in the NFL in passing. What he did do was win—because he was on a good team and because of luck (remember Raider Safety Mike Davis' interception of Brian Sipe's pass or the ball that bounced from King's hands to Ray Chester for a touchdown in the AFC title game?) and because of toughness and confidence.

"I could see the confidence growing each day," says Flores, "just in the way he practiced, the way he responded in meetings. A man who's lost his confidence plays conservatively But Jim was calling audibles, taking command, going deep, looking for the big play. That's what you want." Of course, it was that way at Stanford, too.



By salvaging Plunkett, Davis collected undreamed-of rewards.

Back at the kitchen table in his house, Plunkett observes the reddening sky.

"There's a line I've been using a lot," he says. "It's this: 'Nothing recedes like success.' It's from the play *Deathtrap*, which I saw in New York. I was on the *Today* show and told Jane Pauley, and she seemed to like it. A cliché I use frequently is the one about going from the penthouse to the outhouse in a short time."

Negative thoughts. Why do they always come up? To lessen joy and make the ride smoother? Because life is truly a bad trip? As Bob Moore notes, Plunkett is an "incredibly honest" man—prone to interrupt tall tales in midphrase with a simple "That's not true." Does this honesty tell him that good things don't last, that even after last year his starting job with the Raiders isn't secure (which is true)?

Or does it have something to do with Plunkett perhaps feeling like an outcast, like a man adrift between cultures? In the Delt house his nickname was "Lopez," but only his closest friends could call him that. From anybody else, Lopez would sound like a slur. In downtown San Francisco there are billboards with Plunkett's picture on them, urging people to buy a certain soft drink, in Spanish. It's ironic, but somehow fitting, that Plunkett doesn't speak Spanish.

There is also the problem of Plunkett's once deeply ingrained belief that with effort all things work out. Though it withstood many early blows, that attitude has finally given way to a cynical or, as Plunkett says, "more practical" outlook. "During my first year in New England, I thought, 'Hey, there's nothing to this. I'm going to have a fun time in the NFL,'" he says. "Then in 1972 my confidence ran into a stone wall. I'd never been in a losing situation before, not even in high school, and the more I worked, the worse things got. If I played bad, we lost; if I played good, we still lost. I took everything too hard on myself. I tried to throw for a touchdown on every play, to make everything up at once. But now I try not to worry about things I don't have control over.

"I think I understand sports better now than before. It's a business. All the hero worship does the athletes some good—we get money and endorsements—but it does the fans a whole lot of good. They live through us. I think I'm a fairly good human being. I try to be honest and fair. But I've done some things I'm not too proud of, things I don't have any explanation for. And I think maybe I've been painted as being too good a guy overall. But I know that headlines sell, that the papers will say things like 'Baby Born with Six Legs!' without mentioning that there were three babies involved."

"The difficult part is trying to make Jim see himself as something special," says Oakland sportswriter Dave Newhouse, who has recently finished ghosting Plunkett's autobiography. "I mean, it's true: he *is* courageous, he *is* special. Before the Super Bowl he had a severe groin injury, a bad left shoulder, a brace on his left knee. He weighed about 230. He couldn't run. His right shoulder stiffened up. He had to have shots all over. He was a basket case, and nobody knew it. And then he *won*. My God, if he's not the real thing, then Ruth didn't hit 60 home runs."

Jim Plunkett is a good man. Everybody, even archenemy Joe Thomas, says so. He's kind and sensitive and complicated. He's weaker than he should be and tougher than we know. A lot of his friends wanted him to quit this year. They are happy that he's finally reached the top, but they know he could regress again at any time. "When people called him a bum, everybody in our group took it personally because we care so much about him," says Jack Schultz, who sat in the stands at the Super Bowl and cried after each one of Plunkett's touchdown passes. "Jim's so stoic. We feel compelled to take on his emotions for him. Somebody's got to." "Jim's life has been a roller coaster," says Bob Moore, "and it feels like we've all been on it with him. Enough is enough."

But Plunkett is back for more. "Remember," he says, "I'm on a good team now."

"There's a void there," says Dave Newhouse. "We know all there is to know about Plunkett, or at least all we can get from clips and all that he will tell us. But I believe there are things inside he doesn't tell anybody. There is something in there—fear maybe, who knows—that makes the inner fire burn, that makes the confidence come and go."

Surely, this is true. So let's watch while the flames are high and bright. END

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Nostalgia

by RON RAU

A HOT GAME OF BIKE POLO WAS A COOL WAY TO SHED YOUTH AND GAIN STATUS

Like mumps or measles, bike polo was a fever that rusbed through our neighborhood and infected every bike-owning male nf high school age. It hit those of us about to enter high school the hardest. The symptoms were dramatic: You hopped on your solid old Schwinn or J.C. Higgins two-wbeeler, the one with tires *that* wide, pedaled nver to the Washington Elementary School playground and proceeded to annihilate your own beloved bike as well as those of your friends.

Flint, Mich., summer of 1958. I'm positive about the year because in just one short month Jim Stephens, Ron Kuberski, Charlie Johnson, Don Harris, John Zillich and Norm Sullivan—the whole bunch of us—would be attending Flint's Central High instead of Whittier Junior High, along with the 2,900 other students already enrolled in the high school.

This would be our first year at Central, and we knew there were certain things that were just "uncool." For example, it was uncool to wear penny loafers. Nn, wearing penny loafers was worse than uncool, it was unthinkable. You had to wear black, pointy-toed, four-eyelet shoes with taps on eacb beel that you scuffed along the halls as you walked. You had to wear denim Levi's with the cuffs turned up ever so slightly, to about the widtb of the obligatory pencil-thin belt. A wide belt like the one your father wore wasn't unthinkable, but it was definitely uncool. Even the nntebook carried between classes had to be of a certain kind—a blue-gray, clothbound cardboard model that contained two-bole notebook paper.

And every one of us knew it was going to be uncool to be seen riding a bike to high school—or anywhere else, for that matter. We were only a year away from being old enough to have our own cars, and being seen pedaling a Schwinn around town somehow disassociated you from this approaching milestone. If you were lucky, you knew a junior or a senior who already owned a car and you could ride to school with him. If you were *really* lucky, the car was a stripped-down '55 or '56 Chevy with a flat black primer paint job and gaudy chrome hubcaps. Underneath, it would have a glasspack—a muffler lined with fiber glass—which would pop and sputter when you downshifted the standard transmission, advertising to everyone that this car was truly special. That was cool.

In the summer of '58 we looked at our Schwinns with very uncool, jaundiced eyes. Imagine one of the high school cheerleaders seeing you riding *that* thing. It could set a guy back a year, maybe two. You wouldn't have any more chance of dating a cheerleader than the guys who wore regular slacks, carried briefcases to school and had clip-on plastic penholders in their shirt pockets. And dating a cheerleader was, of course, the pinnacle of coolness.



So maybe we sacrificed our bikes for the cheerleaders. Maybe bike polo was a postpubescent, pre-adult ritual in which we not only left a childhood thing behind, we also destroyed it so that going back would be impossible. The site that we cbose for this event (I hesitate to call it a game) now seems meaningful. We cbose our old elementary school playground, which we had also outgrown. The softball field had been set up among the dirt, weeds and gravel so that the left-field fence was only 150 feet down the line from home plate. By sixth grade, some of us could easily knock a softball over this fence and into the flower gardens or off the front porches of the houses across the street. And that, according to the people who lived there, was very uncool. We hadn't played softball there for two or three years, and bike polo was our last hurrah on that playground.

I have absolutely no recollectioo of how it all got started. Suffice it to say that one of us experienced a moment of pure creative genius. Recruitment of players willing to sacrifice their bikes was aided by that stalwart ally of conformity—peer pressure. If someone hesitated to enter his bicycle into the fracas, you had only to ask, "Well, what are you going to do with it now, ride it to school?" Those who didn't take readily to the idea of bike polo were shamed into it and dared not change tbeir minds.

I also cannot remember who provided the croquet set. Perhaps it is he who should be credited with the conception of bike polo.

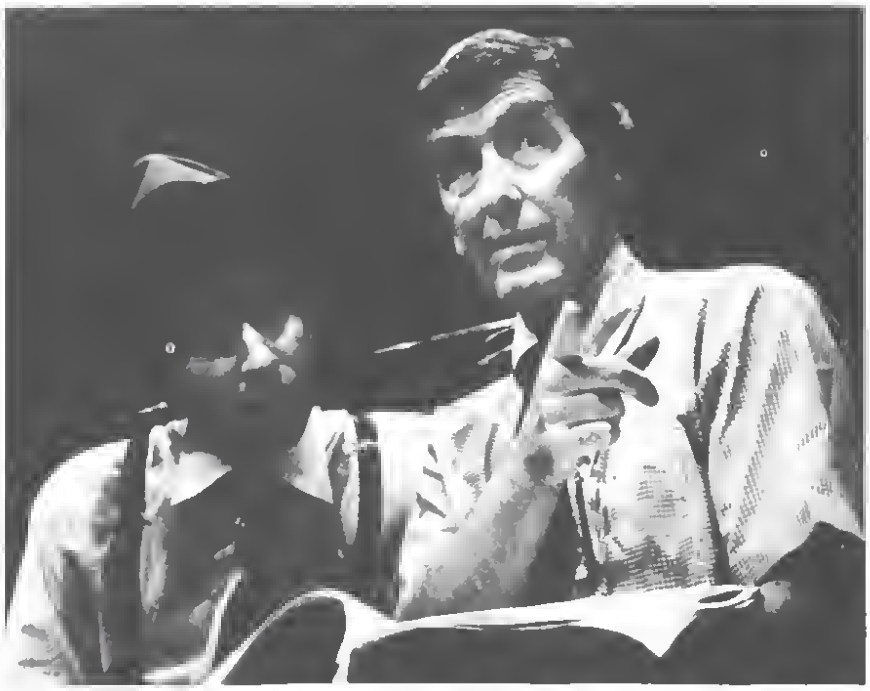
We chose sides, put a wooden croquet ball just beyond second base and lined up—one team along the third-base line, the other team somewhere in the depths of rightfield. I can still picture it: six riders on a side, each with a wooden mallet; a lone croquet ball in the middle of the field; tin cans placed about 10 feet apart for goals; 12 young men on their bikes poised with one foot on the ground for the pushoff.

Go!

And we went. Twelve speeding bikes and 12 swinging mallets converged on the croquet ball. At first there were no rules except that you couldn't touch the ball if you weren't on your bike. There was no strategy, either, except to hit the ball in the direction of the opponent's goal.

From a distance, bike polo *continued*

WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



GREGORY FALLS [redacted]

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Artistic Director

Age: 57

Married: Four children

Interests: Drama, writing, travel and volunteering for United Way

[redacted]

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"Volunteering for United Way is more than what I ask of myself, it's what I owe myself . . . and my community"

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must have seemed like bedlam, which it was, but those of us who played soon developed a modicum of finesse. For example, during the face-off that began the game and occurred after each infrequent goal, we learned that it wasn't wise to send every member of the team after the ball. Two riders, whom I always called whackers though their position had no formal name, were responsible for this, and their job was to get the ball moving toward the other team's goal. The rest of the team, save one, rode past the site of the face-off like wide receivers, hoping for a pass from one of the whackers. Because it was inefficient to have a goalie riding back and forth in front of the tin cans, one rider circled halfway between the ball and his own goal, sort of a free-safety goalie. At any moment he might ride into the melee, if the situation merited, but it was his responsibility to anticipate and ride down any long shot headed for a goal.

Not surprisingly, the face-off action was the only thing that resembled a diagramed play. As the flow of action became established, you adjusted and played either offense or defense. Knowing if you were on offense or defense was confusing at first, and it wasn't until the third or fourth day of action that we discovered the difference. Then it was simple. The general rule was that you were on offense if the ball was closer to their goal than yours—otherwise, you were on defense.

Offensive and defensive plays—ploys is more accurate—soon developed and became known to the players, although I'm sure they remained a mystery to the spectators. The defensive ploys were by far the most spectacular.

Jim Stephens getting crowned by a mallet head that had flown off someone's handle is the prime example of something that happened many times—the accidental defensive ploy. He was unhurt and returned to the game. That same day we took up a collection and bought, for $12.95, a brand-new croquet set and retired all mallets known to be in poor condition. It was a big expense, but one we believed necessary to preserve some safety in the game. Besides, there were lots of unavoidable injuries.

One defensive tactic that impressed everyone and enjoyed limited status as an acceptable ploy was the rear-wheel check. Ah yes, the very *continued*

Sports Illustrated

WE'RE READY FOR THE SNAP!



Andy Hayt

The snap. From the center to the quarterback to SI's photographers to you. They're there along the line of scrimmage. In the backfield, in the secondary, and in the huddle. Around the bench and all around the league. Wherever there's a football being kicked or carried, a quarterback getting crunched, a slant pattern, a safety blitz, or a neck-wrenching clothesline. Sports Illustrated photographers will be there. *To put you there.*



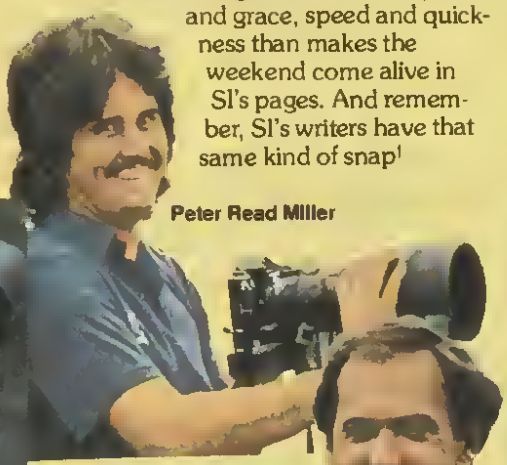
Tony Triolo

So this football season, you'll see more Plunkett passes, more Swann leaps, more Oklahoma options, more Herschel hurdles, more of



Richard Mackson

the rough and tumble, style and grace, speed and quickness than makes the weekend come alive in SI's pages. And remember, SI's writers have that same kind of snap!



Peter Read Miller



John Iacono

Don't miss *any* of the '81 season. The Bear becoming college's winningest coach. The Payton/Campbell scramble for league rushing honors. Art Schlichter gunning for the Heisman. The Cowboys gunning for the Eagles. The Oilers for the Browns. Miami for Buffalo. LA for Atlanta. Catch Sims and Stallworth.



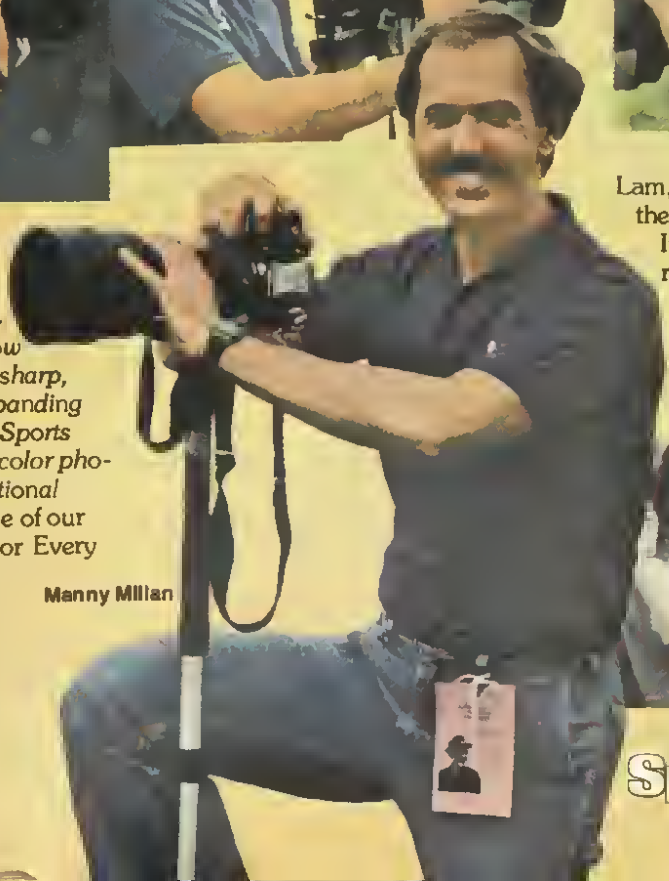
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Manny Millan



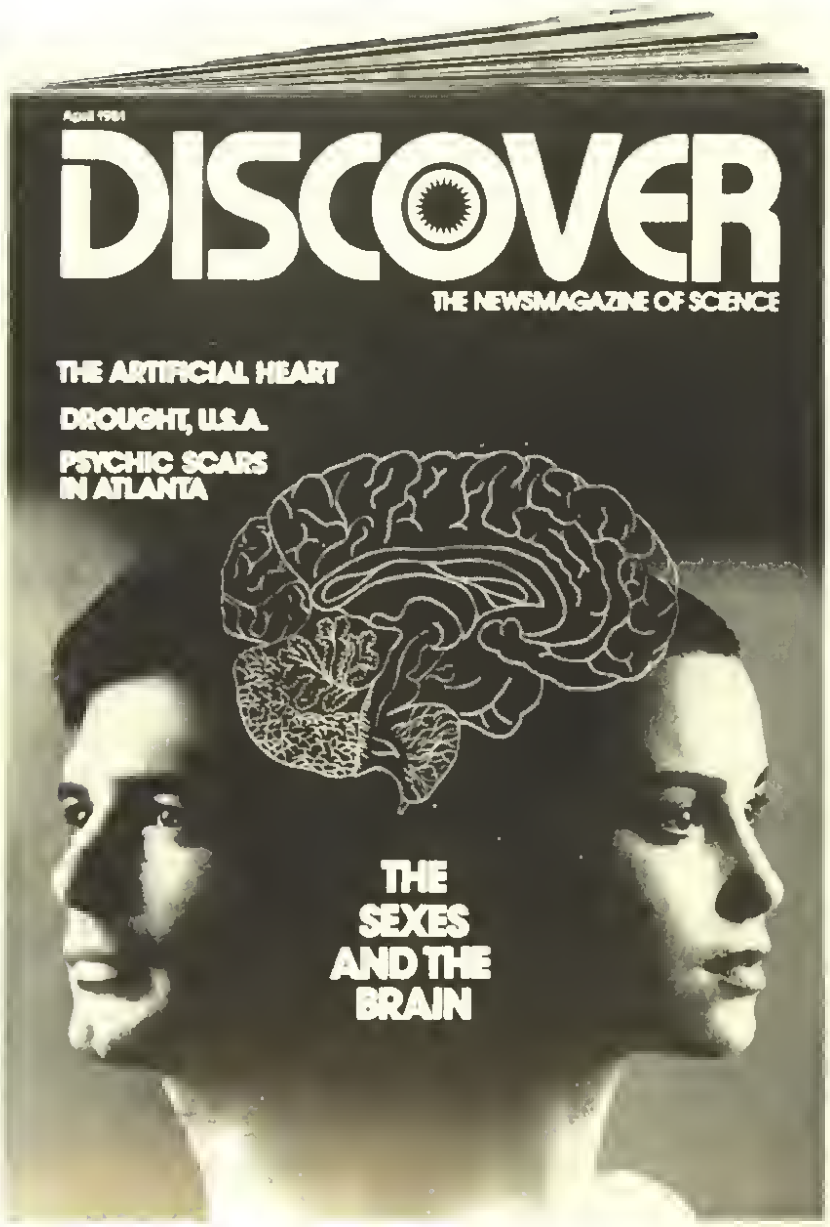
Walter Iooss Jr.

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effective rear-wheel check. One of the players accidentally (so he claimed) discovered this when his mallet head got caught between the chain and sprocket of my hike—immediately locking the rear wheel and causing me to skid violently out of control, the bike on its side, me underneath.

However, the rear-wheel check was gentlemanly compared with the front-wheel check. John Zillich invented this when he accidentally missed a swing and put his mallet head through the spokes of Jim Stepbens' front wheel. Jim's hike braked ahruptly, stood straight up on the front tire and threw Jim over the handlebars to the ground as though he had been tossed hy a Brahma hull in a rodeo.

These tactics hecame known as "spoking," and a halfhearted attempt was made at discouraging them because of tbe ohvious wear on riders, spokes and mallets. But the anti-spoking rule failed miserahly. In the first place, spoking was basically accidental. It just happened, and the person witb the mallet was as surprised as the person who used to be on the hike. And don't think for a minute that the mallet swinger was immune from bodily harm, either. The mallet was violently wrenched from your grasp, and there was always the possihility of a hroken arm. At the very least you ended up with a sore wrist. But the anti-spoking rule failed mostly because of a quirk of human nature. I mean, what if you owed someone a front-wheel check, accidental or otherwise? You might, after all, manage to let loose of the mallet bandle just in time.

A more acceptahle defensive tactic was hroadsiding. Broadsiding was the surest way to discourage a run on an unattended goal. Ron Kuberski executed the most memorable broadside when be took Charlie Johnson—hike polo star, not football player—out of a play and their bikes got stuck together for about five minutes. To this day, nohody can figure out how Ron's tire got wedged into Charlie's bike that way.

Blocking a shot with your hike was a lot surer than relying on the mallet. One of the neatest defensive moves was to approacb a rolling hall just so and hrake into it, causing the rear wheel to skid sideways at the ball. At other times, with both bike and mallet out of position, there was no option *continued*

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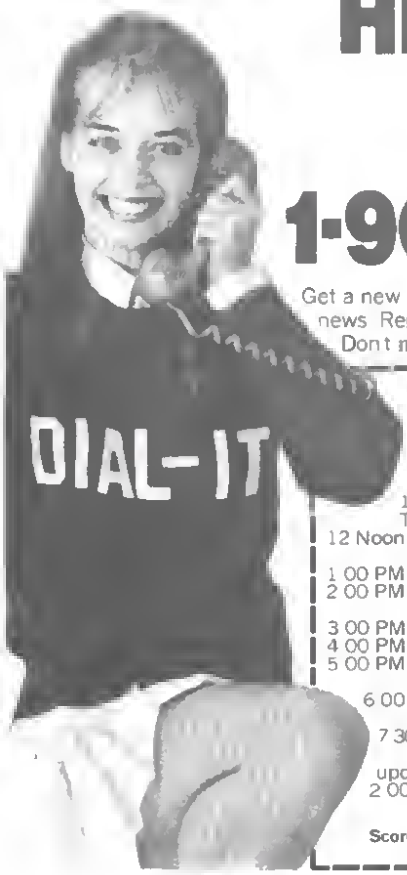


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but to run directly over the ball with your front tire. Surprisingly enough, this was a very effective maneuver.

Another good and acceptable defensive ploy was to smack the ball into the leftfield chain-link fence, which obviously slowed the offensive momentum.

But what about offense? Generally, offense was less spectacular and demanded more polish than basic barbaric defense. The secret to scoring was hitting the ball hard and directly in the center. I've never played polo on horseback but I assume the same problems exist with respect to the intensity of the mallet swing. The weakest shot is a head-on shot, *i.e.*, hitting the ball in the same direction you are moving. The anatomy of the human arm explains this. You can get a far more powerful shot by overriding the ball and slamming it, actually backhanding it, in the opposite direction. In addition to being more powerful, the backward shot eliminated the problem of smacking the ball into your own front tire—a common occurrence until we learned how to compensate and hit the ball just off-center on the side closest to the bike. This sent the ball away from the tire but sacrificed power.

By far the most productive shot, and I doubt seriously if it is used on horseback, was to approach the ball from the side, so to speak, and smack it between the moving tires of your own steed. What a shot! What power you could get behind this shot, but it took plenty of practice and expert timing. For one thing, you had to make sure the pedals were out of the way. Ignoring this not-so-obvious detail resulted in a botched shot and sore ankles. Timing was the key. Swinging too soon put the ball (and sometimes the mallet) into your front spokes and resulted in an embarrassing self-inflicted Brahma bull ride. Hitting your own rear spokes was less dramatic but still resulted in a botched shot. The biggest problem was getting the mallet back before the rear tire ran over it. Failing to do so resulted in sore wrists.

Just about everyone mastered or at least developed a between-the-tires shot. There was nothing more rewarding in bike polo than approaching a ball at full speed, riding one-handed and leaning over with the mallet poised, smacking the ball between your own tires and then looking back over your *continued*

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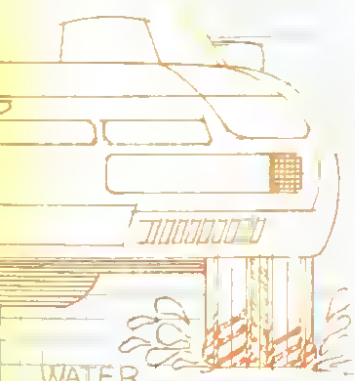
That's an advanced driver. There aren't all that many of you. But it's for you and you alone that we build the new HPR. Because you've got to be good yourself to know just how good this tire is.

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Somewhere out there lie corners you've gotten used to thinking of as strictly third gear. On HPR's, you may learn that they can be tamed in fourth. No fooling. Because the cornering coefficient of this tire is really remarkable.

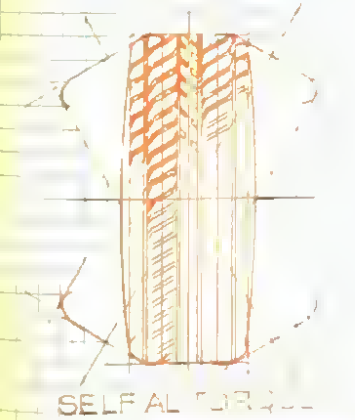
HYDROPLANING.

A nasty problem, often aggravated in big-footprint, high-performance tires. HPR puts down a big footprint. But counters it with an aggressive, European block tread. The blocks are separated by "see-through" grooves; can bite right through water into the road below.



SELF-ALIGNING TORQUE.

An impressive degree of self-aligning torque—the ability to track straight without wandering—is engineered into every HPR. So when you aim a set of HPR's at some distant point down a straight, they'll arrive at that point.



TRANSIENT RESPONSE.

You don't need any surprises. On HPR's, you can chop an S-curve down to size without lurching through it. Their response is smooth and predictable. One reason: a special filler compound in the HPR. It reaches from the bead up to 58% of the tire-section height; stiffens the lower sidewall to reduce tire rollover.

HIGH-SPEED RESPONSE.

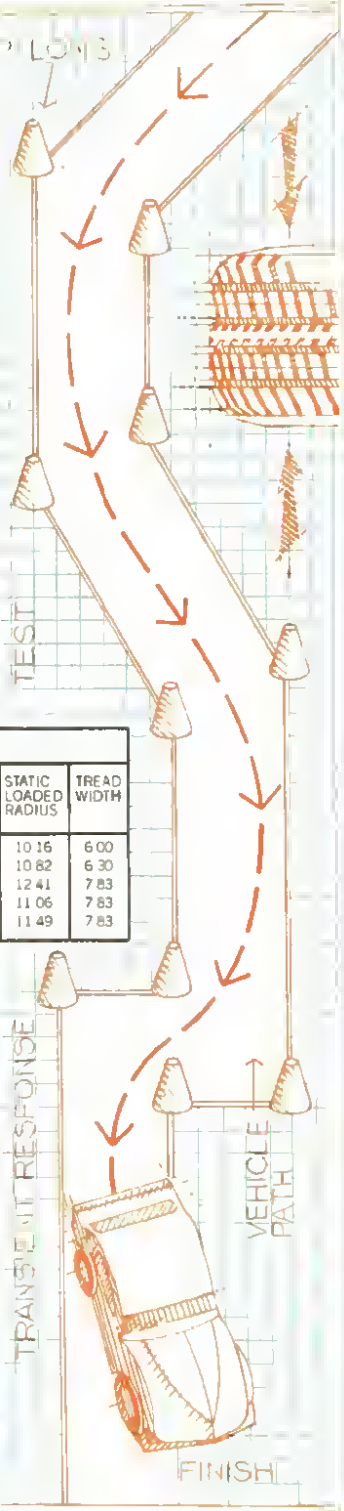
At high speed on the new HPR, you'll discover just how cleanly and accurately a tire can react to steering inputs. Interfolded belts of steel (high end-count cord) and aramid have greatly expanded high-speed handling parameters.

TREAD WEAR.

Some high-performance tires achieve good traction and handling via a gummy, fast-wearing tread compound. But Firestone engineers didn't take this easy way out. HPR delivers its performance and handling without sacrificing tread wear. The ingenious design actually permits the use of a high-durometer (65) tread compound.

THE BOTTOM LINE.

Is the HPR too much tire for the average driver? Frankly, yes. Most drivers simply lack the skills to appreciate it. But if you've read this far, you're probably an advanced driver. Better put yourself on a set of HPR's at your Firestone dealer or store. You may find you're even better than you think.



HPR DIMENSIONS (IN INCHES)

TIRE SIZE	LOAD RANGE	DESIGN RIM WIDTH	OVERALL TIRE WIDTH	OVERALL DIAMETER	STATIC LOADED RADIUS	TREAD WIDTH
P195 65R13	SL	5 50	7 72	22 99	10 16	6 00
P205 65R14	SL	5 50	7 99	24 49	10 82	6 30
P255 65R15	SL	7 00	10 04	28 07	12 41	7 83
P255 55R14	SL	7 00	10 04	25 04	11 06	7 83
P255/55R15	SL	7 00	10 04	26 02	11 49	7 83



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shoulder to see it going between the goal markers. Conversely, there was nothing more embarrassing than having the same open-goal shot and putting the mallet head into your front spokes, the bike standing on end before deciding which way to fall, you meanwhile skidding across the gravel in front of it.

While the between-the-tires shot was the most productive and envied by those who had not mastered it, the so-called chip shot was definitely the most feared. It was possible, with a well-placed hit—the ball and ground at the same time—to lift a croquet ball off the ground sometimes as high as bike-seat level and most certainly as high as shinbone level. The chip shot brought oohs and aahs from the spectators and was respected on the field because it was so difficult to master and hurt like hell if you were in the way.

Spectators? You bet we had spectators. The people in the houses beyond the leftfield fence, who once watched furtively through window curtains for a chance to snatch a home-run ball from their flower beds in time, sat openly on their porches and cheered the action, secure in the knowledge that their windows would not be shattered. Workers walking home from the nearby AC Spark Plug factory stopped and watched through the chain-link fence. Younger kids sat along the sidelines on their useful and still cool bikes and grimaced whenever one of us would leap off ours, throw it to the ground and wrench a rear fender off because it was rubbing against a tire.

Had we been smart and enterprising, we would have passed a hat among the spectators to pay for repairs and bike polo would have lasted a lot longer. Spokes were not cheap to replace, and breaking them put a wheel out of round. Tires wore out quickly with all the high-speed braking on gravel. Chains and sprockets broke. Mallets broke. And even balls broke, sometimes splitting in half along the grain. We went through a complete set of mallets and plenty of balls before so many bicycles gave out that the game had to be abandoned. In fact, bike polo ended just a couple of weeks after its conception. It ended the evening Don Harris showed up with his sister's bike—his was beyond repair—and left with it crumpled in the trunk of someone's '55 Chevy.

But then, '55 Chevies were actually what bike polo was all about. **END**



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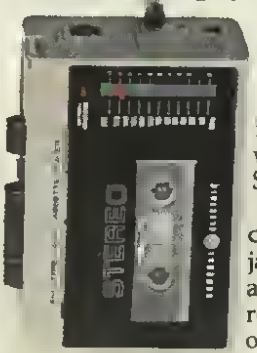


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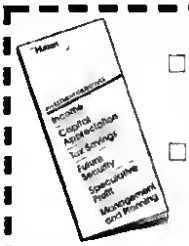
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 24-30

Compiled by ALEXANDER WOLFF

BASEBALL—TAIWAN defeated Tampa, Fla. 4–2 in the final game of the 35th Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa.

BOXING—SAOUL MAMBY retained his WBC super lightweight title on a 15-round majority decision over Thomas America in Jakarta, Indonesia.

ROLANDO NAVARRETE knocked out Cornelius Boza-Edwards in the fifth round in Viareggio, Italy to win the WBC super featherweight title.

ANTONIO AVELAR successfully defended his WBC flyweight title with a second-round knockout of Taeshik Kim in Seoul, Korea.

CYCLING—FREDDY MAERTENS of Belgium won the world professional road championship in Prague, edging Italy's Giuseppe Saronni and France's Bernard Hinault. Maertens covered the 281.4 km in 7:21:59. In the amateur races ANDREI VEDERNIKOV of the U.S.S.R. won the men's title and West Germany's UTE ENZENHAUER was the women's champion.

PRO FOOTBALL—Ken Stabler ended his five-week retirement to find the workaday world a very high-profile one indeed. The Houston quarterback, who looked sharp in the Oilers' 28–20 loss to Dallas on the preseason's final weekend, was named on the West Coast in a warrant citing failure to pay child support, and was named in an East Coast newspaper report as associating with a known gambler. Regular quarterbacks who showed regular season form without off-the-field troubles included Seattle's Jim Zorn, who threw for two touchdowns as the Seahawks broke their 12-game home losing streak with a 31–17 defeat of Baltimore, and Terry Bradshaw, who had two scoring passes as Pittsburgh humbled the Giants 31–6. Lynn Dickey passed for 250 yards in Green Bay's 35–18 rout of Cleveland, including scoring strikes of 15 yards to Eddie Lee Ivery and 29 yards to Aundra Thompson, both of whom scored overland, too. Ivery on a 41-yard scamper and Thompson on a 29-yard flanker reverse. Chicago's Vince Evans had two touchdown passes in a 31–27 defeat of St. Louis, as did both Jim Plunkett (*page 96*) in a 21–7 shellacking of cross-bay rival San Francisco, and Dallas' Danny White in the Governor's Cup game with Houston. Reserves showed their stuff, too: QB Mike Moroski threw two TD passes in Atlanta's 27–7 win over Tampa Bay. Don Strock, Jeff Rutledge, David Humm and Mark Herrmann all came off the bench, leading Miami (31–7 over Kansas City for the Dolphins' fourth preseason win without a loss), L.A. (34–31 over Minnesota), Buffalo (30–24 over San Diego) and Denver (24–20 over Cincinnati) respectively. In other games, Benny Ricardo's 33-yard field goal in sudden death ensured that Heisman Trophy winner George Rogers' 111 yards rushing would be in a winning effort as New Orleans downed Detroit 20–17; the Jets' defense turned back Philadelphia 14–3; and, in a battle of unbeatens, New England shaded Washington 19–10.

GOLF—BILL ROGERS won the $400,000 World Series of Golf in Akron, Ohio with a five-under-par 275. He finished one stroke ahead of Tom Kite.

JOANNE CARNER shot a 10-under-par 278 to beat three other players by two strokes in a $150,000 LPGA tournament in Denver.

The U.S. won the 28th Walker Cup, beating a team from Britain and Ireland 15–9 in Pebble Beach, Calif.

GYMNASTICS—In Albuquerque, LUCI COLLINS won the all-around title at a national elite women's meet, scoring 75.20 points, 1.05 more than Amy Koopman, who was second.

HARNESS RACING—TEMUJIN, Clarence Martin driving, won the $161,000 Fox Stake for 2-year olds in Indianapolis with 1–4 finishes in two heats. Icarus Lobell, who set a track-record 1:54.2 in winning the second heat, placed second with 11–1 finishes.

HORSE RACING—Bill Shoemaker rode JOHN HENRY ($4.20) to victory by a nose over The Bart in the Arlington Million at Arlington Park. He covered the 1¼ miles on the turf course in 2.07⅕ (*page 91*).

HIGHEASTERJET ($2.80), W.R. Hunt up, won the $854,000 All-American Derby for quarter horses at Ruidoso Downs, nosing out Queen For Cash. The 3-year-old gelding covered the 440 yards in 21.93.

LETS DONT FIGHT ($13.80), John Lively up, beat Tropic Ruler by half a length in the $508,975 Arlington-Washington Futurity at Arlington Park. The 2-year-old colt covered the seven furlongs in 1:29⅘.

NOBLE NASHUA ($8.20), Cash Asmussen aboard, won the $115,000 Jerome Handicap at Belmont Park. The 3-year-old colt covered the mile in a track-record 1:33⅘, finishing 3¼ lengths ahead of Maudlin.

MOTOR SPORTS—ALAIN PROST averaging 113.709 mph around the 2.642 mile circuit in a Renault RE 30 won the Dutch Grand Prix in Zandvoort by 8.24 seconds over Nelson Piquet in a Brabham BT 49. Prost covered the 72 laps in 1:40:22.43.

SOCCER—NASL. As the first playoff round wound up, there were misses from the four Southern Division teams—but the hardest ones came from unexpected quarters. Regular-season champion Atlanta was not only eliminated in two straight games by the third-place Jacksonville Tea Men, but the Chiefs also went out with a whimper. They announced they would close the franchise because of three years of woeful attendance and almost a $7 million deficit. Meanwhile, the league's two other Florida franchises, Southern cellar dweller Tampa Bay and Southern runner-up Fort Lauderdale, achieved upsets in their best-of-three series. Tampa Bay sent Vancouver, the Northwest champs, packing with 4–1 and 1–0 victories, and the Strikers eliminated Calgary with a 2–0 win in which Branko Segota scored twice, giving the Yugoslavian-born forward all five goals in Fort Lauderdale's two-game sweep. Other playoff survivors were Minnesota, which took two straight from Tulsa; Montreal, which was extended to three games by Los Angeles, Chicago, which used Charlie Fajkus' goal to subdue Seattle, and San Diego, which dropped the first game but rallied to take two from Portland.

ASL. While New York United closed in on the point title with a 2–1 win over Cleveland, the New York Eagles beat Detroit 4–0 as Forward Bill Bolevic scored twice, giving him 25 goals on the year and breaking the ASL single-season scoring record of 23, set by Boston's Jose Neto in 1975.

TENNIS—HANA MANDLIKOVA defeated Pam Casale 6–2, 6–2 to win a $100,000 event in Mahwah, N.J.

TRACK & FIELD—SEBASTIAN COE set a world record of 3:47.33 in the mile in Brussels (*page 24*). Two days earlier STEVE OVETT had lowered Coe's week-old mile mark of 3:48.53, running the distance in 3:48.40 in Koblenz, West Germany. Also in Brussels, PAM SPENCER improved her American women's high-jump mark by a quarter inch, clearing 6' 5½", and at the Koblenz meet, STEVE SCOTT ran the 1,500 in 3:31.96, surpassing Jim Ryun's U.S. record of 3:33.1 set in 1967.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: By the American League champion Kansas City Royals, Manager JIM FREY, 50, who had a 30–40 record this year. Former N.Y. Yankee Manager DICK HOWSER, 44, was named to replace him.

ORDERED: By a Federal District Court judge in Camden, N.J., that SEAN O'GRADY, 22, be stripped of the WBA lightweight title he won in April, for failing to sign to meet contender Claude Noel.

SIGNED: By the Washington Capitals, reportedly to a three-year contract worth $600,000, high school hockey star BOBBY CARPENTER, 18 (SI, Feb. 23). He was chosen third in this year's NHL entry draft, the highest an American-born player has ever been picked.

SUSPENDED: By the National League for five games, Philadelphia Phillies Manager DALLAS GREEN, 47, for his misconduct during an argument with Umpire Steve Fields in a game against Atlanta on Aug. 24, and by the St. Louis Cardinals, indefinitely, Shortstop GARRY TEMPLETON, 24, for making obscene gestures to fans during a game with San Francisco on Aug. 26. He was also fined $5,000 (*page 28*).

DIED: VALERY KHARLAMOV, 33, a forward on the U.S.S.R.'s national ice hockey team for 12 years who was instrumental in the team's Olympic championships in 1972 and 1976 and its silver-medal showing in 1980, of injuries suffered in an auto accident, near Moscow.

• • CREDITS • •

28, 29—St. Louis Post Dispatch Scott Dine. **30**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **31**—Manny Millan, Heinz Kluetmeier (inset). **32, 33**—Andy Hayt. **48**—Mickey Palmer/Focus On Sports. **85**—Richard Mackson. **50**—John Iacono. **52, 57**—Peter Read Miller. **60**—Andy Hayt. **70**—Walter Iooss Jr. **72**—John Iacono. **72**—Walter Iooss Jr. **77**—Ronald C. Modra. **78**—Walter Iooss Jr. **80**—Paul Kennedy. **84**—Tony Triolo. **91, 94**—Bill Straus. **96-98**—Peter Read Miller. **99**—Dick Raphael (center), Mickey Palmer—Focus On Sports (2). **100-110**—Peter Read Miller.

FACES IN THE CROWD



BRIAN HAWKES
HUNTINGTON BEACH, CALIF.

Hawkes, 18, beat 27-year-old defending champion Dan Southern 20–21, 21–17, 11–5 to win the national outdoor racquetball title. Hawkes was a two-time national junior champ in the sport, which is played on a three-walled court.



KIM SELMORE
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

Selmore, a junior at Dartmouth, pitched a perfect game to lead Afro-Am to a 7–0 intramural slo-pitch softball win over all-male Gile Hall. A guard on the Big Green women's basketball varsity, she once drew six offensive fouls in a game.



SHIM LaGOY
SHELBY, OHIO

LaGoy, a 32-year-old pro at the Shelby Country Club, raised $2,800 for charity in a 210-hole golf marathon on his home course. Between 5:30 a.m. and 8:30 p.m. on June 24, he shot a one-over-par 840 on the 6,309-yard, par-72 course.



JAY EDDY
WICHITA, KANS.

Eddy, 21, rolled 33 consecutive strikes in league play, tying the all-time mark. In the process he had two straight perfect games and an 868 series, the fifth-best ever. In 1979 he was the youngest bowler ever to win the state tournament.



KATHY YOUNG
ST. PAUL



DOROTHY GOERTZEN
MINNEAPOLIS

Young, a 28-year-old law student, and Goertzen, a 26-year-old fitness director, combined to win the inaugural Minnesota Border-to-Border Race, the longest triathlon in the U.S. Beginning at the Iowa border, the pair, in relay, cycled some 415 miles in two days, race-walked another 63 miles the third day and on the fourth day together canoed the final 50 miles to the Canadian border. They finished 11 minutes ahead of the men's winners, Jerry Kassanchuk and Tim Anderson.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

MORRIS BROS.

Sir:

I fully enjoyed Douglas S. Looney's article on the Morris brothers (*The Fearsome Foursome*, Aug. 24). Having had the opportunity to run against three of them, I'm pleased to see they are being recognized for their great achievements. The team spirit they generate is fantastic. It's wonderful to see these guys all using their talents to the fullest and I wish them the best of luck.

DONALO FRYE
Holden, Mass.

Sir:

Having lived in Ayer, Mass., I'm well aware of the Morris brothers' reputation both on and off the field. In this day it's hard to find one gifted athlete who is modest, unselfish and hardworking, much less four such athletes in one household! The Morris brothers are a credit to their family, their friends, their school and themselves. My only hope is that they will share the same wisdom with their children that their father imparted to them when he said, "I want to be the best soldier I can be." With the Morrises as examples, I know that my children will see that success doesn't breed success; hard work does.

ROBERT HARDY
Sharon, Mass.

Sir:

I have covered the Morris brothers for many years for local papers, and they are sensational.

JOE SULLIVAN
Pepperell, Mass.

Sir:

In discussing Mike Morris' track records, you referred to Darren Walker, former National High School Federation 100-meter-dash champion, as "the senior Stanford running back." This is incorrect. The Darren Walker who set the 100-meter record of 10.4 in the 1980 Maryland State Class AA track and field meet attended Meade High School in Fort Meade, Md. and was a freshman this past academic year at the University of Maryland. This summer he ran a personal best of 10.21 while placing fourth in the 100 meters at the National Sports Festival in Syracuse.

JAY CUTHBERT
Track Coach
Meade High School
Fort Meade, Md.

Sir:

Darren Walker, the Stanford running back? Surely SI has heard of *Darrin Nelson*, the real Stanford running back. After all, Nelson was the first college player to rush for more than 1,000 yards *and* catch 50 passes in a single season, something he now has done twice.

Nelson, who is listed at 5′ 9″, 185 pounds, has about the same build as Joe Morris. He also has a younger brother following in his footsteps. Kevin Nelson starred as a freshman tailback last year at UCLA.

JEFF PARIETTI
Mountain View, Calif.

• Right. We got the Nelson brothers sorted out in our college football scouting reports (*The Top 20*), Aug. 31).—ED.

HADEN & CO.

Sir:

Finally someone has taken the time to give Pat Haden the credit he deserves (*L.A. Will Stand Pat*, Aug. 24). Ram Coach Ray Malavasi may fall asleep during an interview (SCORECARD, Aug. 24), but on the football field he knows exactly what to do. He has built one of the best defenses in all of the NFL, and Haden and the explosive Ram offense can score points as well as anyone can. I'm looking forward to seeing a lot more of the Rams in SI as they breeze through the NFC West and then go on to victory in the Super Bowl.

BERNELL B. HIRNING
Mott, N. Dak.

Sir:

I think the fans in Anaheim should be ashamed of themselves for the way they treat Pat Haden. Pat belongs to a much higher class of quarterbacks than does Vince Ferragamo. To show it, Haden remains loyal to his team while Ferragamo is getting "rich" in Canada.

JAY COOPER
Houston

Sir:

Your cover shows Wendell Tyler "ramming ahead." Maybe the only reason he's gaining yardage is because the Cowboys' Randy White apparently is being illegally held by a Ram lineman. Maybe the Rams would have done better to hold on to Vince Ferragamo.

JOHN R. CURRENT
Leverett, Mass.

Sir:

I object. Pete Rose, who is now third on the alltime hit list—first on the National League alltime list—lost out on the SI cover to Wendell Tyler of the L.A. Rams. I save my milestone SI issues and would love to have had one of Rose.

JEFF RUSSO
Princeton Junction, N.J.

GAYLORD

Sir:

Thanks for the excellent story on Gaylord Perry (*Bound for Glory*, Aug. 24). It brought back my fondest baseball memory: a cool May night at Metropolitan Stadium, Rod Carew at bat, Perry pitching for the Cleveland Indians. A knockdown pitch by Perry sends Carew into the dirt. On the next pitch, Carew gently heaves his bat at Perry. Carew gets to first on a fielder's choice, then steals second and goes on to third on an error by the second baseman. Perry challenges Carew by going into his windup; Carew steals home on an extremely close play. Looks of mutual respect are exchanged. Perry loses 3–0.

The game of baseball is great when played by individuals of style, character and pride. People like Perry and Carew are burning gems in a sea of synthetics.

JASON KAVNER
Minneapolis

Sir:

Once again Ron Fimrite has enlightened me with a superb sports profile. As a long-suffering Cleveland Indian fan, I've seen many a losing season. But I fondly recall Gaylord Perry's short (1972-75) stint with the Tribe. I spent many a hot August evening at Municipal Stadium, content in the knowledge that a Perry victory—whether against the umpires or the opposition—might be all we fans would be able to enjoy. Perry would be a helpful addition to *any* baseball team.

STEVE FEINBERG
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

I would be the first to admit that I am fascinated and terribly amused when I watch Gaylord Perry baffle the National League's finest with his amazing assortment of licked and powdered lollipops, but cheating is still cheating!

ROY DAWKINS
Atlanta

Sir:

Ron Fimrite mentioned that there are three other active pitchers besides Gaylord Perry who have a chance at winning 300 games in the next few years: Steve Carlton, Tom Seaver and Jim Palmer. He forgot to mention an exceptional pitcher who has been overlooked his whole career, which began in 1959! Jim Kaat has more career victories (278) than Silent Steve, Tom Terrific or Jockey Jim. He's as old as Perry but still has a lot of wins left in him.

Kaat has pitched for the Washington Senators, Minnesota Twins, Chicago White Sox, Philadelphia Phillies, New York Yankees and is now working out of the bullpen for the St. Louis Cardinals. He's still an effective pitcher, as shown by his 6–2 record so far this year. He doesn't throw the spitter; he hasn't

continued

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won the Cy Young Award in either league; nor has he as many strikeouts as Perry. I believe Kaat will get his 300th victory and that he will take his place in the Hall of Fame next to Perry, Palmer, Seaver and Carlton.

DOUG WAITZMAN
Upper Darby, Pa.

FLASHY IN NASHVILLE

Sir:

I was formerly with the New York Yankee organization and am now with Los Indios del Valle in the Dominican Republic. What I am writing about is a statement Franz Lidz made in a May 25 TV/RADIO column on the summer show called *The Baseball Bunch*. The reason this letter is so late is that it takes a long time for mail to get to this area.

Lidz said that when Tug McGraw's jokes were working, the show went well, and when the jokes weren't going well, the show was "about as flashy as a Double A utility infielder." I take offense at that statement.

Last year I played for the Nashville Sounds as a utility infielder—a designation I didn't particularly relish. Nonetheless, I performed my job with alacrity, and I believe you will find many people in Nashville who will attest to this. I may not have been flashy in a hot-dog baseball player sense of the word, but I was known to be a rather free-spirited sort. A few of my accomplishments, and I use the term loosely, were: sliding into all the bases during a rain delay, starting a fire in the bullpen and meeting the Soundettes at third base for a kiss. Now I ask you, are these the doings of an average, boring Double A utility infielder? Of course not! Therefore, I believe you owe me an apology.

J. MARK JOHNSTON
La Vega, Dominican Republic

CALIFORNIA PLATES

Sir:

Your SCORECARD item (Aug. 24) on personalized license plates caught my eye. In the past few years I've observed many such plates here in Northern California, where they are very popular. There are occupation-oriented plates, such as HART DOK (cardiologist), BRUSH EM (dentist), ILLSU4U (attorney), PPMD (urologist) and OO ADEAL (realtor). There are sports-oriented plates, such as MRATHNR (my own) or 26M385Y for long-distance runners, and my all-time favorite for originality, 10SNE1, for tennis buffs. (Does PLAYGRL qualify as sports-oriented?) There is even one for Steve Martin fans: XQUZIME. And, of course, just to remind us that this is the San Francisco area, TINKRBL!

KYLE M. MEINTZER
Danville, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

(continued from front flap of this insert)

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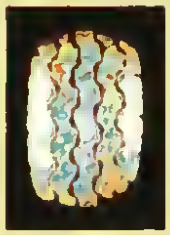
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